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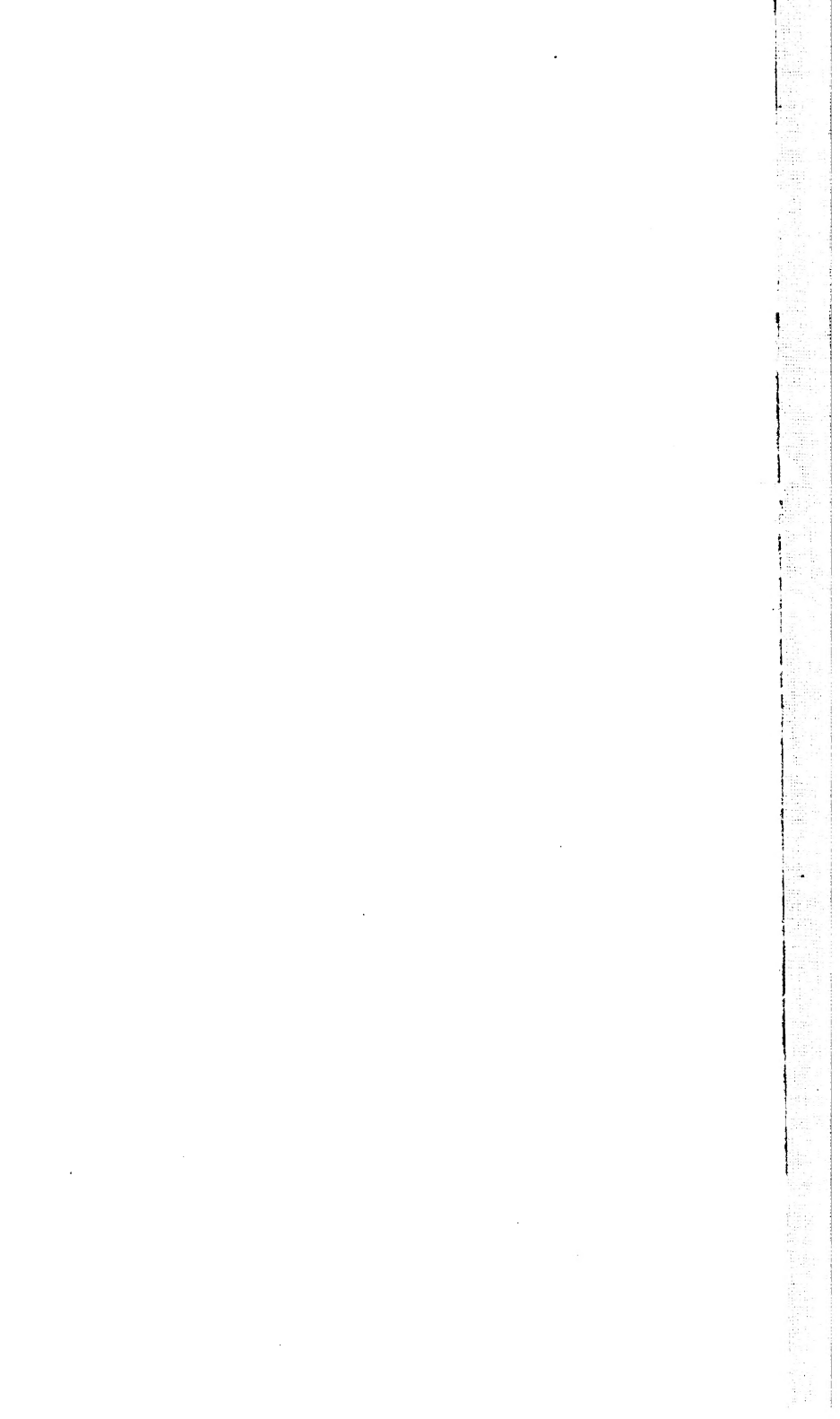


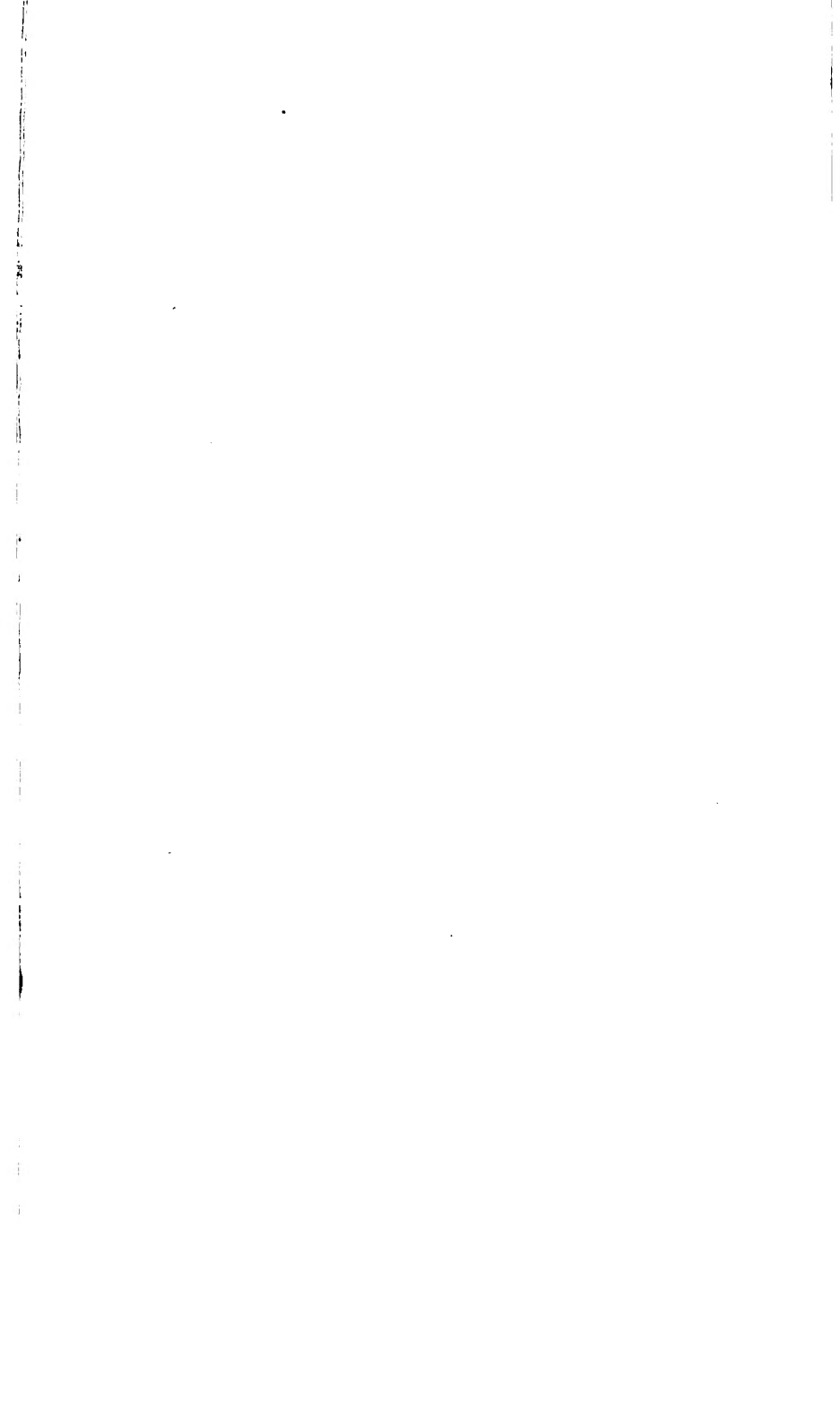
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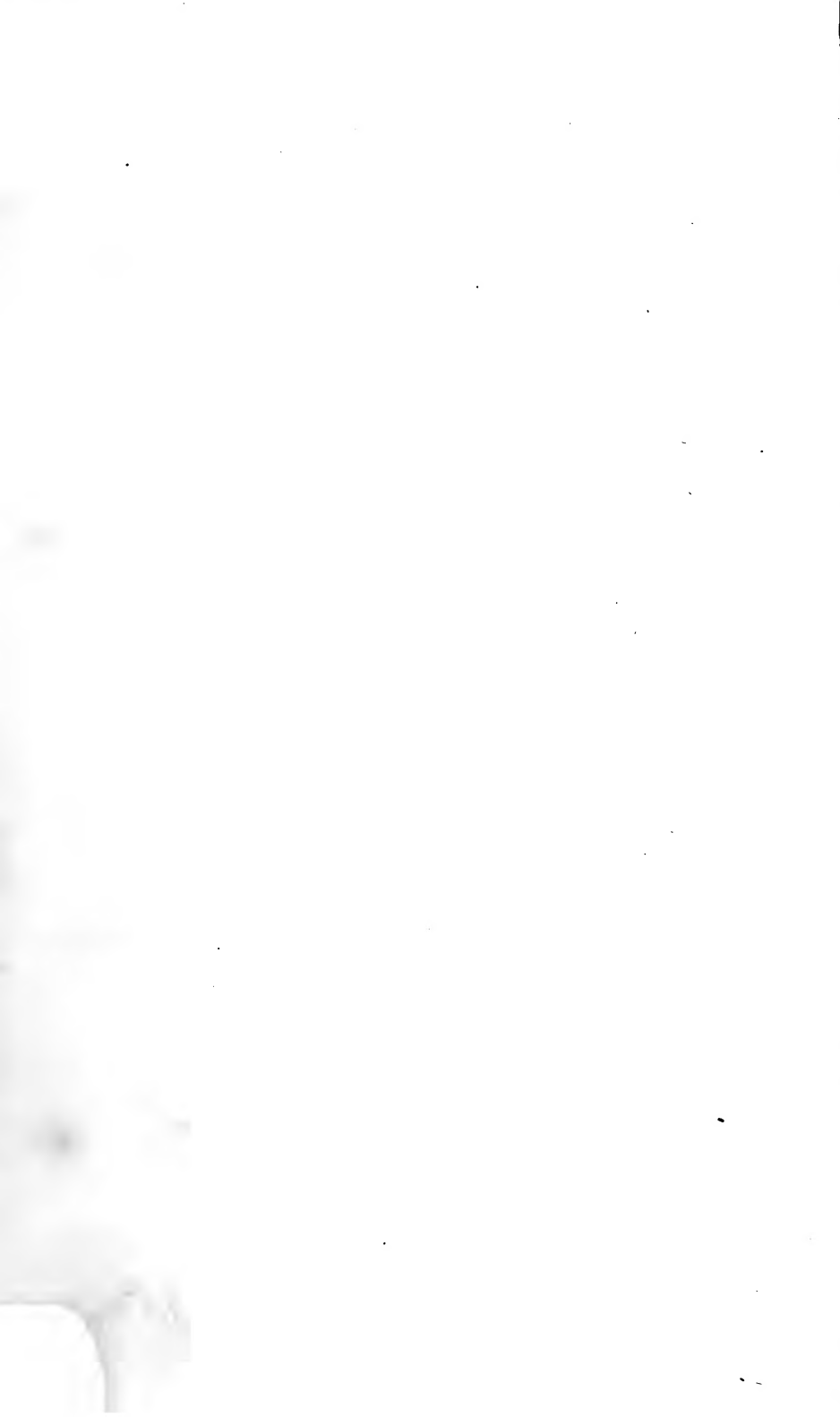
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Correspondents of the Editor will please address their communications to him thus :—

**EDITOR, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW,
8, Grafton-street, Dublin.**

Private.

THE

IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. IX.—MARCH, 1853.

ART. I.—FINE ART CRITICISM.

The Prize Treatise on the Fine Arts Section of the Great Exhibition of 1851. Submitted to the Society of Arts in Competition for their Medal. By Henry Weekes, A.R.A. London: Vizetelly and Company. 1852.

MR. WEEKES' very clever treatise, written during the period of the Great Exhibition, was submitted anonymously to the Society of Arts, in competition, for the gold medal, which it obtained; and, being applicable, as well to the Fine Arts generally, as to the particular collection of which it was the exponent, it has been published by the author; who modestly pleads in excuse, that "nothing tends more to improvement in the Arts, than a promulgation of their principles, and a familiarization of the public mind, with those general rules by which they are guided;" and if the rules differ in some respects from what are generally deemed orthodox opinions, he submits that, "the truth may perhaps be elicited by comparing opinions derived from practical knowledge, with what has already been advanced by the mere theorist." In this we heartily concur—we have strong suspicions that of late there is over much theory prevailing.

The work is thoroughly practical, written mostly in a clear intelligible style, for the author being perfectly conversant with all the details of his subject, has had no necessity, either to mystify, or appear excessively learned, in order to conceal the want of such a requisite. It needs no dead men to come from their graves to tell us that the author is a Sculptor, his partiality to his own branch of Art, is but too apparent—as also an overweening anxiety to exalt it; this is perhaps natural enough, but a writer should endeavour towards what Locke designates

"a state of indifferentism, as to which be the right," or he cannot decide impartially, or instruct to good purpose. It is also most natural, that being an Associate of an Academy, he should have marvellous faith in the utility of such bodies; but those who are in a less interested position may, possibly, question his assertions. Mr. Weekes makes it appear that the Royal Commissioners, "essentially, if not wholly, rejected Paintings from the Crystal Palace, and exalted Sculpture to a position it never before occupied." The fact is, the Royal Commissioners were most anxious to have paintings, and solicited the co-operation of the Royal Academy, who replied, that they could only support the Great Exhibition to the neglect of their own Institute—established expressly to sustain Art—and they conceived, very justly, we think, that the Royal Academy had a prior claim. This attempt to unnecessarily elevate Sculpture, at the expense of Painting, pervades the entire work. Such innuendoes, for instance, as "Sculpture, more haughty than her sister Painting, rarely condescends to depict the lower order of beings." We wonder he would even allow them to be sisters, though he says "Architecture and Sculpture are twin sisters." The common consent of mankind, has long ago determined the precedence of the Arts, as Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, and Mr. Weekes will scarcely succeed in making an alteration.

In a former paper* it was shown that a Painter has many difficulties to overcome, and various studies to pursue, with none of which a Sculptor has need to trouble himself—he has only to study form, and very little arrangement, as sculptural compositions are necessarily simple. The Painter has not only to study color, light, and shadow, aerial and lineal perspective, but both form and composition; the latter including the arrangement of middle and extreme distance, whereas, in a sculptural subject there is never any background to be considered, and as the real form of objects, and not their appearance, is imitated, the Sculptor has a much easier task. Sculpture had been practised and brought to great perfection, while Painting was but half developed. Bas reliefs are at best but a barbarous imitation of a picture, and it is probable, that such sculptural delineations, in low relief, when partially colored, first suggested painting; specimens of

* IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II. p. 132.

both are amongst the Egyptian remains ; and it is tolerably certain that the ancient Grecian paintings were without landscape or scenic backgrounds, the figures standing isolated from each other, with, sometimes, a second row over head, to represent what any modern Artist would place in his middle distance : to this day, many of the conventionalities which cling to Painting, are derived from Sculpture.

He has all a Sculptor's antipathy to color, and to sustain his assertion, that color is nothing without form, he makes a comparison of it with sound, which is anything but a happy illustration—for he tells us that—

“Neither color nor music can of themselves convey to the eye or ear more than general and indefinite notions or impressions ; it is only when the one is allied with form, and the other with language, that distinct ideas are brought forth ; whereas by form or outline alone, unassisted by anything else, can be expressed almost all that Art is capable of, whether it be the imitation of physical shapes, the indication of intellectual thoughts, or the depicting the passions or feelings.”

Oh Shade of Mozart ! what would you say to this—oh Music ! that we are told is the only thing heavenly we have on earth, can it give us nothing but indefinite notions, until language is brought to its assistance ! Has he never heard any of our beautiful old Irish airs, that excite almost to tears, and which made a celebrated foreign composer say, that it must be the music of a people, who had either suffered great calamity, or were in slavery ; or, has he never felt the quick excitement of a lively waltz or gallop ; has he not heard of that Swiss air, which awakened such powerful associations of home and kindred, that the bands of the Swiss regiments in the French service were forbidden to play it, as it caused an irresistible impulse to return to their loved country ? Again, has he not heard of the spirit stirring effect which the National airs of the first French Revolution had on that most excitable people ? We can detect from various passages in his book, that Mr. Weekes is a most loyal man—has our National Anthem God save the Queen no effect on him—unless words are joined to that glorious air ? For our part, we have always inclined to the idea, that words rather injured than improved beautiful music ; and with regard to color being nothing unless united to form, does not a brilliant and cloudless sunset call up other than indefinite ideas of the grand and beautiful ?

and surely there is very little form in the sky ; or does the charm of the rainbow consist chiefly in its shape ? are not the most beautiful similes of poets taken from color ? Mr. Weekes quotes farther on, "blue-eyed daughter of Jove"—"ox-eyed Juno"—not seeing, that in supporting one position he pulls down another. In nature, wherever we see form, there, also, is color ; and it is bootless striving to exalt one above the other—they confer a mutual charm ; amongst Painters, it is true, color is often studied to the neglect of form, and Mr. Weekes is quite correct in stating this to be a fault of the English school of Art, in which a want of correct drawing is very prevalent ; whether he is justified in making Rubens and Vandyke the fathers of this mischief, we know not, but there is some appearance of plausibility in the surmise. Painting has necessarily much conventionality, but Sculpture is nearly all conventional—nothing is represented as it appears, for instance, hair, all kinds of drapery, and small, natural, or ornamental objects, are rendered by a set method, which departs more or less from the exact resemblance. Color is always absent ; we agree thoroughly with Mr. Weekes, that its introduction is to be deprecated ; those who visit Madame Tussaud's wax works, will see what effect it produces, and that the closer, or rather the more servile approach to nature which is made by Art the more it deteriorates. He is fond of musical comparisons, for we find another equally far-fetched, to the effect, that a Sculptor modelling in clay, with his "finger and thumb," has "the same species of feeling as a fine pianoforte player, who draws expression from the instrument, not barely from correctness of note, but from a *mental absorption* in the music, which imparts itself to his touch, and this affinity between head and hand is interrupted in the Sculptor when the modelling tool intervenes between the surface of his work and the delicate sensation with which his hands are endowed." We have heard of an artist who cast aside his brushes, and resolved in future to paint only with his finger. According to the above, he must have been "a real artist ; nevertheless, the success of his efforts was not such as to induce other parties to do likewise. We opine that Sculptors trying their finger and thumb on the marble, would find the mental absorption somewhat intercepted.

The author seems deeply imbued with the national feeling which regards all that is English as excellent, and when any-

thing foreign happens to jar with some favorite John Bullism, he waxes wroth; we do not think he has at all made out his case against the Milanese sculpture room, which he designates as a "sink of Art iniquity," and we think, that having made such sweeping charges and harsh condemnations, when fighting what he calls "the battle of British Art," (a phrase which denotes a foregone conclusion) he was bound to support them by instances; he only gives one—The Fainting Ishmael; and yet he describes it as "a truthful copy of attenuated nature, but painful the more so for its truth, being so literal as to convey the idea of its being a cast taken after death;" now this seems to us very like commendation; he adds that "by representing the boy alone without the mother, M. Strazza has missed that which in Sculpture must always form the pathos of the story;" this may be true, but nevertheless, the artist has adhered to the text, which is thus—

"And she went, and sat her down over against him a good way off, as it were a bow shot: for she said, Let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him, and lift up her voice, and wept."

There are so many representations of Ishmael with the mother, that for very variety one without might be tolerated, and when correctly rendered, as this is, it appears to us, as fit a subject as many others we have heard praised, and that highly; from our recollection of it in the Great Exhibition, we think his remarks on the Milanese sculpture unnecessarily severe, although we do not parade our judgment with such a travesty of infallibility as the following:—

"It would be mock modesty were we to admit the possibility of our being mistaken on this question, viewed generally, for had we not taken credit to ourselves for some power of judgment, as well as some experience in Art, it would have been the height of presumption to have attempted the writing of a general treatise on the subject.

The historical sketch of modern British art, up to the present time, contained in the second chapter is excellent, the critical remarks are most judicious, and it merits, and will repay, an attentive perusal. Also, the observations upon Public Statues are in the proper spirit, and show that Mr. Weekes is a sound thinker, and that, however captivated by the manifold excellencies of ancient sculpture, he will not allow his

enthusiasm to outrun the dictates of common sense : rightly deeming that works of sculpture are intended, as much for the pleasure and instruction of future ages, as for our own times ; he points out the absurdity of representing the statues of our great men, like Grecian or Roman heroes—or else in a nondescript envelope of drapery, that is like no costume ever worn by mankind.

“ This is called idealizing a statue, and idealizing it is, there is no doubt, in one way of speaking ; for but little of the individual character of the original enters into the composition. It is, however, a mistaken view of the question ; for the primary object in Portraiture, whether in Painting or Sculpture, must be to record, in a pleasing and appropriate manner, the personal resemblance of the original ; to hand down to posterity the bodily form, in which is contained those mental powers that make him admired or beloved ; to give to the eye permanently that which no history or biography will be able hereafter thoroughly to convey to the imagination. For the accomplishment of this, he must be represented surrounded by those circumstances that mark the time in which he lives, and the employments in which he is engaged. . . . By removing the peculiarity of the general form, and depriving the figure of its dress and customary accessories, the individuality of the face becomes more apparent and incongruous. The work, under this sort of treatment, amounts at the best but to a sort of bastard idealization.”

Mr. Weekes does not, however, advocate a mere literal copying of costume, as if the statue was to commemorate the dress and not the man. He shows the necessity of selecting and arranging judiciously—that a great deal of modern costume, even to the every day street dress, presents excellent and graceful forms under skilful treatment ; and we entirely concur in the remarks thrown out, that “ an artist of right feeling finds no great difficulty in this, though perhaps nothing serves so much to distinguish his works from that of inferior men, as due attention in this particular.” It reminds us of Sir Joshua Reynolds’ remark, “ that rules are fetters only to the man of no genius ;” we have ever found the incapables ready to shelter themselves behind the difficulty of making anything effective out of the stiff modern costume.

The chapter descriptive of the materials and processes used in the Fine Arts will prove highly entertaining, as well as instructive, to many readers, because, unless amongst the artistic class, very little is known of the *modus operandi*.* It will also show how little change there has been or is likely to be,

* See also a paper on Modern Water Color Painting in IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I., p. 318.

in the procedure of Art—notwithstanding the extraordinary discoveries in physical science—experimental philosophy, and chymistry—Art remains unchanged—new discoveries having only for their object the multiplying of copies by a saving of time and labor, and a consequent cheapening of cost. “In a word,” as Mr. Weekes writes, “mechanism may increase Art imitations, but the only power from which Art itself can draw excellence, is that power of volition imparted through the nerves, at whose command the muscles of the hand depict the image that exists within the brain.”

The lamentable deficiencies in the ornamental art of silver modelling and chasing are well pointed out, and also the reasons of the defects. We commend this chapter to the especial perusal of all silver-smiths, and of those who mean to employ them. The most expensive, as well as the most execrable, specimens of ornamental art we have ever seen, were of silver, and especially when of English workmanship; indeed, from Mr. Weekes’ description of their procedure, it would be strange if it were otherwise. But we differ with him as to the reasons for the superiority of the foreigner. The true cause is the want of a general diffusion of the power of drawing, and by consequence, a want of taste in the mass of the public. And until drawing becomes a part of elemental education, and is as general as the ability to write (for it is little more difficult, at least to a moderate degree), matters will not be materially mended. The Schools of Design lately established will achieve nothing, at present they are not teaching design so much as teaching drawing. Mr. Weekes would appear to have somewhat similar ideas with ourselves on this subject. He observes:—

“Ornament, to be useful, must be simple, and be produced by means within the power of the many. A few costly articles, made to suit the luxurious habits and extravagant wants of an over-wealthy patronage, will not mark us as a nation possessing taste. To really deserve that title, the commonest thing which we use, the simplest object with which we are surrounded in our daily walks of life, must display it. Taste must find its way into the cottage as well as the palace, and show itself, as with the ancient Greeks, not the result of occasional efforts, but as if it had grown up with us until it had become part and parcel of ourselves, necessary for our enjoyment, and inseparable from our existence.”

Viewed altogether, the excellencies in Mr. Weeks’ book much outnumber any deficiencies; and as we have not spared the latter, so the former are justly entitled to our highest

commendation. The work appears very opportunely, and it gives us unfeigned pleasure to find that, originally intended for private circulation, it has excited so much interest, as to call for a more general publicity.

The critical chapter on the Sculpture in the Great Exhibition is not the best portion of the *Essay*. We are almost tempted to exclaim with Launce—"Oh! would that were out." He appears over anxious to say kind things of his contemporaries in the arts, and abounds with odd and affected phraseology, such as—"The marble not only breathes but the very heart palpitates within"—"It is not so much the bodily likeness that is here given, as the outward visible sign of the inward soul and spirit of the original." "He carves out new thoughts on the marble, stamps it with new impressions—gives us, &c." "With all its affectation of dress the head teems with thought." There is also a passage which savors exceedingly of one of the Chadband discourses so admirably presented by Dickens:—

"How great, and yet how little, in Sculpture, are the distinctions between the work of genius and mere handicraft; the material, the subject, the form, the treatment, the attitude, the combination of parts, the arrangement of lines, in both shall be all but alike; and yet the one shall express thought, feeling, impulse, emotion, passion, sentiment, life, action, power; shall gain for itself admiration, love, sympathy; shall breathe, speak, persuade, inspire us, win us, lead us by its silent eloquence to new ideas, new associations, new pleasures, and obtain at last a permanent mastery over the soul, which we in vain resist, and are the gainers by acknowledging; while the other, with all the care bestowed upon it, with all its correctness, without even a fault, shall be incapable of moving us towards it, of gaining for itself either our respect or our affection; and why is this difference? It is dependent neither on the study, the experience, or the knowledge, of the artist; it is simply a question of the sources from whence the work has sprung; of whether the stream has flowed from the hot-springs, or the ice-bergs of humanity."

It is by no means an easy task to write critiques on Art, and Mr. Weekes' *Essay* has set us considering many of the errors commonly prevalent in such. The approaching Irish Industrial Exhibition will, no doubt, evoke much artistic criticism—for the Managing Committee seem particularly anxious to collect pictures and statues.

The critiques on literature are far in advance of those on the Fine Arts. To do the Press justice, it is most anxious to repair the deficiency; but there is much

difficulty in finding writers competent to discharge it is onerous duty, as it requires a considerable amount of artistic knowledge—we might even add, skill in Art—combined with literary power, to achieve it successfully; and this “happeneth rarely.” The fact that literary men, as a class, are non-artistic, has been already observed upon; and this truth is singular, inasmuch as no two classes of mankind so nearly resemble in their tastes, feelings, and habits, as artists and authors. Many Painters have, however, been very tolerable writers, and the best dissertations upon Art are by them; but, for obvious reasons, their pens are seldom critical.

Thackeray has occasionally written some papers upon Art which are admirable; at one time, we believe, he practised as an artist, which sufficiently accounts for their excellence. He complains that “editors send their reporters, indifferently, to a police-office or a picture-gallery, and expect them to describe Corregio, or an alarming fire, with equal fidelity.” For the most part this is true enough, but is often reluctantly submitted to from the difficulty of procuring better critics. We have known many instances where editors have taken infinite pains in this particular, and gone much out of their way to enlist efficient co-operation. The public, unquestionably, evince an increasing taste for Art, and a readiness to acquire just ideas of excellence, shown by a distrust of its own judgment, and a readiness to adopt opinions put forward by what it deems authority. It is, therefore, lamentable that public opinion should be in this particular mis-directed, of which there is but too much likelihood, from the multitude of false prophets teaching absurd doctrines. In many respects, it would be better that the public followed the dictates of its own common sense, in preference to the dicta of dilettante scribblers, who often do not themselves know their own meaning. A painter, in the true sense of the word, would infinitely prefer the unstudied criticism of a humble mechanic, to the would-be artistic lore of the half connoisseur. Algarotti, writing upon the importance of the public judgment for the guidance of artists, seems to have entertained some such opinions, for he instances it as the tribunal to which the most accomplished artists, ancient as well as modern, have alike submitted; a tribunal which, being free from partiality, and guided generally by a certain natural good sense, is enabled ultimately to arrive at a just estimate of the talents of artists: not but that, occasionally, through the novelty of a

subject or the tricks of those who exhibit it, mistakes are committed. Still, he goes on to say—without knowing anything of contrast, light and shade, richness of coloring, ideal form, or, in short, how this or that particular effect is produced, the public judge, and from its judgment there is no appeal. It was this, that encouraged Titian to follow the paths of Giorgione and nature; that solemnly belied, and turned to their shame, the judgment which certain Canons, assembled in Chapter, had pronounced concerning a work of Vandyke; that placed the Communion of St. Jerome on a footing with the Transfiguration of Raphael, in spite of the clamor which was at first raised by the rivals of Domenichino against that magnificent performance;—that multitude who, properly speaking, are the first masters of a painter, as well as his sovereign judges. Had Algarotti lived in our times, he would certainly have advocated the Money Prize System for Art Unions, instead of the Committee of Selection and Taste.

It were well if the critics of the Press would also act more on their own judgment; they do, too often, what Algarotti describes painters as prone to—judge of Art according to Paolo or Guercino, as writers do according to Boccaccio and Davanzati, rather than according to nature and to truth. This, the besetting sin of newspaper critics, has been so excellently described by Thackeray, that we cannot resist quoting it, especially as the article appeared several years back :—

“ You will observe that such a critic has ordinarily his one or two idols that he worships; the one or two painters, namely, into whose studios he has free access, and from whose opinions he forms his own. There is Dash, for instance, of the Star newspaper; now and anon you hear him discourse of the fine arts, and you may take your affidavit that he has just issued from Blank's atelier all Blank's opinions he utters—utters and garbles, of course; all his likings are founded on Blank's dicta, and all his dislikings: 'tis probable that Blank has a rival, one Asterisk, living over the way. In Dash's eye Asterisk is the lowest of creatures. At every fresh exhibition you hear how ‘ Mr. Blank has transcended his already transcendent reputation; ’ ‘ Billions have been trampled to death while rushing to examine his grand portrait of Lady Smigsmag. ’ ‘ His picture of Sir Claude Calipach is a gorgeous representation of aldermanic dignity, and high chivalric grace. ’ As for Asterisk, you are told, ‘ Mr. Asterisk has two or three pictures—pretty, but weak, repetitions of his old faces and subjects in his old namby-pamby style. The committee, we hear, rejected most of his pictures: the committee are very compassionate. How dared they reject Mr. Blank's stupendous historical picture of So-and-So ? ’ ”

Another ill effect of this kind of partiality is, that where the artist favored by the critic happens to possess inferior abilities—the whole tone of the critique, however excellent in other respects, becomes injured: as there is ~~no weight attached~~ to the praise which is equally ~~apportioned~~ to some execrable daub. Nothing ought to ~~induce~~ the critic of the Press to fall into this ~~weakness~~ of favoritism: he is discharging a duty to the public; and to praise or censure unjustly is a ~~most~~ ~~woful~~ dereliction. As to censure, severity is not a ~~desirable~~ procedure, although infinitely easier than to praise with discrimination. Much pretension, or affectation, unaccompanied by any ability, demands exposure—it earns the lash, and has an indubitable right to its wages; but in most cases it would be the better course to pass mediocrity by in silence—it is keener punishment than is imagined; and if there be latent ability, it is not a discouragement to budding effort, but rather an incentive. Dr. Wolcot, in his *Lyric Odes to Painters*, describes—

“What rage for fame attends both great and small,
Better be ~~damned~~, than mentioned not at all.”

The philosophic and transcendental style of criticism is in great favor with some writers, and is, perhaps, about the most fulsome of all; “High Art,” and “the Ideal,” are their favorite themes; they commonly use the pedantic term æsthetic, and discourse very learnedly indeed, to all appearance. A little learning in Art is a most dangerous thing—better far have none. With them the painter is a species of high priest whose sacred mission is to regenerate mankind, he speaks to the holier instincts of our nature, &c. &c. Such writers see beauties in pictures which those who painted them never dreamt of, and discover wants that Art never can, never did—never will supply. Such rhapsodies convey about the same amount of information as Burke’s essay on the *Sublime and Beautiful*; or Ruskin’s chapters upon *The Ideal*. Every body knows that there is vulgar and refined Art. It is the property of genius to refine all it approaches. Nothing, howsoever homely, that it will not invest with a charm. There is not so much in the choice of a subject as in its treatment. In poetry and painting, all subjects, from the lowliest to the most exalted, have alike, by their delicacy of expression, gained the admiration and applause of mankind. Genius seems possessed of an instinct

that enables it to grasp that which is excellent, and reject the unsuitable; and, like other instincts, it defies definition—he who has it, is mostly unaware of his possession; nor can he impart to another, that, which to him seems so easy of acquirement; thus, all attempts to embody it in rules, or prescribe its line of action, is labor misdirected. The province of Art is to select appropriately and with judgment, but not to create; when it attempts the latter it fails miserably—the clumsy, leaden effort is of the earth, earthy: it seems a glorious thing to soar above the clouds; but when man makes his *coup d'essai* and falls meanly prostrate like fabled Icarus, no feeling save of the ridiculous occurs to the spectator of his abortive effort. The very greatest intellects have not been free from this striving after the impossible—often endeavouring to convey in Painting and Sculpture what is incapable of representation. Michael Angelo, in his great statue of Moses, attempts to represent the resplendent glory which the Israelites besought him to veil, by—Oh ye gods!—a pair of bull's horns! and there are not wanting men of superior endowments to tell us that it is a sublime rendering of the attribute of Divinity. Poetry, too, abounds with similar absurdities, but the poet can often explain his language as merely figurative; the Painter, however, converts the Eastern imagery of a trumpet blast into a brazen reality. There is an immensity of conventional tradition encumbering Art, that has been increased by succeeding ages. Many of the untutored and half savage ideas of mankind, in his early efforts at civilization, form, at this moment, revered canons in Painting and Sculpture, and from use, long habit, and early association, their incongruities do not strike us. Thus, to most people, the representation of a winged figure blowing a trumpet, is a classic and ideal representation of Fame, but if the orthodox trumpet was converted into a cornet-a-piston or ophicleide, every body would laugh, and yet one is not less ridiculous than the other. All these are gross and sensual ideas—strange it is that those who are the greatest advocates for such symbolizing, lay claim to most intellectuality and etherialism. In mediæval times, mankind were pleased, even awe struck, by what are now deemed barbarous representations; those in our own times who are gratified by what they call High Art, have a right to their enjoyment, but they have no presumptive right to indoctrinate us with their halucinations—endeavouring to divert public taste

towards objects foreign to its sympathies, creating a pseudo classic taste, instead of the national tone and feeling for Art in unison with our habits, institutions, and climate.

All styles of Art have something good in them : and that species which flourished during various ages in different climes, was better suited to the genius of the people amongst which each succeeding style was gradually developed, than that of any other which preceded it—climate and race have their influence on Art, and although it unquestionably has a spontaneous origin amongst mankind, and is as universal as the religious feeling, yet it also derives something from the past age. Indian art, supposed to be the most ancient, appears again in the Egyptian ; the remains of Sculpture in Nineveh, show a great improvement upon that of Egypt,—although behind Greek Art, from which again the Romans derived much ; still each of these epochs had distinctive characters of their own, indissolubly connected with the genius of each people : thus also, the Art which gradually gained vitality, as Europe emerged from the barbarism which overwhelmed the Roman Empire, had distinctive features utterly dissimilar from any that went before, and yet powerfully strengthened and stimulated by ancient examples. It is, however, unfortunate, that when a critic acquires a fancy for any particular style, he can see no excellencies in any other ; and hence most opposite opinions and dicta are vehemently propounded, to the utter consternation, alike of those who do, and those who do not, know any thing of Art.

A distinguished writer* gives his opinion of Greek art thus :—

“ The contemplation of such specimens of it as we possess hath always, to tell the truth, left us in a state of unpleasant wonderment and perplexity. It carries corporal beauty to a pitch of painful perfection and deifies the body and bones truly, but, by dint of sheer beauty, it leaves humanity altogether inhuman—quite heartless and passionless. Look at Apollo the divine : there is no blood in his marble veins, no warmth in his bosom, no fire or speculation in his dull awful eyes. Laocoon writhes and twists in an anguish that never can, in the breast of any spectator create the smallest degree of pity. Such monsters of beauty are quite out of the reach of human sympathy : they were purposely (by the poor benighted heathens who followed this error and strove to make their error as

* W. M. Thackeray.

grand as possible) placed beyond it. They seemed to think that human joy and sorrow, passion and love, were mean and contemptible in themselves. Their gods were to be calm, and share in no such feelings. How much grander is the character of the Christian school, which teaches that love is the most beautiful of all things, and the first and highest ornament of beauty in art!"

At utter variance with this we have the following, from the *Rise and Progress of the Fine Arts*, by Allan Cunningham:—

"That the sculpture of Greece surpasses the art of all other nations, can be proved by all who choose to assert it. We need only point to some half dozen groups and statues, and ask what productions of our latter days can be compared to them. A divine spirit seemed to have entered into the loveliest of all created shapes, the beholder felt a lifting up as he gazed; the statues of the gods were the poetry of a land charmed into marble. The actions which the gods performed were done with a divine ease which cost the body no exertion. The actions of men demanded muscular effort, and were accomplished with labour and difficulty. Apollo and Bacchus were celestial conquerors, yet look at their smooth and elegant forms; men with such bodies could not have prevailed in the strife as they did. Apollo slays the Pythian serpent with the ease of a god and seems unconscious of doing anything uncommon."

In Mr. Weekes' *Essay* he tells us that—"the Apollo Belvidere is like nothing that we have ever seen or met with in nature, it is only so far like him that it in no way affords a physical impossibility."

When Benjamin West, afterwards President of the Royal Academy, visited Italy, there was much anxiety felt to witness his emotions at beholding some of the Greek masterpieces of Art, and with some little form the statue of the Apollo Belvidere, was suddenly revealed to the gaze of the young American—but the group which surrounded him were horrified by his sudden exclamation, of "Oh! a young Mohawk." He afterwards explained in some degree the unfavorable impression which his involuntary criticism had caused, by describing the native dignity and grace of a young Indian warrior. But his description was excellent; and no doubt the statue was imagined from similar types of humanity. The achievements of Homer's heroes are the doings of a tribe of Blackfoot Indians, very little poetized; for the every day life of such people is infinitely more poetical, than a more advanced stage of civilization, and affords much better scope both for artist and poet. Contrast an English soldier in heavy marching order, having the semblance of a flower pot on his head, and a box on his back,

with a half naked Kaffir, girded with a tunic of leopard tails—which is the most graceful or dignified? But place a modern regiment in all the panoply of war, in juxtaposition with a horde of Kaffirs and the scale turns directly; emotions of grandeur and power are suggested by the one, and mere savagery by the other. Thus the aim of modern Art ought not to be directed to the imitation of ancient, for that is already perfect of its kind, it should aspire to new and untrodden paths. All the opinions on Greek Art which we have instanced are equally descriptive of the peculiar emotions, or line of thought suggested to each spectator in viewing them, but they in common with most other critics, make the works responsible for what is solely in their own minds, every thing depends on the temperament of the spectator. Viewing a work of Art is like seeing faces in the fire, and what may not be suggestive to one individual, will to another; but the worst of it is, that some critic with high wrought sensibilities, who does not find himself touched by what was probably never meant to touch such as he, falls foul of the unfortunate artist directly. Critics are of various tastes and likings, and one class has pretty nearly as good reason to be gratified as another, but they are all unanimous in this respect—each thinks his own taste is the only true one, and that all others should give way.

Certain critics of the above stamp are usually fond of telling us that sentiment is all and everything in a picture; meaning thereby, that artistic learning, skill, or power of hand are as nothing, and that what commonplace unintellectual people would call an execrable daub, is by virtue of this so called sentiment, a high class production—a writer from whom we have already quoted, gives, in all earnestness, the following description of the feeling. “That sentiment is the first quality in a picture; second, that to say whether this sentiment exists or no, *rests with the individual entirely*, the said sentiment not being capable of any definition.” So if it exist at all, it is only in the crotchety brain of the onlooker, just as grotesque resemblances to certain faces or other objects are sometimes observed in trees, rocks, &c. The absurdity of making this quality, (if indeed it can so be called) compensate for bad drawing, color, and composition, requires we think no further comment. Pictures afford pleasure to the individual by the same rule that gratification is, or

is not derived by him from the varieties and phases of nature ; and anything in nature is a fair subject for the painter, but he must treat it naturally, and with discrimination. His composition must not look like a lot of properties brought together and settled out for show, and over all should prevail a certain refinement, adopting the happy medium between the excess of mock sentimentalism, and the vulgarity of literal representation. In the words of the elder Disraeli—"unaccompanied by enthusiasm, genius will produce nothing but uninteresting works of Art. Enthusiasm is that secret harmonious spirit which hovers over the productions of genius, throwing the reader of a book or the spectator of a statue, into the very ideal presence whence these works have really originated."

There is another species of criticism, which has of late years risen up, and is now in full perfection—it is that of print publishers ; their notions of relative excellence are mainly guided by the consideration of whether it will sell to the public when done into a print; but their style of criticism does not fully develop itself until the work is published, or about to be published. Then all the praises which language is capable of embodying are lavished upon "the talented artist," and his "highly effective and most meritorious production." Sometimes they issue little pamphlets, crammed with commendations, generally concluding with the announcement that the picture is now being engraved in the finest line manner, &c. &c.—a significant conclusion in the spirit of the epitaph at Père la Chaise, "erected by the inconsolable widow, who still carries on the business at the corner of the Rue"—something or other—we forget the name. It would be merely harmless puffing, were it not that the mass of the public are greatly influenced by it, and are often brought to think that in the highest degree excellent, which is frequently but respectable mediocrity. There is no counsel to be heard upon the other side, as the press, not liking to damage a pecuniary private speculation, generally refrain from any censures. It would be well, however, if the example set by *The Times* were more frequently followed—of heading certain praises, both of books and pictures, by the significant word—[ADVERTISEMENT].

This digression has brought us quite away from Mr. Weekes' *Essay*, and we cannot better conclude than by recommending a perusal of it to all interested in Art and its progress.

ART II.—THE STREETS OF DUBLIN.

NO. V.

GRAFTON-STREET received its name from Henry Fitz Roy, first duke of Grafton, son of Charles II. by the duchess of Cleveland; the duke, who is described as a "tall black man," was born in 1663, and married Isabella, daughter and heiress of Henry Bennett, earl of Arlington. The duke of Grafton acted as high constable of England at the coronation of James II., whom he deserted on the landing of the prince of Orange, and received his death-wound while leading the grenadiers at the assault on Cork in 1690. On the western side of Grafton-street a reminiscence of the times of the Restoration is still preserved in the name of "Tangier-lane," so styled from the fortress of that name in Africa, which formed portion of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, queen of Charles II., by whom in 1662 it was made a free port and endowed with many commercial privileges, the expense of maintaining it being charged upon the Irish revenue. The total annual cost of this establishment appears from an official manuscript to have amounted to £42,338 12s. 2½d., and it was specially ordered that all necessaries for the soldiers there garrisoned, as clothes, shirts, shoes, stockings, boots, belts, &c., should "be always bought in Ireland, and no where else, and that at as easy rates as may be;" the lord lieutenant or other chief governor of Ireland being directed "to appoint some fit persons to supervise the buying of the said clothes and necessaries for the soldiers, so as the same may effectually be furnished good in kind and at the cheapest rates." We also find the commons of England in their address to the king in 1680, complaining that "Tangier had been several times under Popish governors, that the supplies sent thither, had been in a great part, made up of Popish officers and soldiers, and that the Irish Papists had been the most countenanced and encouraged."

The English treasury not being able to defray the expense of the maintenance of Tangier, and the Irish having repeatedly complained of the injustice of taxing them for its support, the fortress was demolished by the king's orders in 1683.

The earliest official reference to Grafton-street occurs in a statute of the year 1708; the street had, however, been partially formed some years before the close of the seventeenth century, at which period a considerable portion of it was set as wheat land, at the annual rent of two shillings and six pence per acre. Sir Thomas Vesey, the benevolent and religious bishop of Ossory, died in Grafton-street in 1730; and Louis Du Val, proprietor of Smock-alley Theatre, and manager of that establishment previous to the Sheridan régime, resided here as early as 1733. Mrs. Rebecca Dingley, the friend of Swift and the companion of Stella, dwelt in this street till the year 1743, at the house of Mrs. Ridgeway, daughter to Mrs. Brent, housekeeper to the dean; after the death of Stella, Swift used frequently to dine here, with Mrs. Dingley, whose peculiarities he has detailed in several poems, and to whom, conjointly with Mrs. Johnson, he wrote the celebrated "Journal to Stella." Gabriel Jacques Maturin, prebend of Malahidert, who in 1745 succeeded Swift as dean of St. Patrick's, resided in Grafton-street. He was born in 1700 at Utrecht, and was the son of Pierre Maturin, a Huguenot priest of Paris, who fled from the persecution of Louis XIV. to Holland and thence to Dublin, where his son received his education. Of the origin of this family the author of "Bertram" gave the following account:—

"In the reign of Louis XIV. the carriage of a Catholic lady of rank was stopped by the driver discovering that a child was lying in the street. The lady brought him home, and, as he was never claimed, considered and treated him as her child: he was richly dressed, but no trace was furnished, by himself or otherwise, that could lead to the discovery of his parents or connexions. As the lady was a devotee, she brought him up a strict Catholic, and being puzzled for a name for him, she borrowed one from a religious community, 'les Mathurins,' of whom there is mention in the 'Jewish Spy,' and who were then of sufficient importance to give their name to a street in Paris, 'le Rue des Mathurins.' In spite of all the good lady's pains, and maugre his nom de caresse, my ancestor was perverse enough to turn Protestant, and became pastor to a Hugonot congregation in Paris, where he sojourned, and begat two sons. While he was amusing himself in this manner, the king and pere La Chaise were amusing themselves with exterminating the Protestants; and about the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantz, Maturin was shut up in the Bastille, where he was left for twenty-six years; I suppose to give him time to reflect on the controverted points, and make up his mind at leisure. With all these advantages he continued quite untractable: so that the Catholics,

finding the case desperate, gave him his liberty. There was no danger, however, of his abusing this indulgence: for, owing to the keeper forgetting accidentally to bring him fuel, during the winters of his confinement, and a few other agrements of his situation, the poor man had lost the use of his limbs, and was a cripple for life. He accompanied some of his former flock, who had been grievously scattered, to Ireland, and there unexpectedly found Madame M. and his two sons, who had made their escape there via Holland. Here he lived and died; his surviving son obtained the deanery of Killala, and his grandson that of St. Patrick's: the dean of St. Patrick's was my grandfather. An old French lady, who lived in Bishop-street a few years since, was in possession of some of his infant finery; and I have heard that the lace, though sorely tarnished, was remarkably fine. I possessed formerly an immense mass of the emigrant's manuscripts: they were principally in Latin, a few in French. He certainly was a man of very various erudition. The dean of St. Patrick's was an able mathematician."

Maturin died in November, 1746, having held the deanery for little more than twelve months.

John Hawkey, admitted a scholar of the University of Dublin in 1723, and one of the most profound classical critics produced by Ireland, opened a school in 1746 in Grafton-street, near the college. His first publication, a translation of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, was followed by editions of the following classics: Virgilius, 1745, dedicated "viris admodum eruditis, egregisque literarum fautoribus, præposito sociisque senioribus academix S.S. et individux Trinitatis, juxta Dublin, ob insignem erga se munificentiam;" Horatius, 1745, dedicated to primate Hoadly; Terentius, 1745, dedicated to the earl of Chesterfield; Juvenal et Persius, 1746, dedicated to Mordecai Cary, bishop of Killala; and Sallustius, 1747. Harwood and Dibdin, the most competent classical bibliographers, have highly extolled the beauty and accuracy of these editions, which were issued "*E typographiâ Academicæ*," containing the author's text, together with the "*lectiones variantes notabiliores*." Hawkey also projected the publication of the works of Cicero in twenty volumes, uniform with his previous editions; this work was not, however, executed. In 1747 appeared his edition of "*Paradise Lost*, compared with the authentick editions and revised by John Hawkey, editor of the Latin classics," which was followed in 1752 by the "*Paradise Regained*," and smaller poems of Milton; both these editions, according to the learned English critic, the rev. Henry J. Todd, are "highly to be valued for their ac-

curacy ;" and it is worthy of remark as indicative of the state of literary taste in Ireland at the time, that six editions of Milton's works were published in Dublin between 1747 and 1752. Hawkey* died in Grafton-street in 1759 ; his son, the rev. Samuel Pullein Hawkey, was appointed master of the free school of Dundalk, and published in 1788 a translation of the "Gallic and civil wars of Cæsar," dedicated to the bishop of Derry. Although the most learned critics have concurred in eulogizing Hawkey's erudition, so neglected has our literary history hitherto been, that the present is the only account extant of the works published by him and his son.

In Grafton-street was the residence of Richard Colley, esq., of Castle Carberry, created baron of Mornington in 1746, and deserving of notice as grandfather of the late duke of Wellington. His lordship, who was the first of his family who assumed the name of Wellesley, died at his house here in January, 1758, and was succeeded by his more talented son Garret, first earl of Mornington, who resided in this street until the year 1763.

Of the residents in Grafton-street in the last century few were better known in the city than Samuel Whyte, of whom no account has hitherto been given, although he published several works, and founded a school which maintained a high reputation for nearly seventy years.

Samuel Whyte, natural son of captain Solomon Whyte, deputy governor of the Tower of London, first saw the light about the year 1733, under circumstances chronicled as follows by himself :—

"Born premature, such the all-wise decree,
Loud shriek'd the storm, and mountains ran the sea ;
Ah ! what, sweet voyager ! in that dreadful hour,
Avail'd thy blooming youth ; thy beauty's pow'r ?

* Hawkey's wife was sister of the rev. Samuel Pullein, A.M., author of "An Essay on the culture of silk ; treating, 1. Of planting mulberry trees ; 2. On hatching and rearing silk-worms ; 3. On obtaining their silk and breed ; 4. On reeling their silk pods ; for the use of the American colonies," 8vo. London, 1758. "Observations towards a method of preserving the seeds of plants in a state fit for vegetation during long voyages," 8vo. London, 1760. "A new improved silk-reel," *Philosophical Transactions*, 1759 ; "Of a particular species of cocoon, or silk pod from America," *ib.* In consequence of these publications, considerable numbers of mulberry trees were planted in the county of Dublin, for the purpose of propagating silk-worms. Pullein was author of several poetical productions, including a translation of Vida's "Bombyx" or the silk-worm, 8vo. Dublin, 1750 ; and London : 1753 : his version will not, however, bear comparison with that published some years since by another Irish writer, the rev. Francis Mahony.

She died !—her breast with double anguish torn,
 And, her sole care, I first drew breath forlorn.
 Her nurse, when female aid was most requir'd,
 Faithful to death, kiss'd, bless'd her and expir'd ;
 The stout ship braved the elemental strife,
 And the good crew preserv'd my little life.
 Lerpool receiv'd and foster'd me a while,
 Call'd, thrice repuls'd, thence to Hibernia's isle."

Solomon Whyte's sister married Dr. Philip Chamberlaine, prebend of Bathmichael, archdeacon of Glendaloch, and rector of St. Nicholas without ; their daughter, Frances Chamberlaine, who became the wife of Thomas Sheridan in 1747, is well known as authoress of "Sidney Biddulph," and "Nourjahad." Samuel Whyte received his education from Samuel Edwards, the most eminent Dublin schoolmaster of his day, at whose academy in Golden-lane he was placed as a boarder, after leaving which he paid a visit to London, of which he has left the following reminiscence, which is the more interesting as being, we believe, the only account preserved of the latter days of the benevolent laureate's daughter :—

"Cibber, the elder, had a daughter named Charlotte, who also took to the stage ; her subsequent life was one continued series of misfortune, afflictions and distress, which she sometimes contrived a little to alleviate by the productions of her pen. About the year 1755, she had worked up a novel for the press, which the writer accompanied his friend the bookseller to hear read ; she was at this time a widow, having been married to one Charke, a musician, long since dead. Her habitation was a wretched thatched hovel, situated on the way to Islington in the purlieus of Clerkenwell Bridewell, not very distant from the new river head, where at that time it was usual for the scavengers to leave the cleansings of the streets, and the priests of Cloacina to deposit the offerings from the temples of that all-worshipped Power. The night preceding a heavy rain had fallen, which rendered this extraordinary seat of the muses almost inaccessible, so that in our approach we got our white stockings enveloped with mud up to the very calves, which furnished an appearance much in the present (1790) fashionable style of half boots. We knocked at the door (not attempting to pull the latch-string) which was opened by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, with a blue apron, indicating, what else we might have doubted, the feminine gender. A perfect model for the Copper captain's tattered landlady ; that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex, in the comedy of *Rule-a-wife*. She with a torpid voice and hungry smile desired us to walk in. The first object that presented itself was a dresser, clean, it must be confessed, and furnished with three or four coarse delf plates, two brown platters, and underneath an earthen pipkin and a black pitcher with a

snip out of it. To the right we perceived and bowed to the mistress of the mansion sitting on a maimed chair under the mantle piece, by a fire, merely sufficient to put us in mind of starving. On one hob sat a monkey, which by way of welcome chattered at us going in; on the other a tabby cat, of melancholy aspect! and at our author's feet on the flounce of her dingy petticoat reclined a dog, almost a skeleton! he raised his shagged head and eagerly staring with his bleared eyes, saluted us with a snarl. 'Have done, Fidele! these are friends.' The tone of her voice was not harsh; it had something in it humbled and disconsolate; a mingled effort of authority and pleasure. Poor soul! few were her visitors of that description—no wonder the creature barked! A magpie perched on the top rung of her chair, not an uncomely ornament! and on her lap was placed a mutilated pair of bellows, the pipe was gone, an advantage in their present office, they served as a succedaneum for a writing desk, on which lay displayed her hopes and treasure, the manuscript of her novel. Her ink-stand was a broken tea-cup, the pen worn to a stump; she had but one! A rough deal board, with three hobbling supporters, was brought for our convenience, on which without further ceremony we contrived to sit down and entered upon business. The work was read, remarks made, alterations agreed to and thirty guineas demanded for the copy. The squalid handmaiden, who had been an attentive listener, stretched forward her tawny length of neck with an eye of anxious expectation! The bookseller offered, five! Our authoress did not appear hurt; disappointments had rendered her mind callous; however some altercation ensued. This was the writer's first initiation into the mysteries of bibliopolism and the state of authorcraft. He, seeing both sides pertinacious, at length interposed, and at his instance the wary haberdasher of literature doubled his first proposal with this saving proviso, that his friend present would pay a moiety and run one half the risk; which was agreed to. Thus matters were accommodated, seemingly to the satisfaction of all parties; the lady's original stipulation of fifty copies for herself being previously acceded to. Such is the story of the once admired daughter of Colley Cibber, poet laureate and patentee of Drury-lane, who was born in affluence and educated with care and tenderness, her servants in livery, and a splendid equipage at her command, with swarms of time-serving sycophants officiously buzzing in her train; yet unmindful of her advantages and improvident in her pursuits, she finished the career of her miserable existence on a dunghill. The account given of this unfortunate woman is literally correct in every particular, of which, except the circumstance of her death, the writer himself was an eye-witness."

At Dublin, where his father had fixed his residence, Samuel Whyte found attached friends in his relatives the Sheridans, with whom he lived on terms of close intimacy. The affair of the Douglas medal, of which Whyte gives the following ac-

count, shews that Sheridan entertained no mean idea of the talents of his young relative :—

“ When the tragedy of Douglas first came out, Mr. Sheridan, then manager of the Dublin theatre, received a printed copy of it from London, which having, according to custom, previously read to his company, he cast for representation ; for it is true he highly admired it, and apprized the performers, it was his intention to give the author his third nights, as if the play had been originally brought out at his own house ; an unprecedented act of liberality in the manager, which, it was thought, would be wonderfully productive to the author. The first night, as the play had received the sanction of a British audience, the house was crammed, and the second night kept pace with the first. The printers meanwhile were not idle ; it now issued from the Irish press, and, unfortunately for the poor author, a dissenting clergyman, with an ecclesiastical anathema against him annexed. Things instantly took a new turn ; the play was reprobated, and considered as a profanation of the clerical character ; a faction was raised against it, and the third night, which was expected to be an overflow, fell miserably short of expenses. The manager was in an awkward predicament ; he was the cause of raising expectations, at least innocently, that could not be answered ; and stood committed to the author and his friends in a business which unforeseen accidents had utterly defeated. An unfeeling mind might have let it rest there ; but it was not an unfeeling mind that dictated the measure. Something must be done ; and though the writer of this account was at the time a very young man, Mr. Sheridan was pleased to communicate to him his difficulties on the occasion. The first idea was to write a friendly letter to the rev. author, and accompany it with a handsome piece of plate. To this I took the liberty to object, for, as I understood he was not a family man, it might run him to expence in showing it ; which, in such a case, was a very natural piece of vanity, and surely in itself no way reprehensible. I rather thought something he could conveniently carry about with him would answer better ; suppose a piece of gold in the way of a medal. Mr. Sheridan thanked me for the hint, and advising with Mr. Robert Calderwood (of Cork-hill), a silversmith of the first eminence, a man of letters also and good taste, he threw out the very same idea, influenced by pretty much the same reasons. It was executed accordingly ; the intrinsic value somewhere about twenty guineas. On one side was engraved a laurel wreath, and on the reverse, as nearly as I remember, at the distance of almost forty years, the following inscription : ‘ Thomas Sheridan, manager of the Theatre royal, Smock-alley, Dublin, presents this small token of his gratitude to the author of Douglas, for his having enriched the stage with a perfect tragedy.’ Soon after I carried it with me to London, and through the favor of Lord Macartney, it was delivered to the minister, Lord Bute, for his countryman, the author of Douglas. But even this also he was near being deprived of ; on the road, a few miles from London, I was stopped by highwaymen, and preserved the well-meant

offering, by the sacrifice of my purse, at the imminent peril of my life. It was considered merely as a sort of compensation for the disappointment in regard of the third night's profits, and certainly no proof of ostentation in the manager."

Johnson's mistaken view of this subject, and his ungracious conduct towards Sheridan, to whose exertions he principally owed his pension, have been detailed as follows by Boswell under the year 1772 :—

"*Johnson.*—Sheridan is a wonderful admirer of the tragedy of Douglas, and presented its author with a gold medal. Some years ago, at a coffee-house in Oxford, I called to him, 'Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Sheridan, how came you to give a gold medal to Home, for writing that foolish play?' This, you see, was wanton and insolent; but I meant to be wanton and insolent. A medal has no value but as a stamp of merit. And was Sheridan to assume to himself the right of giving that stamp? If Sheridan was magnificent enough to bestow a gold medal as an honorary reward of dramatic excellence, he should have requested one of the Universities to choose the person on whom it should be conferred. Sheridan had no right to give a stamp of merit: it was counterfeiting Apollo's coin."

Solomon Whyte's estates in Longford passed after his death in 1757 to Richard Chamberlaine, his nephew. Samuel Whyte being thus left but ill provided for, was induced by Thomas Sheridan to entertain the idea of establishing a school chiefly for the instruction of youth in the English language, the cultivation of which had been strenuously advocated by Sheridan in his lectures on oratory, noticed in the first paper of this series. The influence of the Sheridans and their relatives having been actively exerted in favor of Whyte, he was enabled to open his "English grammar school," at no. 75, Grafton-street,* in 1758, with considerable éclat, and among his first pupils were Richard Brinsley and Alicia, the children of his relative Frances Sheridan, who was "the friend and parent of his youth." Whyte's elementary treatise on the English language, printed in 1761, though not published till

* This house is at present numbered 79 Grafton-street; Whyte's school-rooms were in Johnston's-court. Moore's father resided in that court before his removal to Aungier-street, and the locality figured conspicuously in the scandalous chronicles of Dublin during the first thirty years of the reign of George III. On the opposite side of the street stands "Little Grafton-street," which was originally styled "Span's-lane," from a family of that name who resided close to it in Grafton-street in the middle of the last century.

1800, exhibits his qualifications for the profession he adopted, and his talents were so fully recognized that he was solicited in 1759 to accept the professorship of the English language in the Hibernian Academy, founded in that year on the plan laid down by Sheridan. Conceiving, however, that the latter had not been honorably treated by the managers of the institution, he declined the proffered chair, and applied himself assiduously to the business of his own establishment, which advanced so rapidly in reputation that before it had been many years founded he was enabled to reckon among his pupils the sons and daughters of the principal families in Ireland. When the pressure of accumulated difficulties obliged Thomas Sheridan to retire to France, Whyte endeavoured to repay the obligations which he owed to his chief friend and benefactor. He not only rendered him pecuniary assistance while abroad, but also, although himself a principal creditor, by great exertions in 1766 procured for Sheridan the benefit of a statute then pending for the relief of debtors. Having failed to obtain the signatures of any of the other creditors Whyte presented his petition, signed only by himself, to the house of commons, by whom it was unanimously referred to a parliamentary committee, which Whyte was ordered to attend :—

“The late lord viscount Doneraile, and the present (1800) lord viscount Northland, his earliest and most steady patrons, then in the Commons, received him at the door, and taking him by the hand announced him to the committee, saying, ‘Here comes the worthy petitioner for Mr. Sheridan.’ This was an encouraging reception, and the prelude to a more signal instance of favor in the sequel. Standing at the foot of the table, the book, as is the usage, was handed to him; but the test of an affidavit was dispensed with. Mr. Tottenham immediately rose, and addressing the chair, expatiated at some length on the purport of the petition before them, and the extraordinary circumstance of its introduction to the house. A creditor petitioning the legislature in behalf of his debtor, he observed, was very much out of the usual course, and the single instance of the kind, he believed, that ever solicited the attention of parliament. Among other encomiums, of which he was by no means sparing, he said, it was a spirited and laudable exertion of friendship, evidently proceeding from a disinterested principle, and in his opinion merited particular consideration and respect, adding, ‘I therefore move you, that petitioner shall not be put to his oath; but the facts set forth in his petition admitted simply on his word.’ His motion was seconded by an instantaneous ay, ay! without a dissenting voice. A few questions were then put, purely as it were

for form's sake, and petitioner was dismissed with repeated testimonies of applause and congratulations of success. The creditors, most likely, either did not wish or imagine he would carry his point; for when they found the business effected, they appeared in a combination to abuse him; and not only reproached him for meddling, as they called it, but affected to look upon him as responsible to them for the whole of their respective demands; because, as they alleged, he had without their concurrence had recourse to parliament to their prejudice, and deprived them of the means of prosecuting their just claims. Some of them actually consulted counsel, and took steps for the purpose of compelling him to pay them out of his own pocket. The idea may be now laughed at; but the thing was very seriously menaced: and in his situation, unhackneyed as he was in the ways of men; of a profession too of all others the most exposed to anxiety and trouble, with at best very inadequate compensation, it must have been an accumulated grievance, and their vindictive malice not a little alarming."

Whyte's son gives the following details of the subsequent relations of his father with Sheridan, whose difficulties were perpetually augmented by his own unswerving principles of rectitude:—

"The point being unexpectedly obtained, Mr. Sheridan quitted France, where he had been deserted by all his wealthy and protesting friends, whom his warm prosperity had graced; and was once more happily restored to his native land. He arrived in Dublin the latter end of October 1766, and on Monday, February 2nd following, appeared at Crow-street in Hamlet, and continued performing there for fourteen nights, with his usual eclat, ending with Maskwell in the Double Dealer, for his own benefit. That day, after dinner, he consulted my father, on the subject of calling a meeting of his creditors, a point he had sometimes in contemplation. My father warmly opposed it; conceiving it likely to involve him in fresh embarrassments, by exciting expectations which could not be gratified, and by implicated promises again endanger his personal safety, notwithstanding the measures recently adopted; upon the whole, as savoring more of ostentation, to which my father was in all cases particularly averse, than any good it could possibly produce. Perhaps his sincere wishes for the real honor of Mr. Sheridan, coinciding with a disposition naturally zealous, made him over earnest in his remonstrances; some friends present not seeing, or, in compliment to Mr. Sheridan, not choosing to see the affair in the light my father took it, over-ruled the arguments he offered, and confirmed Mr. Sheridan in his purpose; however he acknowledged the propriety of being guarded; and on Tuesday, March the 24th, 1767, the following advertisement appeared in Faulkner's Journal: 'Mr. Sheridan desires to meet his creditors at the Music-hall, in Fishamble-street, on Thursday the 2nd of April, at one o'clock, in order to concert with them the most speedy and effectual method for disposing of his effects and making a dividend.'

My father attended, as Mr. Sheridan made it a point ; but purposely delayed till the business of the congress was nearly settled, that he might not be called on for his opinion. Soon after his entrance, Mr. Sheridan, who was on the look out, accosted him, 'Sam! I am glad to see you are come'—my father bowed—'I perceive you are not satisfied with the measure.' 'Indeed, sir, I am not.' Mr. Sheridan paused, and perhaps on reflection, when too late, was convinced he had taken a precipitate step. A coolness succeeded between the two friends ; this was fomented by the officiousness of others, which occasioned a disunion of some continuance ; but not the smallest appearance of animosity or recrimination occurred on either side ; their spirit was above it ; on the contrary, many acts of kindness and mutual good offices took place in the interval, which showed a wish for the restoration of amity on both sides, if any one about them had been honest enough to promote it. My father, still bearing in mind the obligation he owed to Mrs. Sheridan, who was the friend and parent of his youth, continued, without abatement, his attachment to her children ; they, on a proper occasion, interposed ; the parties were brought together, and their difference no more was remembered. It is to this difference between Mr. Sheridan and him, my father alludes in his elegy on the instability of affection, which stands the third in order in the new edition of his poems :—

'One friend, one chosen friend, I once possess'd,
And did I in the hour of trial fall?
Still be his virtues, his deserts confessed;
But e'er his lapses, Memory, drop the veil.'

The last office of kindness he had it in his power to render him, was at his lodgings in Frith-street, Soho. He supported him from his apartment down stairs, and helped him into the carriage that took him to Margate, where, the ninth day after, death obliterated every thing—but his virtues."

His illustrious pupil, Moore, has left the following notices of Whyte, whom he addressed in one of his earliest poetical attempts as the "heaven-born votary of the laurel'd Nine :"

"As soon as I was old enough to encounter the crowd of a large school, it was determined that I should go to the best then in Dublin,—the grammar school of the well known Samuel Whyte, whom a reputation of more than thirty years' standing had placed, at that time, at the head of his profession. So early as the year 1758, a boy had been entrusted to this gentleman's care, whom, after a few years' trial of his powers, he pronounced to be 'a most incorrigible dunce.' This boy was no other than the afterwards celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan ; and so far from being ashamed of his mistake, my worthy schoolmaster had the good sense often to mention the circumstance, as an instance of the difficulty and rashness of forming any judgment of the future capacity of children. The circum-

stance of my having happened to be under the same schoolmaster with Sheridan, though at so distant an interval, has led the writer of a professed memoir of my life, prefixed to the Zwickau edition of my works, into rather an amusing mistake:—‘His talents,’ he is pleased to say of me, ‘dawned so early, and so great attention was paid to his education by his tutor, Sheridan, that,’ &c. &c. The talent for recitation and acting which I had so very early manifested, was the talent, of all others, which my new schoolmaster was most inclined to encourage; and it was not long before I attained the honor of being singled out by him on days of public examination, as one of his most successful and popular exhibitors,—to the no small jealousy, as may be supposed, of all other mammas, and the great glory of my own. As I looked particularly infantine for my age, the wonder was, of course, still more wonderful. ‘Oh, he is an old little crab,’ said one of the rival Cornelias, on one occasion of this kind, ‘he can’t be less than eleven or twelve years of age.’ ‘Then, madam,’ said a gentleman sitting next her, who was slightly acquainted with our family, ‘if that is the case, he must have been four years old before he was born.’ This answer, which was reported to my mother, won her warm heart towards that gentleman for ever after. To the drama and all connected with it, Mr. Whyte had been through his whole life warmly devoted, having lived in habits of intimacy with the family of Brinsley Sheridan, as well as with most of the other ornaments of the Irish stage in the middle of the last century. Among his private pupils, too, he had to number some of the most distinguished of our people of fashion, both male and female; and of one of the three beautiful misses Montgomery* who had been under his tuition, a portrait hung in his drawing-room. In the direction of those private theatricals which were at that time so fashionable among the higher circles in Ireland, he had always a leading share. Besides teaching and training the young actors, he took frequently a part in the dramatic personæ himself; and either the prologue or epilogue was generally furnished by his pen. Among the most memorable of the theatricals which he assisted in, may be mentioned the performance of the ‘Beggars’ Opera,’ at Carton, the seat of the duke of Leinster, on which occasion the rev. dean Marley, who was afterwards bishop of Waterford, besides performing the part of Lockit in the opera, recited a prologue of which he was himself the author. The Peachum of the night was lord Charlemont; the Lucy, lady Louisa Conolly; and Captain Morris (I know not whether the admirable song writer) was the Macheath. At the representation of ‘Henry the Fourth,’ by most of the same party, at Castletown, a prologue written by my schoolmaster had the high honor of being delivered by that distinguished Irishman, Hussey Burgh; and on

* Daughters of sir William Montgomery, bart. Eliza, the eldest, married lord Mountjoy; Barbara, the second, became the hon. Mrs. Beresford; and Anne, the youngest, was subsequently marchioness of Townshend. Moore’s above remarks, relative to himself, are confirmed by the reference to his acting in the verses quoted at p. 32.

another occasion, when the masque of *Comus* was played at Carton,* his muse was associated with one glorious in other walks than those of rhyme—the prologue of the piece being announced as ‘written by Mr. Whyte, and the epilogue by the rt. hon. Henry Grattan.’ It has been remarked, and I think truly, that it would be difficult to name any eminent public man, who had not, at some time or other, tried his hand at verse; and the only signal exception to this remark is said to have been Mr. Pitt. In addition to his private pupils in the dilettante line of theatricals, Mr. Whyte was occasionally employed in giving lessons on elocution to persons who meant to make the stage their profession. One of these, a very pretty and interesting girl, Miss Campion, became afterwards a popular actress both in Dublin and London. She continued, I think, to take instructions of him in reading even after she had made her appearance on the stage; and one day, while she was with him, a messenger came into the school to say that ‘Mr. Whyte wanted Tommy Moore in the drawing-room.’ A summons to the master’s house (which stood detached away from the school on the other side of a yard) was at all times an event; but how great was my pride, delight, and awe,—for I looked upon actors then as a race of superior beings,—when I found I had been summoned for no less a purpose than to be introduced to Miss Campion, and to have the high honour of reciting to her ‘*Alexander’s Feast*.’ The pride of being thought worthy of appearing before so celebrated a person took possession of all my thoughts. I felt my heart beat as I walked through the streets, not only with the expectation of meeting her, but with anxious doubts whether, if I did happen to meet her, she would condescend to recognise me; and when at last the happy moment did arrive, and she made me a gracious bow in passing, I question if a salute from Corinne, when on her way to be crowned in the Capitol, would in after days have affected me half so much. Whyte’s connection, indeed, with theatrical people was rather against his success in the way of his profession; as many parents were apprehensive, lest, being so fond of the drama himself, he might inspire too much the same taste in his pupils. As for me, it was thought hardly possible that I could escape being made an actor; and my poor mother, who, sanguinely speculating on the speedy removal of the Catholic disabilities, had destined me to the bar, was frequently doomed to hear prognostics of my devotion of myself to the profession of the stage.”

“On our days of public examination which were, if I recollect, twice a year, there was generally a large attendance of the parents and friends of the boys; and on the particular day I allude to, all the seats in the area of the room being occupied, my mother and a few other ladies were obliged to go up into one of the galleries that surrounded the school, and there sit or stand as they could. When

* Moore is here mistaken: of the performance above alluded to, which took place at Marlay, the particulars will be found in the *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol. II., 312.

the reading class to which I belonged, and of which I had obtained the first place, was called up, some of the boys in it who were much older and nearly twice as tall as myself, not liking what they deemed the disgrace of having so little a fellow at the head of the class, when standing up before the audience all placed themselves above me. Though feeling that this was unjust, I adopted the plan which, according to Corneille, is that of '*l'honnête homme trompé*,' namely, '*ne dire mot*,'—and was submitting without a word to what I saw the master himself did not oppose, when to my surprise, and, I must say, shame, I heard my mother's voice breaking the silence, and saw her stand forth in the opposite gallery, while every eye in the room was turned towards her, and in a firm, clear tone (though in reality she was ready to sink with the effort), address herself to the enthroned schoolmaster on the injustice she saw about to be perpetrated. It required, however, but very few words to rouse his attention to my wrongs. The big boys were obliged to descend from their usurped elevation, while I, ashamed a little of the exhibition which I thought my mother had made of herself, took my due station at the head of the class."

Whyte's taste for the drama and for poetry was early developed. In 1761 he had prepared two tragedies, the first of which was founded on the story of Abradatas and Panthea, in Xenophon's *Cyropædia*; the plot of the second was identical with that of Walpole's "*Mysterious mother*." A character in one of these plays had been written expressly for Sheridan, who undertook to perform it and to have the whole advantageously cast for representation, but Whyte committed both tragedies to the flames, together with some treatises which he had composed on English grammar. He could not, however, so readily divest himself of his attachment to poetry; and at night, after the labors of his school had been concluded, he spent many solitary hours in composing what he vainly supposed would become "*immortal verse*." The first fruits of these labors appeared in 1772 in a large quarto volume of more than 500 pages, entitled "*The Shamrock: or Hibernian cresses*. A collection of poems, songs, epigrams, &c. Latin as well as English, the original production of Ireland. To which are subjoined Thoughts on the prevailing system of school education, respecting young ladies as well as gentlemen, with practical proposals for a reformation. By Samuel Whyte, Principal of the English grammar school. Dublin: Printed by R. Marchbank, in Cole's-alley, Castle-street." This work was published by a very large subscription, and the editor boasted that two-thirds of the verse and the entire of the prose and

notes had been contributed by himself. At the annual examinations, Whyte* usually had a play performed by his pupils, and in general the specimens of youthful proficiency exhibited on those occasions were quite marvellous. Thus, in the prologue to the tragedy of Cato in 1771, the speaker in addressing the audience, says—

“ We plead our years too—I am, sirs, only seven,
Our Marcia's nine, her father scarce eleven:
But with great Cato's sentiments impress'd,
Honor and filial reverence fill each breast.”

Whyte's pupils first performed this play on Christmas-eve, 1771, at the little theatre in Capel-street, for the entertainment of their private friends. “The marquis of Kildare one morning on the stage started the thought, that if these boys repeated their play for the public at large, and money were taken at the doors (which was not done at first), the profits might be applied to some of the charitable institutions of

* A Dublin writer in 1586 eulogises as follows another schoolmaster of the same name: “In the west end of the churchyard (of St. Canice, Kilkenny), of late have been founded a grammar schoole by the right honorable Pierce or Peter Butler, erle of Ormond and Ossorie, and by his wife the countesse of Ormond, the ladie Margaret fitz Gerald, sister to Girald fitz Girald, the earle of Kildare that last was. Out of which schoole have sprouted such proper impes, through the painefull diligence and the laboursome industrie of a famous lettered man, M. Peter White (sometime fellow of Oriall college, in Oxford, and schoolemaister in Kilkennie) as generallie the whole weale publike of Ireland, and especiallie the southerne parts of that island, are greatly thereby furthered. This gentleman's method in training up youth was rare and singular, framing the education according to the scholer's veine. If he found him free, he would bridle him like a wise Isocrates from his booke; if he perceived him to be dull, he would spur him forward; if he understood that he were the worse for beating, he would win him with rewards: finallie, by interlasing studie with recreation, sorrow with mirth, paine with pleasure, sowernesse with sweetnesse, roughnesse with mildnesse, he had so good successe in schooling his pupils, as in good sooth I may boldlie bide by it, that in the realme of Ireland was no grammar schoole so good, in England I am well assured none better. And because it was my happie hap (God and my parents be thanked) to have been one of his crue, I take it to stand with my dutie, sith I may not stretch my abilitie in requiting his good turnes, yet to manifest my good will in remembering his paines. And certes, I acknowledge myselfe so much bound and beholding to him and his, as for his sake I reverence the meanest stone cemented in the wals of that famous schoole.”

Dublin. Stuart, an actor, and a great oddity, clapped the marquis on the shoulder, with 'a good move, my lord.'— 'Why, I think it is, Mr. Stuart,' repeated lord Kildare, with the sense and good humor of his natural character. The plan was adopted, and succeeded to the delight of every feeling mind."

The dramatis personæ were as follow :—

"THEATRE ROYAL, CROW-STREET.

"For the relief of the confined debtors in the different Marshalsea, on Thursday, the 2nd of January, 1772, will be performed, by the young gentlemen of the English grammar school, Grafton-street, the tragedy of Cato. Cato, Master Whyte. Lucius, Master George Carleton. Sempronius, Master John Bird. Juba, Master Anthony Gore. Syphax, Master Marnell. Marcus, Master William Holmes. Portius, Master Lynam. Decius, Master William Irvine. Lucia, Master Gibson. Marcia, Master Nugent. With an occasional prologue, by Master Richard Holmes. Dancing, between the acts, by Master McNeil; and singing, by Master Bird. After the play, by particular desire, Dryden's Alexander's Feast, to be spoken by Master Whyte. Boxes, 11s. 4½d. Pit, 5s. 5d. Gallery, 3s. 3d. Second gallery, 2s. 2d. Stewards to the charity: Marquis of Kildare, earl of Bellamont, and lord Dunluce."

The three Misses Montgomery, usually styled "the three Graces," superintended the decorations; the band was entirely composed of gentlemen, and captain French and captain Tisdal stood sentry on the stage. The receipts of the night, amounting to £262 5s. 8d., were applied to procuring the liberation of eighty poor debtors from the Marshalsea. The annual dramatic performances at Whyte's academy, and the subsequently distinguished career of many of the juvenile actors who engaged in them, are alluded to as follows in Master Benjamin Nun's address to his school-fellows, at a public July examination (1790), the speaker having just completed his tenth year :

"How many here, these thirty years, have been
The little actors in this busy scene!
Here as the friend, the hero or the sage,
Given the fair prospect of their future age!
How many here performed the mimic play,
Like Tommy Moore, the Roscius of the day!
Or, from this height, harangued the admiring train;
While echoing plaudits shook that crowded plain!

Less pleasing cares their present thoughts engage ;
 Less pure ambition rules their riper age.
 Some, rais'd aloft, who in the state preside,
 To their own gain the nation's councils guide.
 Some, on whose lips a crowd of clients dwell,
 Swallow the fish and give to each a shell.
 On India some, or Afric's groaning shores,
 From human sufferings heap their guilty stores :
 While some at home obnoxious places hold,
 And part with honest fame for ribbands, chains, and gold !
 But happier some a better task pursue,
 With gospel showers the barren land bedew,
 Among the sick their healing cares dispense,
 Teach the young mind to ripen into sense,
 Extract its riches from the generous soil,
 Or crowd their native ports with foreign spoil ;
 On formless matter life and shape bestow,
 With new delights the paths of science strew,
 Or active, urge the manufacturing band,
 While hundreds hang on their supporting hand."

Whyte's gratification in thus publicly exhibiting the results of his scholastic labors, was alloyed by the knowledge that the ill-success in life of some of his pupils had been ascribed to the taste for theatricals with which they had early been imbued at his academy. With a view of discountenancing such aspersions, he wrote and published in 1790 a poem entitled "The Theatre, a didactic essay ; in the course of which are pointed out the rocks and shoals to which deluded adventurers are inevitably exposed." In 1792 Whyte's collected poems were published by subscription under the editorship of his son Edward Athenry Whyte, who became a partner with his father in the management of the academy ;* this volume, which passed through four editions, was the premium generally pre-

* In addition to his poems, Whyte also published the following works : "Miscellanea nova ; containing, amidst a variety of other matters, curious and interesting, remarks on Boswell's Johnson ; with considerable additions, and some new anecdotes of that extraordinary character : a critique on Burger's Leonora ; in which she is clearly proved of English extraction ; and an introductory essay on the art of reading and speaking in public," 1800. "The Beauties of History," 2 vols. 12mo, addressed to the Hon. Mrs. Beresford. "The Juvenile Encyclopædia," "Matho ; or, the Cosmotheoria puerilis," edited by S. Whyte, and addressed to Mrs. Tisdal. Holberg's Universal History, edited by S. Whyte. "A short system of rhetoric." "Hints to the Age of Reason." "Practical Elocution," &c. &c.

sented by the author to the most distinguished of his pupils at the annual examinations; the prizes given to the less successful candidates consisted of neatly-framed portraits of their master, engraved by Brocas from a painting by Hamilton. Whyte felt severely the consequences entailed on Dublin by the removal of the resident nobility and gentry subsequent to the Union, which event he survived eleven years, and died in Grafton-street on the 4th of October, 1811. His son Edward A. Whyte continued to conduct the business of the academy until the year 1824, when he finally closed the establishment, and retired to London where he ended his days.

In the year 1766 a building styled the "Navigation-house" was erected on portion of a vacant plot of ground on the Western side of Grafton-street, for the use of the commissioners of inland navigation, in pursuance of a statute passed in 1765 enacting: "That it should be lawful to and for the corporation for promoting and carrying on an inland navigation in Ireland, to apply so much of the duties vested in them by act of parliament, as should be necessary for building and furnishing a convenient house within the city or county of Dublin, and furnishing the same with proper accommodations for the reception of the said corporation and assistants to meet and assemble in for putting in execution the several powers and authorities vested in them by law."

These commissioners had been incorporated in 1752 and provided by government with a large annual revenue for the purpose of opening the navigation of the Shannon. The mismanagement and incompetency of the members of the corporation were soon rendered apparent by their undertaking, at nearly the same time, twenty-three different works, scarcely any of which were accomplished; it having also been found that their expenditure of nearly six hundred thousand pounds was attended with comparatively unimportant results, the board was dissolved, and an act of parliament passed in 1786 vested the Navigation-house in the crown. Shortly after this enactment, the Irish Academy, which so early as May, 1785, had held meetings in the Navigation-house, presented a memorial to the duke of Rutland, lord lieutenant, praying that government would allow them to occupy the vacant building, and in June, 1787, having received notification that their petition had been granted, the Academy received possession of the house, which it continued to hold till the year 1852. This institu-

tion was incorporated for the study of polite literature, science, and antiquities by letters patent, dated 28th January, 1786, which recite that Ireland was "in ancient times conspicuous for her schools and seminaries of learning, and produced many persons eminent in every branch of science," and that "lately several persons in the city of Dublin had met together for their mutual improvement in the above studies, to which encouragement should be given everywhere, especially in Ireland."

"The first society of this kind established in the University about the year 1782, was called the 'Palæosophers.' Their object was the investigation of ancient learning, particularly the fathers of the church. Dr. Perceval had just returned from the Continent, and introduced the new system of chemistry, then almost totally unknown, and little attended to in this country. The investigation of this had excited a kindred zeal in the pursuit of other sciences, and Dr. Percival proposed to Dr. Usher to establish a new society to promote it. In the year 1785, therefore, another association was formed. Their object was the investigation of science and modern literature, and they denominated themselves 'Neosophers:' into this, the 'Palæosophers' in a short time merged. They met at each other's houses, dined together once every fortnight, read essays, and debated: they kept regular journals of their proceedings, but published no transactions. From these emanated the Royal Irish Academy, combining and enlarging the objects of both the former, and having distinct committees for the investigation of science, antiquities, and polite literature. The original 'Neosophers' were, Drs. Usher, Marsh, R. Stack, Hall, Young, Hamilton, Waller, Kearney, F.T.C.D., Drs. Perceval and Purcel, M.D., Messrs. W. Ball and W. Preston, barristers."

The Rev. Robert Burrowes, F.T.C.D., by authority of the Academy, in 1787, gave the following account of the origin of the institution:—

"In the year 1683 William Molyneux was instrumental in forming a society in Dublin similar to the Royal Society in London, of which he was an illustrious member: much might be expected from an institution of which Sir William Petty was president, and Molyneux secretary,* had not the distracted state of the kingdom dispersed them so soon as 1688. Their plan seems to have been resumed without success about the beginning of the present century, when the earl of Pembroke, then lord lieutenant, presided over a philosophical society established in Dublin college. In the year 1740 the Physico-historical society, two volumes of whose minutes are

* Molyneux's account of this society will be found in the third paper on the *Streets of Dublin*, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II.

still extant, was instituted: under their patronage Smith published his history of Waterford. And in the year 1772 the antient state of Ireland attracted the attention of the Dublin Society, who appointed a committee for the express purpose of enquiring into its antiquities. The favourable reception their proposals of correspondence met with abroad evinced a disposition in foreign nations to assist the cultivation of this branch of literature, of which the Royal Irish Academy acknowledge with gratitude they have already received valuable proofs. The meetings of the antiquarian committee* after about two years ceased; but the zeal of a very

* The following reports of the two initiatory meetings of the antiquarian committee of the Dublin Society are now for the first time published from the manuscript records: "Dublin Society, May, 14, 1772. Resolved, That a standing committee be appointed to enquire into the antient state of arts and literature, and into the other antiquities of Ireland; to examine the several tracts and manuscripts in the possession of the society which have not been published; and also, all other tracts on those subjects, of which the said committee can obtain the perusal. Resolved, That the said committee do consist of the president, vice presidents, the secretaries, the treasurer, and the following members of this society; Lord Charlemont, Lord Moira, Sir Lucius O'Brien, bart., Lord Bishop of Cloyne, Lord Bishop of Derry, Right Hon. Speaker of the House of Commons, Robert French, Esq., Rev. Dr. Leland, — Caldwell, esq., Major Vallancey. Resolved, That our worthy member, Sir Lucius O'Brien, bart., be requested to preside as chairman in the said committee.

"Monday, 18th May, 1772. At a meeting of the select committee of antiquarians, Sir Lucius O'Brien, bart., in the chair—Resolved, That the rev. Dr. Thomas Leland, and Charles Vallancey, esq., be appointed secretaries to the committee for the present year. Resolved, That the Rev. Dr. Peter Chaigneau be appointed assistant secretary and librarian to this committee for the present year. Resolved, That the members of this committee will each subscribe the sum of three guineas annually towards the expense of this undertaking, and that the same be paid into the hands of our assistant secretary, Dr. Chaigneau. Resolved, That this committee will employ Maurice O'Gorman as their amanuensis at the rate of five guineas per quarter. Resolved, That the appointment of this committee be notified to the publick by an advertisement in the Dublin Journal, and that a request of the committee be made in the said advertisement, that such persons as are desirous and have it in their power to assist the committee in their researches, and contribute to this national undertaking, will communicate the titles of such ancient Irish manuscripts as may be in their hands, and an account of such other materials as they are possessed of, and which they think may be useful in forwarding the designs of the committee; directed to Dr. Chaigneau at the Dublin Society's house in Grafton-street." Having been informed by the chevalier Thomas O'Gorman, that the Irish college at Paris possessed some ancient Irish manuscripts, the committee communicated with that institution, which warmly entered into its views, and convened a public meeting at their college on 11th March, 1773, presided over by Richard Dillon, archbishop and primate of Narbonne, and to which all persons connected with Ireland were invited. These proceedings resulted in the appointment of an auxiliary branch at Paris, and

few of their members still continuing has given to the public several essays, since comprised into four volumes, entitled *Collectanea de rebus Hibernicis*. About the year 1782 the society from which this Academy afterwards arose was established: it consisted of an indefinite number of members, most of them belonging to the University, who at all weekly meetings read essays in turn. Anxious to make their labours redound to the honour and advantage of their country, they formed a plan more extensive; and admitting such additional names only as might add dignity to their new institution, or by their publications had given sure ground to hope advantage from their labours, became the founders of the Royal Irish Academy."

The following report of the earliest meeting on record of the Irish Academy, is now printed for the first time from the original document:

"At a meeting of the original members of the Irish Academy of sciences, polite literature and antiquities, held at lord Charlemont's, April 18, 1785.—The following resolutions were agreed to. I. That the Irish Academy of sciences, polite literature and antiquities, do consist of a president, a council of eighteen, and an indefinite number of members. II. That the council be divided into three committees, each consisting of six members, which committees shall have for their objects, respectively, the departments of science, polite literature and antiquities. III. That each of these committees meet every third week, and be empowered to form bye laws for the regulation of their several meetings, at each of which meetings every member of the Academy shall be invited to assist. IV. That a committee of finance be appointed consisting of six members, two to be chosen out of each of the aforementioned committees. V. That there be two public general meetings of the Academy in the year, at which meetings the titles of the publications, which have been approved of by the several committees, shall be read, and candidates shall be balloted for, such as shall have signified their intentions of

although the college of the Lombards had promised only a transcript of the book of Lecan, which was the sole valuable manuscript in their possession, that important document has finally found its way to this country, and is now in the custody of the Irish Academy. Among those who took an active part in the proceedings of the Dublin committee were Dr. Carpenter, R. C. archbishop of Dublin, Sylvester O'Halloran, and Charles O'Connor; to the latter was committed the task of preparing for the press the manuscript of O'Flaherty's "*Ogygia vindicated*," purchased by the committee for twenty guineas from a Mr. Wilton of Galway, and published in 1775. The committee compiled a set of sixteen queries on subjects connected with the objects of their investigations, and ordered two thousand copies of them to be printed for circulation among the clergymen and most respectable inhabitants of the various parishes in Ireland. The meetings of the committee were generally held at 7 p.m. in the College library, and they assembled for the last time on the 24th February, 1774.

proposing themselves as members six weeks at least before the public meeting. VI. That each fellow, on his election, do deposit two guineas in the hands of the treasurer, to be continued annually, or twenty guineas as a life subscription. VII. That the president and council, with a treasurer and secretary, be elected by the original members of the Academy at lord Charlemont's, and that the first Monday in May be appointed for that purpose. VIII. That an extraordinary general meeting be held on Monday, the sixteenth of May, for the purpose of electing members who shall have been proposed on Monday, the second of May. IX. That the right reverend the lord bishop of Dromore, be requested to apply to the Antiquarian Society of London, and the Edinburgh Society, for copies of their regulations, and that the lord bishop of Killaloe and Doctor Ussher be requested to apply to the Royal Society of London and the Academy of Berlin, for the same purpose. X. That an extraordinary meeting of this Academy be held at Col. Conyngham's on Monday, the twenty-fifth of April, at eight o'clock in the afternoon. List of original members: Earl of Charlemont. Lord Rokeby, primate of Ireland. Earl of Clanbrazil. Earl of Moira. Bishop of Killaloe. Bishop of Clonfert. Bishop of Waterford. Bishop of Dromore. Right Hon. John Hely Hutchinson, secretary of state. Right Hon. Denis Daly. Right Hon. Burton Conyngham.* Col. Vallancey. Doctor Murray, vice-provost of T.C.D. Rev. Hugh Hamilton, dean of Armagh. Richard Kirwan, Esq., London. Edmond Malone, Esq. Rev. Michael Kearney, D.D. Adair Crawford, M.D. London. Rev. Thomas Leland, D.D. Rev. W. Hales, D.D. F.T.C.D. George Cleghorne, M.D. Rev. Henry Ussher, D.D., S.F.T.C.D. Rev. John Kearney, D.D., S.F.T.C.D. Rev. John Waller, D.D., F.T.C.D. John Purcell, M.D. Robert Perceval, M.D. Rev. Matthew Young, F.T.C.D. Rev. Digby Marsh, F.T.C.D. Rev. George Hall, F.T.C.D. Rev. Richard Stack, F.T.C.D. Rev. W. Hamilton, F.T.C.D. Laurence Parsons, Esq. William Preston, Esq. William Ball, Esq. Rev. James Archibald Hamilton, D.D. William Deane, I.L.D. Sir Joseph Banks, London. R. Lovell Edgeworth, Esq. (Signed) Charlemont."

* This individual has occasionally been confounded with Timothy Cunningham, of Gray's Inn, barrister, who bequeathed in 1789, to the Royal Irish Academy of Dublin, "the sum of £1,000, to be laid out in such funds as they shall think proper, and the interest of it to be disposed of in such premiums as they shall think proper for the improvement of natural knowledge, and other objects of their institution." He also bequeathed to the Academy all his botanical books and books of natural history, and desired that all the residue of his library should be disposed of, and the produce of them expended under the direction of his executor in purchasing books for the Academy. Cunningham died in 1789; from his will, registered in the prerogative court of Canterbury, it appears, that his relatives were chiefly residents of Clonmel, Carrick-on-Suir and Waterford. By a strange error, the Academy, in its official publications, always styles Cunningham's bequest the "*Conyngham fund*;" and as nothing appears to be known of the donor, we here subjoin a catalogue of his principal publications: "A new treatise of the laws concerning Tithes, containing all the statutes, adjudged cases, resolutions, and judg-

This Academy has already published twenty-two volumes of "Transactions," and formed considerable collections of manuscripts and organic remains; no attempt has, however, yet been made to give to the public a history of the institution, nor to analyse the merits of its contributions to science, literature, and archæology.

Next to the "Navigation-house" in Grafton-street, another large edifice was erected in 1766 by the Royal Dublin Society, whose early history we noticed in a former paper. The Society assembled for the first time in Grafton-street on the 3d of December, 1767, and from an unpublished map, executed by Thomas Sherard in 1796, we find that their house here had a frontage of forty feet in a style similar to that of the Irish Academy's house. Of the schools, which were located at the rear and entered through a gateway which still exists, a late writer gave the following particulars:—

"This Academy consisted of three schools, with a master appointed to each, for the instruction of pupils in drawing,

ments relating thereto," 8vo. London: 1748, fourth edition published in 1777. "Law of bills of exchange, promissory notes, bank notes, and insurances, containing all the Statute cases at large, &c., methodically digested," 8vo. London: 1761, sixth edition published in 1778. "The Merchant's Lawyer, or the law of Trade in general," London: 2 vols. 8vo, 1762, third edition published in 1768. "Practical Justice of the Peace," 1762, 2 vols. 8vo. "New and complete Law Dictionary," London: 2 vols. folio, 1764, third edition published in 1782-3. "New Treatise concerning the laws for the preservation of game, containing all the statutes and cases at large," 12mo, 1764. "Report of cases argued and adjudged in the court of King's bench, in the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th of George II., to which is prefixed, A Proposal for rendering the laws of England clear and certain, humbly offered to the consideration of both houses of parliament," folio, 1766. "Maxims and rules of pleadings in actions, real and personal, or mixed, popular and penal," 4to, 1771. "History of the customs, aids, subsidies, national debts, and taxes of England, from William the Conqueror to the year 1778," third edition published in 1778. "History and antiquities of the Inns of Court and Chancery," 8vo, 1780, republished in 1790 under the title of "Historical memoirs of the English laws." "Historical accounts of the rights of election of the several counties, cities, and boroughs of Great Britain, containing the time when each of them was first represented in parliament, and by what authority; to which is prefixed, An Inquiry into the origin of elections to Parliament," 2 vols. 8vo, 1783. "Law of Simony, containing all the statutes, cases at large, arguments, resolutions and judgments concerning it, particularly the case at large in the House of Lords, between the Lord Bishop of London and Lewis Fythcer, esq.," 8vo, 1784. "Introduction to the knowledge of the laws and constitutions of England," 8vo. Cunningham also compiled the general index to the Journals of the English house of Commons, and published "Magna Charta libertatum civitatis Waterford," with an English version and notes, 8vo, Dublin: 1752.

free of expense. One for the human figure, one for landscape and ornament, and one for architecture; and many excellent painters have been made under the creditable protection of the Dublin Society. The names of those I recollect, during my time, I shall set down, apologising to such as have escaped my memory, lest they should think me unmindful or negligent, wilfully. In figure—Barry, Tresham, Peters, Hamilton, Shee, Cregan, R. L. West, Foster, Danby, Rothwell, Cuming; in miniature, chalk, and crayons—F. R. West, Haly, Sullivan, Collins, Madden, Pope, Stokers, Comerford, Cullen, Murphy, Byrne, Dunne, S. Lover; in landscape and figure, including drawing masters—Barrett, Carver, Butts, the two Roberts, Ashford, Fisher, O'Connor, Ellis, the three Mulvanys, four Brocages, Tracy, Doyle, Moreau; in architecture—Ivory, Sproule, A. Baker, Semple, Berrell, Taylor, Morrison, Byrne, young Baker. There has been a fourth school added to the academy for sculpture and modelling, where Behnes studied; two promising young students, Panormo and Galaher, have also made great progress in this school. Mr. Smith, master.—When I was sixteen years old, I obtained three tickets from a member of the Royal Dublin Society, to admit me as a pupil to be instructed in drawing; this was the usual mode of introduction. I first went to the architectural school. Mr. Ivory was master, a gentle urbane character, but he appeared in a delicate state of health; he consigned me to his apprentice, Mr. H. A. Baker; he became at Ivory's demise the master, and has remained in that station to the present time (1836). Mr. Baker looked rather sternly at me, at least I thought so at that time, and said, 'Ho! I must get you into geometry.' I did not know what geometry really was, but I thought it was to get into trouble; however, he, seeing my plight, assumed a cheerful look, which was his natural look. and said, 'Come, I'll show you what geometry is.' He then put me to draw, and showed me the manner of using the instruments; we have been ever since that time good friends, and I hope will continue so. I next went to the landscape and ornament school, Mr. Waldron the master. His appearance was not flattering, nor did his severe look and habitual frown encourage me to stay long at his beck; for he seldom spoke, which was, I thought, a fortunate thing for me, his manner was so truly cheerless. I remained at his school about a month, and then I repaired to the figure school. When I entered the figure room, I was struck with the number of casts from the antique, the Hercules, Laocoon, &c., and felt a wish and hoped to be able to draw from those; in some time I delivered my card to the master, Mr. Francis Robert West, a worthy good-hearted man, but of peculiar manner. In person he was a smart, little, dapper man, very voluble in speech and rapid in delivery, used much action—even his features underwent many changes—opening his eyes wide—raising his eyebrows considerably and extending his mouth; his language good, yet he was subject to digression and habitual conclusive words, such as 'yes, yes'—'doubtless, no doubt'—and other pet phrases, which seemed to carry decision in all his harangues. Add to these a peculiar quaintness of manner, an averted eye, and a simplicity of look, rendered him quite a cha-

acter. I presented my card; he just looked at it, then glanced at me, and with head averted, said, 'So, you are come to draw the human figure.'—I then directed his attention to the back of the card, on which was written, by the gentleman who gave it me, an order to be furnished with drawing materials, and he would pay for them. During his reading he was assailed by a number of boys with their sketches for his opinion; he dispatched them quickly, with—to one, the nose more in, the chin more out; to another, your head is too large—yours has not got the turn—you must place your figure in the centre—dash it out, and begin again! Your mouth is too much open and your eyes shut—you must shut your mouth and open your eyes; having in routine given directions, he finished the reading of the card. Another boy, with a finished drawing as he thought, submitted his production, 'Oh! you have no character—you must labour until you get it, compare it, and amend—es, es!' His yes, yes, was like sounding the letter s twice, the first a long s, the second a small one. Then leaving his desk, he walked to the folding doors which opened to the figure-room, and calling John, he returned in quick pace to his post.—John returned with the materials, and Mr. West sketched a profile of a head, before me, to show me how to begin; he did it very expertly, and with great freedom of hand; he then desired John to place me at a desk with master Shee. So John led me to the desk, and I was most happily placed; for master Shee, though some years my junior, was capable and willing to assist me.—We also drew together at the architectural school, and I was induced to put up a sheet of geometry for the medal, but it was adjudged to master Shee, as was every medal he looked for in any of the schools."

The student here referred to was Sir Martin Archer Shee, author of "Rhymes on Art," subsequently elected president of the Royal Academy of London.

The Dublin Society continued to meet in Grafton-street regularly until the year 1796, when, having erected more extensive buildings in another locality, they sold their interest in their house here for £3,000, and the buildings known as 112 and 113, Grafton-street have since been erected on its site.

The Provost's house, built on a portion of the College gardens, was occupied for a considerable part of the last century (1774 to 1794) by the Hutchinson family, in addition to which the following peers also resided in Grafton-street: Lord Kinsale (1778), Viscount Grandison (1783); the Earl of Dunsany (1786); Lord Newhaven of Carrickmayne (1791), and Lord Massey of Duntryleague. James Reilly, a water-color miniature painter of some eminence, resided at no. 17 Grafton-street from 1774 to his death in 1788; and in the year 1776 Edward Hudson, a native of

Castlemartyr, Co. Cork, the most eminent dentist of his day in Ireland, removed from George's-lane to number 69, Grafton-street,* nearly opposite to Anne-street, where he continued to reside for many years. Distinguished no less for intellectual acquirements than for professional skill, he became the associate of the leading characters of his time, and on the formation of the "Monks of St. Patrick" the important office of bursar to that fraternity was conferred upon him. Curran, in his early struggles, was much indebted to the friendship and liberality of Hudson, who, in predicting the future eminence of his despondent youthful friend, failed not to inculcate such sentiments as we find in the following extract:—

"Consider now and then, Jack, what you are destined for; and never, even in your distresses, draw consolation from so mean a thought, as that your abilities may one day render your circumstances easy or affluent; but that you may one day have it in your power to do justice to the wronged—to wipe the tear from the widow or orphan, will afford the satisfaction that is worthy of a man." "It would be injustice," says Curran's son, "to suppress another passage. Having a little before chided his friend for neglecting to inform him of the state of his finances, Mr. Hudson goes on:

"I think I shall be a man of no small fame to-morrow or

* From the period of the opening of Carlisle bridge, the private residences in Grafton-street became gradually converted into shops. The "Black Lyon Inn" was located at the corner of Anne-street (1762), and the "City Tavern" (1787) also stood in Grafton street. The "Incorporated Society for the promotion of Protestant schools" held their committees in this street, previous to the erection of their house in Suffolk-street (1758); the Tallow chandlers, or "Guild of St. George," had their hall in Grafton-street (1783); and there were also several lottery offices here, of which the best known was the "Lion's office," no. 101, corner of Suffolk-street. The noted Catherine Netterville (1770) had a magnificent residence in Grafton-street, which was the scene of the frightful suicide of Mr. Stone of Jamaica, her insane paramour. A forcible illustration of the popular error relative to the value of the farthings of Queen Anne was furnished by the consequences of the discovery, in 1814, of one of those coins by George Home, an assistant in the shop of J. Miller, confectioner, no. 3 Grafton-street. Home's refusal to surrender the coin, received in his employer's shop, was made the ground of a criminal prosecution, and he was sentenced by the Recorder to be confined for twelve months in Newgate, and subsequently imprisoned until he gave up the farthing; the court being ignorant that the scarcest of Queen Anne's farthings is not worth more than five pounds, the generality of them not exceeding a few shillings in value. The wealth subsequently accumulated by the industry of Home enabled him to erect the "Royal Arcadé;" his success was, however, popularly ascribed to his having found a farthing of Queen Anne.

next day, and though 'tis but the fame of a dentist, yet if that of an honest man is added to it, I shall not be unhappy. Write speedily to me, and if you are in want, think I shall not be satisfied with my fortunes—believe me I shall never think I make a better use of my possessions than when such a friend as Jack can assist me in their uses." With Edward Hudson in Grafton-street resided his cousin and namesake, Edward Hudson, the younger, who gave early indications of superior talents. Moore, who became acquainted with him in 1797, tells us "that he was a remarkably fine and handsome young man, who could not have been at that time more than two or three and twenty years of age," and adds that,

"Though educated merely for the purposes of his profession, he was full of zeal and ardour for everything connected with the fine arts; drew with much taste himself, and was passionately devoted to Irish music. He had with great industry collected and transcribed all our most beautiful airs, and used to play them with much feeling on the flute. I attribute, indeed, a good deal of my own early acquaintance with our music, if not the warm interest which I have since taken in it, to the many hours I passed at this time of my life tête-à-tête with Edward Hudson,—now trying over the sweet melodies of our country, now talking with indignant feelings of her sufferings and wrongs."

This young dentist became one of the most intimate of Moore's friends, and was the only person entrusted with the secret of the latter having contributed political essays to the leading Irish journal of the day. Moore has himself enabled us to judge how far the origin of his Irish melodies is attributable to Edward Hudson, erroneously, however, stating that the latter was the nephew of his elder name-sake :

"It was in the year 1797 that, through the medium of Mr. Bunting's book, I was first made acquainted with the beauties of our native music. A young friend of our family, Edward Hudson, the nephew of an eminent dentist of that name, who played with much taste and feeling on the flute, and unluckily for himself, was but too deeply warmed with the patriotic ardour then kindling around him, was the first who made known to me this rich mine of our country's melodies;—a mine, from the working of which my humble labours as a poet have since then derived their sole lustre and value."

Edward Hudson, the elder, had repeatedly declined pressing solicitations to join the society of United Irishmen; his cousin, however, became deeply involved in their plans, and was appointed one of their provincial delegates, in which capacity he

was sitting in council when arrested in March, 1798. Of his imprisonment Moore has left the following reminiscence :—

“ When, in consequence of the compact entered into between government and the chief leaders of the conspiracy, the State Prisoners, before proceeding into exile, were allowed to see their friends, I paid a visit to this gentleman in the jail of Kilmainham, where he had then lain immured for four or five months, hearing of friend after friend being led out to death, and expecting every week his own turn to come. As painting was one of his tastes, I found that, to amuse his solitude, he had made a large drawing with charcoal on the wall of his prison, representing that fancied origin of the Irish harp, which, some years after, I adopted as the subject of one of the melodies :—

‘Tis believ’d that this harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a Syren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often, at eve, thro’ the bright waters rov’d,
To meet on the green shore, a youth whom she lov’d.”

The beautiful allegorical design here commemorated was not conceived in the gloomy cell of Kilmainham, the sketch made by the prisoner being merely a reproduction of a vignette drawn by the elder Hudson and prefixed to an ode for St. Cecilia’s day, written by him and printed for private circulation. The younger Hudson formed one of the Irish state prisoners confined in Fort George, after his liberation from which he retired to America, where he married the daughter of Patrick Byrne, the exiled publisher.

The elder Hudson wrote several small political and scientific treatises; by his skill dental surgery was in Ireland first elevated to the rank of a profession; and mainly from his instructions his nephew, Blake,* was enabled pre-eminently to advance our country’s reputation in this branch of science. Surgeon Hudson died in 1821, at the age of 79, and those who are acquainted with the modern history of Irish literature, can testify that his intellectual and enlightened tastes have not been impaired in their transmission to his descendants.

Wolfe Tone details as follows the origin of his alliance with his wife Matilda, who subsequently exhibited so noble an example of female fortitude and self-devotion :—

“ About the beginning of the year 1785, I became acquainted with my wife. She was the daughter of William Witherington, and

* Author of the highly valued “ Essay on the structure and formation of the teeth in man and various animals by Robert Blake, M.D., being principally a translation of his inaugural dissertation published at Edinburgh, September, 1798,” 8vo. Dublin: 1801.

lived, at that time, in Grafton-street, in the house of her grandfather, a rich old clergyman, of the name of Fanning. I was then a scholar of the house in the University, and every day, after commons, I used to walk under her windows with one or the other of my fellow students; I soon grew passionately fond of her, and she, also, was struck with me, though certainly my appearance, neither then nor now, was much in my favour; so it was, however, that, before we had ever spoken to each other, a mutual affection had commenced between us. She was, at this time, not sixteen years of age, and as beautiful as an angel. She had a brother some years older than herself; and as it was necessary, for my admission to the family, that I should be first acquainted with him, I soon contrived to be introduced to him, and as he played well on the violin, and I was myself a musical man, we grew intimate, the more so, as it may well be supposed. I neglected no fair means to recommend myself to him and the rest of the family, with whom I soon grew a favorite. My affairs now advanced prosperously; my wife and I grew more passionately fond of each other; and, in a short time, I proposed to her to marry me, without asking consent of any one, knowing well it would be in vain to expect it; she accepted the proposal as frankly as I made it; and one beautiful morning in the month of July, we ran off together and were married. I carried her out of town to Maynooth for a few days, and when the first ecstacy of passion had subsided, we were forgiven on all sides, and settled in lodgings near my wife's grandfather."

By a singular coincidence, the informer Reynolds became the husband of the sister of Tone's wife; to the latter Lucien Bonaparte alluded as follows in his public oration in 1799:—

"It is precisely one year since, on the same day and in the same month, a court martial was assembled in Dublin, to try a general officer in the service of our Republic.—You have heard the last words of this illustrious martyr of liberty. What could I add to them? You see him, under your own uniform, in the midst of this assassinating tribunal, in the midst of this awe-struck and affected assembly. You hear him exclaim, 'After such sacrifices in the cause of liberty, it is no great effort, at this day, to add the sacrifice of my life. I have courted poverty; I have left a beloved wife, unprotected, and children, whom I adored, fatherless.' Pardon him, if he forgot, in these last moments, that you were to be the fathers and protectors of his Matilda and of his children.—A few words more—on the widow of Theobald; on his children. Calamity would have overwhelmed a weaker soul. The death of her husband was not the only one she had to deplore. His brother was condemned to the same fate; and with less good fortune, or less firmness, perished on the scaffold. If the services of Tone were not sufficient, of themselves, to rouse your feelings, I might mention the independent spirit and firmness of that noble woman, who, on the tomb of her husband and her brother, mingles, with her sighs,

aspirations for the deliverance of Ireland. I would attempt to give you an idea of that Irish spirit which is blended in her countenance, with the expression of her grief. Such were those women of Sparta, who, on the return of their countrymen from battle, when, with anxious looks, they ran over the ranks and missed amongst them their sons, their husbands, and their brothers, exclaimed, 'He died for his country; he died for the Republic.'

Patrick Byrne,* an eminent bookseller, removed in 1784 from College-green to no. 108, Grafton-street, next to the

* The other booksellers and publishers in Grafton-street before the Union were, William Ross (1765); Samuel Watson, no 71 (1785); George Draper (1790); John Milliken, no. 32 (1791); Bernard Dornin, no. 33 (1792); William Porter, no. 69 (1796); Alderman John Exshaw, no. 98 (1782), publisher of "Exshaw's Magazine;" on St. Patrick's day, 1797, the first regiment of "Royal Dublin Volunteers," commanded by this bookseller, was presented by Miss Exshaw, at his house, with two elegant stands of colors, richly embroidered by herself, and accompanied with an address. John Jones, bookseller, of no. 111 Grafton-street, opposite to the College, was the publisher of the "Sentimental and Masonic Magazine," commenced in July, 1792, and concluded in August, 1795. This periodical was edited by William Paulet Carey, a portrait painter and engraver, who first became known by his political prints, among which was one published in 1787, depicting Father O'Leary and the Presbyterian Dr. Campbell joining hands at the altar of peace. In 1791 he established the "National Evening Star" on the principles adopted on the foundation of the society of United Irishmen later in the same year. This paper, written almost entirely by himself, soon gained popularity from its tone, and Carey was styled the "printer of the people;" his essays most attractive to the public taste were those signed "Junius Hibernicus," and his poetic contributions under the name of "Scriblerius Murtough O'Pindar," were subsequently collected and entitled "The Nettle, an Irish bouquet, to tickle the nose of an English viceroy; being a collection of political songs and parodies, dedicated to the Marquis Grimaldo (Buckingham), governor of Barataria, by Scriblerius Murtough O'Pindar, now handing about in the first circles of fashion, and sang to some of the most favorite airs. To which are added, the Prophecy, an irregular ode, addressed to his Excellency shortly after his arrival: and the Triumph of Freedom, addressed to the Right Hon. Henry Grattan, by the same author." Carey became notorious by the decided opinions he promulgated relative to the various political points then being agitated, and he devoted a considerable space in his paper to the advocacy of Tandy, while the latter was under prosecution. Considering it his duty to censure Dr. Theobald Mac Kenna for differing with the Catholic committee, he assailed him in a series of letters published under the name of "William Tell." Mac Kenna, in retaliation, succeeded in having Carey rejected when proposed a member of the United Irish Society by Rowan and Tandy; however, on a second ballot time he was elected by a large majority. In 1792 Carey was prosecuted for having published certain political documents issued by the United Irishmen, for which the society promised him indemnification, but finding himself deserted by them when in difficulties, he was obliged in self-defence to give evidence on the trial of Dr.

Irish Academy house, where he published the principal pamphlets in favor of parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipation. Among the works issued by Byrne, was Wolfe Tone's second essay in pamphleteering published in 1790, under the title of "An inquiry how far Ireland is bound, of right, to embark in the impending contest on the side of Great Britain: Addressed to the members of both houses of parliament;" relative to this production its author has left the following anecdote:—

"On the appearance of a rupture with Spain, I wrote a pamphlet to prove that Ireland was not bound by the declaration of war, but might, and ought, as an independent nation, to stipulate for a neutrality. In examining this question, I advanced the question of separation, with scarcely any reserve, much less disguise; but the public mind was by no means so far advanced as I was, and my pamphlet made not the smallest impression. The day after it appeared, as I stood perdue in the bookseller's shop, listening after my own reputation, Sir Henry Cavendish, a notorious slave of the House of Commons, entered, and throwing my unfortunate pamphlet on the counter in a rage, exclaimed, 'Mr. Byrne, if the author of that work is serious, he ought to be hanged.' Sir Henry was succeeded by a bishop, an English Doctor of Divinity, with five or six thousand a year, laboriously earned in the church. His lordship's anger was not much less than that of the other personage. 'Sir,' said he, 'if the principles contained in that abominable work were to spread, do you know that you would have to pay for your coals at the rate of five pounds a ton?' Notwithstanding these criticisms, which I have faithfully quoted against myself, I continue to think my pamphlet a good one; but, apparently, the publisher, Mr. Byrne, was of a different opinion, for I have every reason to believe that he suppressed the whole impression, for which his own Gods damn him."

Hamilton Rowan selected Byrne to publish the authorized report of his trial in 1794, which, with Rowan's usual

Drennan in 1794, and appealed to the public in justification of his conduct. Carey engraved several of the plates, and wrote the majority of the verse in the "Masonic Magazine;" his assistants in the latter department being John Brenan, M.D., W. E. O'Brien, and Thomas Moore; the latter tells us that Carey desired to have his portrait engraved, a proceeding prevented by the interference of his mother. We find that, although not elsewhere noticed, Moore contributed to this Magazine the following pieces, not included in any edition of his works: "Anacreontique to a bee;" "Myrtilla, to the unfortunate Maria, a pastoral ballad;" "The Shepherd's Farewell, a pastoral ballad;" and a poem styled "Friendship." Jones, the publisher of the Magazine, was succeeded in Grafton-street in 1797 by a bookseller named Rice. Carey died in America; his sons were long the most wealthy booksellers in Philadelphia, where they published in 1819 M. Carey's elaborate "Vindiciæ Hibernicæ."

philanthropy was sold for the benefit of the distressed manufacturers.

"There is not a day," said Curran, "that you hear the cries of your starving manufacturers in your streets, that you do not also see the advocate of their sufferings—that you do not see his honest and manly figure, with uncovered head, soliciting for their relief; searching the frozen heart of charity for every string that can be touched by compassion, and urging the force of every argument and every motive, save that which his modesty suppresses—the authority of his own generous example. Or if you see him not there, you may trace his steps to the abode of disease, and famine, and despair, the messenger of heaven, bearing with him food, and medicine, and consolation."

The following dialogue took place between Byrne and the chief justice of the king's bench relative to the publication of the trial of Rowan:—

Lord Clonmel. 'Your servant, Mr. Byrne; I perceive you have advertised Mr. Rowan's trial.'

Byrne. 'The advertisement, my lord, is Mr. Rowan's, he has selected me as his publisher, which I think an honour, and I hope it will be profitable.'

Lord Clonmel. 'Take care, sir, what you do; I give you this caution; for if there are any reflections on the judges of the land, by the eternal G—I will lay you by the heels!'

Byrne. 'I have many thanks to return your lordship for your caution; I have many opportunities of going to Newgate, but I have never been ambitious of that honour, and I hope in this case to stand in the same way. Your lordship knows I have but one principle in trade, which is to make money of it, and that if there were two publications giving different features to the trial I would publish both. There is a trial published by M'Kenzie.'

Lord Clonmel. 'I did not know that; but say what you may on the subject, if you print or publish what may inflame the mob, it behoves the judges of the land to notice it; and I tell you by the eternal G—, if you publish or mis-state my expressions, I will lay you by the heels! One of Mr. Rowan's advocates set out with an inflammatory speech, mis-stating what I said, and stating what I did not say. I immediately denied it, and appealed to the court and gentlemen in it, and they all contradicted him, as well as myself. These speeches were made for the mob, to mislead and inflame them, which I feel it my duty to curb. If the publication is intended to abuse me, I don't value it; I have been so long in the habit of receiving abuse, that it will avail little; but I caution you how you publish it; for if I find anything reflecting on or mis-stating me, I will take care of you.'

Byrne. 'I should hope Mr. Rowan has too much honor to have anything mis-stated or inserted in his trial that would involve his publisher.'

Lord Clonmel. 'What! is Mr. Rowan preparing his own trial?'

Byrne. 'He is, my Lord.'

Lord Clonmel. 'Oho, Oho! that is a different thing. That gentleman would not have been better used by me, standing in the situation he did, if he was one of the princes of the blood.'

Byrne. 'My Lord, Mr. Rowan being his own printer, you know he will publish his own trial; I stand only as his publisher.'

Lord Clonmel. 'Even as his publisher, I will take care of you; and I have no objection to this being known.'

Byrne. 'I return your Lordship many thanks.'

Byrne's shop in Grafton-street was the usual literary rendezvous of the United Irishmen, and the publisher, himself a member of that association, was the first Roman Catholic admitted into the guild of booksellers,* after the relaxation of the Penal laws in 1793. One of the most constant visitors to his establishment from the year 1796 was captain John Warneford Armstrong, of the king's county militia, whose regiment was stationed in 1798 at the camp at Loughlinstown. Armstrong, then about twenty-nine years of age, openly avowed anti-monarchical principles, and was in the habit of purchasing at Byrne's publications of republican and deistical tendencies. Having led the bookseller to believe that his political sentiments coincided with those of the United Irishmen, he procured from him in 1798 an introduction to the brothers Sheares, who were then engaged in maturing their revolutionary organization.

"Armstrong, on leaving Byrne's on the 10th of May, immediately proceeded to his brother officer, Captain Clibborn, and informed him of what had passed. The latter advised him to 'give the Sheares a meeting.' He then returned to Byrne's late the same day, and remained there till Henry arrived. Byrne led him to the inner part of the shop, toward a private room, and introduced him to Sheares, in these terms: 'All I can say to you, Mr. Sheares, is that Captain Armstrong is a true brother, and you may depend on him.

* Previous to the declaration of independence in 1782, the company of Dublin booksellers was the first corporation which publicly associated to wear Irish manufacture, in which they appeared dressed at their anniversary banquets. John Exshaw, bookseller and high sheriff, presided over the general meeting of the freemen and freeholders of the city of Dublin, at which they resolved: "That we will not, from the date hereof, until the grievances of this country shall be removed, directly or indirectly import or consume any of the manufactures of Great Britain; nor will we deal with any merchant, or shopkeeper, who shall import such manufactures; and that we recommend the adoption of a similar agreement to all our countrymen who regard the commerce and constitution of this country."

They remained at the entrance of the private room; but Henry Sheares declined any conversation, 'except in the presence of his brother.' Armstrong said, 'he had no objection to wait until his brother came.' Henry, however, declined to wait; and shortly after, John Sheares arrived, and was introduced to him by Byrne. John Sheares told Captain Armstrong, 'he knew his principles very well.' He then solicited him 'to join the cause by action, as he knew he had done by inclination;' and Armstrong replied, 'he was ready to do everything in his power for it, and if he could show him how he could do anything, he would serve him to the utmost of his power.' Sheares then informed him, he states, that the rising was very near; 'they could not wait for the French, but had determined on a home effort;' and the principal way he could assist them, was by gaining over the soldiers, and consulting about taking the camp at Lehaunstown. John Sheares then made an appointment with him for the following Sunday, at his house in Baggot-street; and on that day he went and found Henry only at home. He apologised for gleavin him on the former occasion, 'having had to attend a committee that day.' The informer states, he then asked about the camp, where it was most vulnerable? how to be most advantageously attacked? John came in, and spoke about the necessity of gaining over the soldiers, and then informed Armstrong, that their intention was to seize the camp, the artillery at Chapelizod, and the city of Dublin in one night: there was to be an hour and a half between the seizing of the camp and Dublin; an hour between seizing Dublin and Chapelizod; so that the news of both might arrive at the same time. The 13th, on Sunday night, at eleven o'clock, by appointment, Armstrong had another interview with the brothers at their house, for the purpose of getting the name of some soldiers in his regiment who were known to the United Irishmen."

Having thus insinuated himself into the confidence of his victims, he carefully noted down their conversations, which were immediately reported to government. "I never," said he, "had an interview with the Sheares, that I had not one with colonel L'Estrange and captain Clibborn, and my lord Castlereagh." Not satisfied with the amount of information so obtained, Armstrong obtained admission to the domestic circle of the Sheares, and within a few hours after quitting their table lodged depositions, which led his hosts to the scaffold. Byrne, whose integrity to his party was unimpeachable, was arrested in his own house by his neighbour, alderman Exshaw, conducted to the castle, subjected to a strict examination, and committed to Newgate on the 21st of May, 1798. He was subsequently permitted to retire to America, whence he never returned to his native land.

ART. III.—CHARLES KENDAL BUSHE.

UPON the mind of him who, in the full tide of Term, stands, as we have just stood, in the Hall of the Four Courts, how many melancholy thoughts rush back, as he contemplates the present condition of the Irish Bar, and then recalls its past-by glories.

Fifty-three years ago Ireland possessed a Bar, brilliant, witty, eloquent, and national. Proud of their profession, which, as Sir William Jones wrote, was "the only road to the highest stations in the country;" proud of their country, as in it they were the equals of the highest noble; careful of its liberties, and jealous of the integrity of its institutions, as in them they saw the best security for freedom, and for the stability of the commonwealth; sternly consistent in the support of the party to which they attached themselves; seeing in *la noblesse de la robe*, a dignity higher than that of him who was but the accident of an accident, (a patrician by birth), they were ready, according to the custom of the time, to back their quarrels in the field; and an active fancy, and a ready pen, frequently required support from the quick eye, or the steady hand, upon the pistol or the rapier.*

Like their brethren of France, the Irish lawyers were jovial, gay, and literary; they never thought that "The Lady Com-

* Egan, Chairman of the county Dublin Quarter Sessions, fought the Master of the Rolls at Donnybrook, and fought Jerry Keller at the Waterford assizes upon a point of law. Fitzgibbon when Attorney General fought John Philpot Curran. Scott, Lord Clonmel, fought Lord Tyrawley, the Earl of Llandaff, and half a dozen other antagonists. Metge, a Baron of the Exchequer, fought three duels, one with his own brother-in-law. Grady, first Counsel to the Revenue, fought Maher and Campbell and many others. Curran fought many duels, and challenged Lord Buckingham, the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Bagnal Harvey, afterwards hanged for being a rebel, fought Sir Hardinge Gifford, subsequently Chief Justice of Ceylon. The Right Hon. G. Ogle, a rampant Orangeman, a Privy Councillor, fought Barney Coyle, a distiller. Henry Grattan fought Lord Earlsfort, and the Hon. Isaac Corry. The Hon. J. Hely Hutchinson, Provost of Trinity College, fought Doyle, a Master in Chancery, and his son, the Hon. Francis Hutchinson, Collector of Customs for the port of Dublin, fought Lord Mountmorris. The Hon. Patrick Duigenan, a Fellow and Tutor of T.C.D. fought two duels. Paterson fought three duels. Lord Norbury, John Toler, fought "Fighting Fitzgerald."

mon-Law should lie alone," and they always joined the study of their profession with that of general literature.—The famous flea which, in one of the *Grands Jours* of Poitiers, Pasquier saw, *parquée au beau melieu du sein de Mademoiselle Catherine des Roches*, and which set him, and President de Harlay, and Brisson, and Pithou, and Claude Binet, and Nicholas Rapin, and Pierre de Solfour, President of the Parliament of Paris, and even Joe Scaliger, rhyming in Latin, Greek, French, and Italian,* would, in the old Irish Bar, have found ready, witty, and melodious panegyrists. They never considered that their profession required they should become prigs; and they could apply to themselves the quaint lines of old Maynard, in his *XII. Wonders of the World*:—

" The law my calling is,
My robe, my tongue, my pen,
Wealth and opinion gaine,
And make me judge of men.
The knowne dishonest cause
I never did defend,
Nor spunne out sutes in length.
But wisht and sought an end,
Nor counsaile did bewray,
Nor of both parties take,
Nor ever tooke I fee
For which I never spake."

Thus the old Irish Bar was constituted, but as times passed on, as our Custom-house became a nest of offices for English clerks, and its stores became unoccupied, save by rats and vermin; as our Exchange became the mouldering and deserted proof of our decadence, as our squares became tenantless, and as the mansions of our nobility were subdivided or sold—so our national Bar, as a body, took a lower tone, and whilst its

These very curious poems were collected and published in a small quarto volume, in the year 1582. It bears the title—"La Puce; ou Jeux Poëtiques Francois et Latins: composez sur la Puce aux Grands Jours de Poitiers l'an 1579: dont Pasquier fut le premier motif." It is dedicated to the President Harlay, in a very clever sonnet. The book is very rare. There is a copy in the British Museum, to which Robert Southey first drew our attention, and it certainly shows a state of society as bizarre as any ever witnessed. Grave judges, and lawyers, and scholars, writing about a flea—how the world would stare if Hodges and Smith or Longman should announce, "Poems upon a Flea, by Lord Chancellor Brady, Lord St. Leonards, Sir A. Cockburn, and Dr. Whewell."

members, as individuals, continued, in many points, as of old, the esprit de corps was extinguished, never to be revived.

If we listen in the Hall or in the Library of the Four Courts, in place of the dashing, racy, conversation of former days, we hear nothing but the bald talk of budding betting men, who can tell you all the odds at Tattersall's or at Dycer's, and who can canvass the last letter of "Littleleg's," and speculate upon the next run with the "Ward." We see Judges' sons and nephews looking with contempt upon their brother barristers, and introducing the cliqueism of their mothers' drawing-rooms into that place, where every man who bears himself as a gentleman, and wears a gown, is fully their equal. We perceive legal exquisites, who come down to court at one o'clock, in patent leather boots and Haubikant's gloves, and who are known only as the patrons of the Almack's subscription balls at the Rotunda, or as the habitués of Merrion-square, and as flaneurs at the bands on Kingstown jetty, where they prove their belief in Paul de Kock's maxim, "C'est si gentille d'avoir une belle cousine!" No thought of professional learning, or of Ireland, ever crosses their minds; they can tell you all the petty scandal of the city, and appear as if meant by nature for men-milliners rather than for barristers, and all their empty chatter is of the absurd, would-be, exclusive coteries of Dublin. They know nothing of pleas or of declarations, but are deeply versed in all the mysteries of the Polka, and from long practice in it, and from the propinquity which the dance requires, can name to their confreres the women whose hair is kept *crêpé* by bandoline, and with whom it continues so naturally; and can tell whose figure owes its undulating outline to nature, and who is indebted for it to the stay-maker. Doubtless, this all arises from the present position of the Bar and of the country. Family, or party, or clever time-serving meanness, or political scoundrelism, secures so much and so quickly, whilst merit, excepting after years of toil, commands so little in the legal profession in Ireland, that young men cannot be much condemned if they enjoy the six years probation which must elapse before the Assistant Barristership can be claimed.

But the older members of the Bar have also fallen off from the spirit of the nobler age; there is nothing more amusing than to watch the seniors in the Hall when a change of ministry is reported—The hurry, the anxiety, the distraction, the

whispering in quiet passages, the confabulations in retired corners, are all the very perfection of the light comedy of real life, and remind one most vividly of the *Beggar's Opera*, and of the famous scene between Peachum and Lockit. We do not refer to these instances of anxiety for self-advancement as crimes: to expect that men will not look for place, and desire all the position and patronage which place can give in this country, is a simple absurdity. Office in the legal profession in Ireland is, but too often, the reward or price agreed on for services performed, and for which, in many cases, a special action of assumpsit would lie were the promisee but sufficiently shameless to bring it. Queen's counselships have become as plentiful in Ireland as were crosses of the Legion of Honor in France during the rule of Louis Philip, and they have, in some cases, been distributed in a manner so lavish and so indiscriminate, that one feels inclined to apply to the appointments the epigram of Samuel Lover:—

“Of modern Queen's Counsel this truth may be said,
They have silk on the back—but stuff in the head.”

But the glories of the Irish bar are not entirely annihilated; doubtless, there are still men in the profession whose merit half redeems its fall—whose genius glorifies it, and by whose eloquence it is enobled. Law, in Ireland, from a great science, may, by modern and adventurous legislation, become no more than a simple craft. The great text books may be rendered useless; our Chancellorships and our Judgeships may be abolished; those courts in which wisdom has presided, in which learning has unfolded all its hoarded treasures, in which eloquence has persuaded, or terrified, or charmed; those courts in which Pennefather, and Wolfe, and Burton, and Plunket, and Bushe, and O'Loughlen have sat as Judges; those courts in which Curran, and Plunket, and Bushe, and O'Connell, and Sheil, and Whiteside, and Butt have flashed the brilliant glories of their genius, may be abolished; the galling stigma of degraded provincialism may be still more deeply branded on unhappy Ireland, and our national Forum, the last remaining monument—the proudest record—of Irish independence, may become the occasional seat of an English Judge—Irish law may be rendered so simple as to require no greater space than that afforded by a legal hand-book, whilst the principles of an English County Court may regulate the

legal requirements of the Irish nation. Thus centralized, and the Lord Lieutenancy abolished, the record of Ireland's wrongs will become so foul, so base, so horrible, that if the most deeply damned fiend could read our history by the blaze of hell's fiercest fire, he would shudder at the degradation of a people who, year by year, have suffered themselves to be bullied into slavery and bribed into patient acquiescence. But deep as this degradation might be, there are old recollections—dreams now, but, in brighter and better times, glowing realities—which, despite all the decay that has, and yet may, come upon us, give, and must ever give, a golden ray to the decline of the Irish Bar. Even at this day there are men who, like Macdonough, and Fitzgibbon, and Brewster, and Christian, illustrate it by their learning and ability; men who, like Whiteside and like Butt, make it glorious by an eloquence and by a power of advocacy which rise with the importance of the subject, and swell in grandeur, in intensity, and in earnestness, as difficulties gather round the client. Young men who, like Armstrong, and Meagher, and Ball, make the junior ranks of the profession junior only in their years, and in the period of their call—These and others, are men who worthily represent the brave, proud old days of Ireland, in which the gown of the lawyer was as honorable as the ribbon of a peer, and when the profession of an Irish barrister was, as the great Chancellor D'Agessseau writes of that of the French advocate—"Nobility without title, rank without birth, and riches without an estate."

Amongst the most brilliant of all the brilliant lawyers who have distinguished this country within the last seventy years, Charles Kendal Bushe was the most remarkable—as a patriot, whilst patriotism was virtue; the most national whilst life continued—the equal, if not the victor, of Plunket, as a lawyer and as an advocate; his equal—few men since the creation of the world were his superiors—as an orator. He was born before patriotism was looked upon as the creed of an Utopian, or as a marketable commodity to be sold for money, or bartered for place and title. Springing from respectable, but not from patrician parents, he rose to high offices in the state; and after years of party strife, of political turmoil, and of official and judicial service, no man can point to his grave and call

him a traitor, a time-server, a renegade to his early principles, or a self-seeker in any portion of his long career.

Charles Kendal Bushe was born on the 13th day of January, 1767, at Kilmurphy, about a mile from Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny. The family of Bushe are stated to have first settled in Ireland under the Viceroyalty of Lord Carteret, and their founder was Secretary in this country during part of the reign of William III. ; but we have been informed that some branch of the family was resident in the county of Kilkenny so early as the reign of James II.

Secretary Bushe, however, purchased, or acquired by grant, very considerable property in the neighbourhood of Thomastown, including Kilfane, now the estate of Sir John Power, which came into the possession of the late, and first, baronet by marriage with Harriet, daughter of Gervais Parker Bushe, of Kilfane. About the year 1690, the member of the Bushe family who was then proprietor of Kilfane, married Eleanor Wandesford, sister of the first Viscount Wandesford. By her he had two sons who inherited, Amyas, the elder, Kilfane, from whom the Kilfane Bushes sprung. To Arthur, the younger, was left Kilmurphy, a not very considerable property, and severed from the family estates.

Thomas Bushe, the eldest son of Arthur, entered into holy orders and married Catherine Doyle, sister of the late General Sir John Doyle, who was Colonel of the 87th Regiment, and afterwards governor of Guernsey. The owners of Kilmurphy had unfortunately encumbered it, and the Rev. Thomas Bushe was compelled to either sell or mortgage the property, and to accept the rectorship of Mitchelstown in the county of Cork, and the chaplainship of Kingston College.*

* Kingston College is a handsome and extensive range of building raised in the lifetime of the founder, James Lord Kingston, who endowed it with £25,000, to be vested as trustees, in the Archbishop of Cashel, and the Bishops of Cloyne, Waterford, and Limerick, and to be devoted after the completion of the buildings to the support of a chaplain, of twelve poor gentlemen, and eighteen poor gentlewomen, with preference to such as had been tenants on the Kingston estate. The duty of the chaplain is to read morning and evening prayers daily, to preach a sermon every Sunday morning, and to administer the sacrament at Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas, for which he receives the sum of £120 per annum, with a house and garden: the inmates must be members of the Established Church: they each receive £40 per annum, and to every two a house. The buildings are sixteen dwelling-houses, with a chapel in the centre of the row, and beneath the chapel is placed the vault of the Kingston family.

Before leaving Kilmurry two children were born to him—a daughter named Elizabeth, and Charles, called also Kendal, which name was given to him in memory of Mr. Kendal, who had left by will to the Rev. Thomas Bushe, the property entitled Mount Juliet, then, and afterwards, occupied by Lord Carrick. Charles' first school days were passed at Ballytore, in the county Kildare, where the great Edmund Burke received his early instruction,* and his later in the academy of Mr. Craig, a clergyman who resided in Henry-street, Dublin. At this school his companions were Theobald Wolfe Tone and Dr. Miller, the author of the *Philosophy of History*. Of his boyish years nothing very remarkable is related; he was not notorious for stupidity like Swift and Sheridan; he was not remarkable for ability like Erskine or Scott. After the usual school probation, he entered Trinity College in the month of July, 1782. His career there was honorable to his ability, and he carried off the gold medal from very able and remarkable competitors, and in the year 1783 he obtained a scholarship, with eight first best marks.

At the period of his entrance into College the Historical Society was in the full zenith of its reputation. It had been founded by Grattan and by his coevals, and with Bushe, the speakers were Plunket, Miller, Graves, and Magee. But it was ever viewed with jealousy and distrust by the Board. It is unnecessary here to refer at any length to the history of its expulsion from the College. It is sufficient to state that the expressed reasons were as follow:—Miller, when junior Dean, and whilst walking in the Old-square one evening during the summer vacation, observed the entrance of a carriage from which there descended three young men and two women. He knew that these men occupied the rooms of some students who were then absent, and he thought it his duty to complain to the Board that the women had been brought within the walls. The Board, of course, took all proper steps, and ordered that the men who had thus offended, should not again be admitted. So the affair ended; but in the succeeding session Miller saw one of the parties thus forbidden to enter the College, present at a meeting of the Historical Society. He drew his attention to the fact of the prohibition, and requested him to leave the room; the request was refused, upon which Miller mentioned the facts to the

* The school was established in 1726 by Abraham Shackleton, grandfather of Mary Leadbeater.

officers of the Society, desiring that they would direct the intruding party to quit the apartment. Neither President nor officers would obey, and Miller was compelled to state all the facts to the Board, who, to prevent a recurrence of such scenes, prepared a certain code of rules, and ordered that unless they were accepted and considered binding, the Society could no longer meet within the walls of the College. The acceptance of the rules was refused; the Society was excluded, and thenceforth held its meetings in the Exhibition Rooms in William-street.

Thus, the society was prohibited from again meeting within the precincts of the College, and whilst, in the House of Commons, eloquence and patriotism had compelled the British minister to do justice to the nation, whilst Grattan and Flood night after night hurled their scathing and bitter invectives against the government; and, although a gallery of the House of Commons was specially set aside for the students of Trinity College, yet debates within the College upon those same subjects which had engaged their attention in the House, were strictly forbidden to the students.

As Bushe had been an ardent supporter, and the chief leader of that party who were most anxious that the society should continue to hold its meetings within the College, he was, as a mark of respect, requested to deliver the address at the close of the first session held without its walls.* This address was eloquent, heartfelt, and glowing. It may want the thought, the gravity, or the severe finish which in after years distinguished the orator, but he had formed himself upon Grattan, and this speech displays most of the beauties, and few of the blemishes of the illustrious patriot; he cried:—

I have now remarked upon those slanders uttered against an institution which originate in malignity of heart: but malice was not our only foe, it called in dullness and bad taste to its aid, and from this triple alliance, from this mischievous conclave issued that rescript of barbarism, viz. 'That we were to be suppressed because oratory was an anti-collegiate study.' If oratory is not detrimental to mankind it cannot be anti-collegiate, except it be proved by college *logic* that what is honourable and useful and dignifying to *man* is unfit for the study of *youth*, that everything eligible is best taught negatively, and that no instruction is equal to learning by contradictions: but there are men who have even put it to issue whether

*Peter Burrowes spoke the closing address of the *last session* of all.

oratory has been useful to mankind, and have reasoned eloquently against eloquence; in what department of life, then, lies the danger of this fascinating destruction? Did St. Paul mistake the spirit of Christianity when he spake with the tongues of angels and of men? Has religion, has charity, suffered by the eloquence of Kirwan? That great man revived, if he did not create, pulpit eloquence:—The dulness of mankind had conspired with their vices to fetter the pulpit in the shackles of in exertion. The smallest attempt at composition was spurned at as conceited—any attempt at oratory derided as theatrical—stupidity became orthodoxy—and genius reluctantly bridled itself at the peril of heresy—but the mighty powers of that man, and a few more, broke down the despotism of prejudice—and what was the consequence—churches overflowed, religion disdained not the aid of talents—with a holy indignation he smote the haughty ones of the earth and denounced them before their God. Pride, like Felix, trembled before him: his eloquence, at once pathetic and commanding, opened all the sources of compassion and forced all the fortresses of vice—flinty avarice, callous profligacy, selfish ambition, saucy presumption, all melted before him, their tears and their alms flowed plentifully; captivity was released, the fatherless and orphan were adopted, the widow's heart sung for joy.—Nor did it end here, the example was infectious, a sanctified emulation ran through the profession; universal exertion took place, and universal benevolence has followed it, and public charity has become the characteristic of this country. Bring me, then, the muddy-headed and cold-hearted divine who tells you that oratory is anti-collegiate and anti-clerical, and I will tell him that he is unfit for his high calling because his soul warms not his intellect in the discharge of it. He will never do that good to others which is the essence of his duty.—He may serve out dull homilies with phlegm of a Dutchman, and the graces of an automaton. He may laboriously entangle the simple beauties of the Gospel in the embarrassing mazes of a learned controversy, and profane its mysteries by presumptuous explication—he may make the Prophecies a riddle book, and the Revelations a conundrum, and think himself like Œdipus entitled, in virtue of his blindness, to solve the enigma, but he is not the sanguine, the zealous, the efficient, officer of the Almighty that is to turn many to righteousness, and whose reward is promised to be, that he shall shine like the stars for ever and ever. Bar eloquence, I hear, is also cried down—to study it is anti-collegiate, to practice it is anti-professional—good English induces suspicion of shallowness—but oratory is *prima facie* evidence of ignorance—the *black letter* and the *Belles lettres* are ungenial—ornament is misdemeanour, and eloquence high treason. Such is the vile and senseless cant that assails the most liberal professions, and labours to illiberalize and degrade them. Such an opinion is the offspring of a vulgar and technical mind—

* Whose genius never soared beyond
The narrow rules of art his youth had conned;
And to long practice obstinately warm,
Suspects conviction and relies on form.*

Such a man deprecates the genius which he does not possess ; and over-rates the handicraft he is equal to ; he would shear a splendid profession of its beams, and cut it down to trade ; but such a man has mistaken his trade : let him article himself to an attorney, or confine himself to special pleading ; and at his desk range through the variety of forensic intricacy ; on that foundation let him build his trade, and enjoy it too, " anything herein contained to the contrary thereof, in anywise notwithstanding." But I will not believe that the profession I preferred, because I thought it most liberal, is such a low mechanic craft as this. I will not give up the Burghs, and the Erskines, and the Currans of the profession, to those fair jurisprudents and learned applicants of the law who scorn the genius that scorns them. The orations of such men will live while the language does, when the skulls and the parchments of the others shall have mouldered together, and the saucy grave-digger, and saucier critic will say, ' This *might* have been the head of a lawyer—where now be your quipps and your quiddities—is that the fine of your fines and the recovery of your recoveries ?' The orations of Cicero are young at this day, almost in their two thousandth year. Peelius Corvinus atque Poplicola, who were, I suppose, the black letter men of their days, *qui excidavere causas latine*, are only known or preserved by a line in a poem, which perhaps, their gravity would have despised. To elicit the fair and lovely forms of justice and equity from technical imprisonment—to dig out the ore of the *principle* from the rubbish of the *practice*—to polish the severity and decorate the nakedness of law—to call in the feeling of the heart to the aid of the understanding bewildered by professional intricacy—to preserve the invaluable trial by jury, by working and keeping alive the feelings and passions of jurors—to advocate the oppressed—to vindicate the persecuted—to thunder a terrifying eloquence into the ear of a hard-hearted, corrupt, or weak judge ; or when a high-handed and inflated prerogative *lawyer* from the bench threatens public liberty in the person of the individual, to make the cause of the client the cause of the country, and shield the constitution from the abuses of the law—these are the high behests of legal eloquence—this the high calling of the advocate. I shall tremble for my country when the practice or the study of oratory is cried down—its glory and its liberty will not long survive. He is but a poor official politician, and his heart cannot embrace a comprehensive conception, who can see danger in the exercise of public talent. Such politicians, however, there are, who, with the talents of a gauger, would grasp or direct the sceptre with that hand which should yield the dipping rule. Politics would be to such men as narrow a science as law, and eloquence would be little necessary in either ; they would feel much fastidiousness but little inspiration. When the British senate rung with the eloquence of Burke or Sheridan, proclaiming the wrongs—advocating the liberties—and clamouring for the redress of the distant millions of Africa and Hindostan—when England, building a new character upon the genius of her sons, not raised upon the spoils of a sordid commerce, or the trophies of a destructive conquest, rose over the

admiring world the arbitress of justice—the emporium of humanity. What would the enemy of eloquence feel when Grattan, asserting the independence of a nation, and adjusting the unbalanced liberties of an empire, with the magic of his fire-touched tongue, terrifies one country into justice, and inspirits another into freedom—when the awfulness of his virtues rushing majestic and overbearing upon the wings of his genius, impresses and controuls—and the flashes of his mind, like the lightnings of heaven, rapid and luminous, dazzle and astonish.

In Michaelmas Term 1790 he was called to the Bar, when in his twenty-third year; but two years before, upon attaining his majority, he had joined his father in securing the payment of that father's debts, and thus rendered himself liable for the sum of thirty thousand pounds. Shortly after his call, being intimate at the house of Mr. Crampton, of Merrion-square, he became attached to the daughter of his host, but found that his embarrassed circumstances formed an obstacle to his union with her. He retired for a while, weary and disgusted, from the world; but the cynicism or misanthropy which disappointment produces is, at four-and-twenty, seldom lasting, and the studies to which, in his Welch Patmos, Bushe devoted himself were calculated to teach him the patient resignation of a Christian, and the stern endurance of a philosopher.

Whilst he resided in this solitude, the principles of the French Revolution had gained ground in these kingdoms, and a society had been formed in Dublin, for the expressed purpose of circulating, at a very low price, the works of Tom Paine—particularly his *Rights of Man*. Bushe, always a Tory of that time when Toryism was patriotism, and which found its last, and brightest, and most honored representative in George Canning, turned his pen to the service of order, and of rational freedom, and in his now little known pamphlet, *On French Affairs*, the following passages occur:—

Any man who has studied the merits and enjoyed the blessings of the English constitution, cannot but be alarmed when the legislators of France (these babes and sucklings in politics) are held up in their cradle to the imitation of a country where government adds the strength of maturity to the venerable aspect of age; a government, which, I trust, will not be exchanged for a certain tumult in the first instance, and a doubtful reform in the second. I love liberty as much as Mr. Paine; but differ from him in my opinion of what it is—I pant not for the range of the desert, unbounded, barren, and savage; but prefer the limited enjoyments of cultivation (whose

confines, while they restrain, protect us, and add to the quality more than they deduct from the quantity of my freedom ; this I feel to be my birthright as a subject of Great Britain, and cannot but tremble for my happiness, when a projector recommends to level the wise and ancient land-marks, break down the fences, and disfigure the face of every inheritance. I have no wish to return to the desert in search of my natural rights. I consider myself to have exchanged them for the better, and am determined to stand by the bargain. These sentiments, my dear Sir, have tempted me to trouble you and the public with this book. The times are critical, and the feeblest exertion cannot be unwelcome, when a factory of sedition is set up in the metropolis, and an assistant club send an inflammatory pamphlet through the kingdom ; when these state quacks, infecting their country at the heart, circulate, by fomenting applications, the poisons to the extremities, and reduce the price of pestilence, lest the poverty of any creature should protect him from its contagion. The times are critical when such a look as Mr. Paine's appears, and the consequences would be fatal if its success were proportioned to the zeal of its author, or the assiduity of its propagators. It is a system of false metaphysics and bad politics. Any attempt to carry it into effect must be destructive of peace, and there is nothing practical in it but its mischief. It holds out inducements in disturbance on the promise of improvement, and softens the prospect of immediate disorder, in the cant of the empiric, '*you must be worse before you can be better.*' It excites men to what they ought not to do, by informing them of what they can do, and preaches rights to promote wrongs. It is a collection of unamiable speculations, equally subversive of good government, good thinking, and good feeling. It establishes a kind of republic in the mind ; de-thrones the majesty of sentiment ; degrades the dignity of noble and elevated feelings ; and substitutes a democracy of mean and vulgar calculation. In their usurpation, all the grace, and elegance, and order of the human heart is overturned, and the state of man,

' Like to a little kingdom, suffers
The nature of an insurrection.'

If the institution of honours perfects and stimulates ambition, and that ambition looks beyond the grave, will not this perpetuation of the prize increase the emulation ? Is there nothing to enhance our honour in the consideration that it is to be transmitted to the children of your affections, and that you are the ennobler of many ? Is ambition fully gratified, or desert half rewarded by a distinction perishable as yourself, to be laid down ere it is well won, and to crumble into dust with your remains ? Is the reward of merit to be trusted to the ungrateful memory of mankind ? Shall its rewards be late, and its enjoyment short ? That deviation from strict justice is not very severe, and is certainly very politic, which indulges the manes of the father with the honours of the son, and forbids man, in the contemplation of his mortality, to look upon his inducements as insufficient, and his rewards as incomplete. The wreath of fame would not be worth the wear if it was not evergreen ; and

the laurel is its emblem because it does not wither. In these considerations I discover a probable and a wise origin of hereditary dignities, as far as their institution regards the person upon whom they were first conferred: in regard to him the reward of merit was enlarged; in regard to others, the encouragement to exertion was increased. But the wisdom of hereditary dignities does not rest here. There is a principle in the heart of man which any wise government will encourage, because it is the auxiliary of virtue, I mean the principle of honour, which, in those moments of weakness, when conscience slumbers, watches over the deserted charge, and engages friends in the defence of integrity. It is a sanction of conduct which the imagination lends to virtue, is itself the reward, and inflicts shame as the punishment. The audacity of vice may despise fear; the sense of reason may be steeled; art may elude temporal, and impiety may defy eternal vengeance; but honour holds the scourge of shame, and he is hard indeed who trembles not under its lash. Even if the publicity of shame be avoided, its sanction is not destroyed. Every one suffers when ashamed of himself, and the blushes of the heart are agony. The dread of shame is the last good quality which forsakes the breast, and the principle of honour frequently retains it when every other instance of good conduct has abandoned the heart. This sentiment must ever be in proportion to a man's opinion of what is expected from him; and in proportion as he is taught that much is expected from him, will it swell in his bosom and sharpen his sensibility. I cannot, therefore, discover a mere '*diminutive childishness*'* in the institution of hereditary dignities, if they cherish this sentiment, and if this sentiment cherishes virtue; and France has '*breeched herself*'† into manhood to little purpose of good government in putting down the delusion, if delusion it is. An establishment is something more than '*puerile*,‡ which gives encouragement to virtue; dignity to worth; adds the idea of great to good, and makes that splendid which was useful. Society was made for man; and, as man is various, and frail, and vain, it does not disdain to promote his happiness by playing on his foibles; its strength is armed against his fears; his hopes are fed by its rewards; and its blandishments are directed to his vanities. Virtue, coldly entertained in any other corner of the heart, will take a strong hold in the pride of man. She has often erected her temple on the coronets of a glorious ancestry, and the world has been indebted to the manes of the dead for the merits of the living.

After some months had been spent in solitude, he returned to the world, to the active pursuit of his profession, and became once more a suitor, this time a successful one, for the hand of Miss Crampton, proposing to liquidate some of the claims against him with her marriage portion, by which means,

* Paine's expression. † Paine. ‡ Paine.

and through a sum of money lent him by a friend, he was enabled to pay off the most pressing of his claimants. From the period of his marriage he attended closely at court, and though his knowledge of law was respectable for his time and standing, though he was of good family and extensive connexion, yet his business was for some years, most dispiritingly scanty ; but brighter days were approaching.

It was the custom then, as it is now, for lawyers to secure if possible, a seat in Parliament, as affording another position in life, in which ability may be exhibited, and by its exhibition the possession of power and office secured. In the year 1799, Bushe was returned to Parliament for the borough of Callan, in the county of Kilkenny. Ireland was then upon the very brink of the destruction of its national integrity ; Castlereagh was determined that the Union should be carried, and with that unfaltering courage, that indomitable, unswerving, determination of purpose, combined with that disregard for his personal safety by which he was distinguished, and which bore him, as the like qualities bore William Pitt, above all opposition and through every national or governmental party difficulty, he was ready to encounter every opponent, and courted the enmity of every supporter of the country party. Bushe, as an Anti-Unionist, was no mean opponent ; he possessed all the energy and earnestness of Grattan, and was his inferior only in the godlike vividness of his fiery eloquence ; and when the ministerial ranks sunk cowed and beaten, terrified by the vehement denunciations, or silenced by the undeniable force of Grattan's arguments. Bushe was a noble ally in crushing any spirit which might remain in the breasts of the Union party. Night after night, during the continuance of the national Parliament after his election as a member, he was present to defend the intactness of that legislature, which he was nominated to support. Amongst all the brilliant, disinterested, witty, and keen advocates for the support of the Irish party, there was not one more earnest or more able than Charles Kendal Bushe. Plunket, it is true, was a giant in his support ; in the thunder of his soaring eloquence there seemed blended the oratory of Demosthenes, and the terrible and sweeping power of Cicero. But Plunket wanted the bonhommie, the grace, and the nameless attraction which ever distinguished Bushe. He was always the orator or the lawyer ; and, in the crowd of men, that cold-

ness and self-absorption, which may have been but manner, but which the world called hauteur, circumscribed his usefulness, and too often counteracted the effects his efforts might otherwise produce. Plunket disdained the results which men at that period deemed to spring from the pen of the grave or of the satirical pamphleteer. He would be the defender of his country's independence in her senate or upon the platform—he would not bend his genius to serve her openly or anonymously in the study; he would be her champion, armed cap-a-pie. Bushe would serve her in the Senate, in the popular assembly, with a deep and thoughtful essay, with the flashing, galling pasquinade; he would stand for her rights, and do knight service in the stately ring, or would strike for her in the hurried onset of the clashing mêlée.

As a specimen of his eloquence in the House of Commons, we insert the following: he is speaking of the proposed union, and exclaims:—

Let me conjure this house to consider whether this is a transaction on which they are willing to commit themselves, their properties, their characters, and their children. Let me conjure them to weigh that question well, if every generous feeling be not banished from amongst us; and if private honour and public virtue be not a name. Where is that spirit which in '82 swelled the crest, and ennobled the character of the Irish gentry? which achieved liberty for Ireland, extorted justice from England, and admiration from Europe? Is it fled and extinguished for ever! I will not believe it. But were every appeal to everything human fruitless and vain, I would invoke that Providence which even in my short life, has stretched his protecting arm so often over my country? In my short life, my country has been raised from a province to become a nation—has been protected from a bloody rebellion and a formidable invasion, and has seen one desperate attack against her liberties and constitution defeated and overthrown. *I will rely on God to save Ireland.**

The period of the Union was the age of parties and the epoch of pamphleteering; the minister had his corps of pen-and-ink supporters; the country likewise possessed its band of advocates; and as we now look back through the long array of "Union Pamphlets", as they are called, upon the shelves of our public libraries, we feel it hard to decide whether the wit, the power, and the arguments of the anti-Unionists are

* For a still more brilliant passage, see *infra*.

exceeded by the audacity and ingenuity of those who supported the ministerial project. Mr. Secretary Cooke was a very distinguished, though not a very disinterested assistant to Lord Castlereagh, and amongst the most audaciously impudent of all his productions, is that entitled, *Arguments for and against an Union between Great Britain and Ireland Considered*. It was published in the early part of the year 1798, and is in pamphlet shape, sixty-four pages in length, at the price of one *British* shilling. So great was the anxiety to peruse the work, that in the month of December, 1798, J. Milliken, of Grafton-street, announced the eighth edition as being ready. This success excited the alarm of the anti-Unionists, and Bushe resolved to test his powers of ridicule in overturning, amidst the public contempt, the sophistry and misrepresentation of the advocate of denationalization.

Mr. Cooke argued that the Union was necessary for the advancement of Irish interests, and the burden, or refrain, of almost every paragraph was, "the union is certainly to be the salvation of the country." Bushe, with a sarcastic humor, resembling more the galling irony of Voltaire than the grinning spleen of Swift, rendered powerless, by his pamphlet entitled *The Union; Cease your Funning; or, the Rebel Detected*, all the efforts of the Castle Secretary. It appeared about the middle of the year 1798, and in the month of December the publisher, James Moore, of College-green, announced the fifth edition. It consisted of forty-eight pages, and was published at the price of one *Irish* shilling. He commences thus:—

I love wit as much as any man, but a joke may certainly sometimes be carried too far. I have never submitted to the justice of Lord Shaftesbury's fanciful position, *that ridicule is the test of truth*, and I own I think its application is peculiarly offensive when political subjects of the deepest and most serious importance, are treated with idle levity and buffoon irony. These sentiments have been principally excited by reading a pamphlet entitled '*Arguments for and against an Union Considered*.' The author of this work has evidently written after the model of some of Swift's lighter compositions; a style which in my apprehension has never till now been successfully imitated, though attempted with some talent by the supposed annotators of the late Alderman George Faulkner, and in some few other instances. This style consists altogether in the art of supporting in a strain of grave irony the opposite of the opinion which you mean to establish. It is a good-humoured application of the argu-

ment called by logicians *argumentum ad absurdum*, but whether it partakes more of jest or *sophism*, I again protest against the use of either upon subjects of national importance and public concern. I shall briefly enumerate a few of the most prominent artifices by which the author of this work, who I am convinced is either a member of Opposition or an absolute United Irishman, endeavours by an affected recommendation of the measure to cry down and depreciate the projected Union, the only chance of this country's salvation; premising that, in order to give a higher relish to his ridicule, he has had the address to circulate a report with very successful industry, that the work in question is the production of an English gentleman of considerable talents, who is an Irish member of Parliament and in high official situation in Dublin Castle. Indeed, such has been the prevalence of this report, and so well simulated is the mark assumed, that on the first perusal I was scarcely able to distinguish whether the author was in earnest or not; and I am credibly informed, that to this hour several well-meaning people continue in the erroneous opinion that he was so. I do not pretend to trace the progress of the factious writer regularly from page to page, but shall point out a few of his topics which appear to me sufficient to detect at once the duplicity of the style and the depth of the intentions. He affects with great appearance of gravity throughout the entire pamphlet to denounce the existence of the Irish Parliament as the cause of the late rebellion and invasion, and he draws from these principles once established an inevitable conclusion that the return of such calamities is only to be prevented by the annihilation of the cause of them. Here, indeed, *latet anguis in Herbâ*. This is the very language of the United Irishman. The same positions, the same inferences, are to be found faintly visible in the speeches of all the opposition members in England and Ireland, and glaringly conspicuous in every number of the *Press* and *Union Star*; avowing themselves in the confessions of Doctor M'Nevin, proclaiming themselves in the manifestos of Arthur O'Connor. Is it not evident that by insidiously inferring the necessity of an Union from the corruption of the Irish Legislature, he in fact directs the attention of this deluded nation at one and the same moment to the pretence of a Reform and the project of a Separation? He never imputes the late calamities of this country to anything but Parliament, and so far from accusing the prevalence of French principles or the extravagance of French ambition as instrumental to our misfortunes, he never speaks of that abandoned nation without partiality and panegyric. He cannot expect that so flimsy an artifice must not be seen through by every discerning man. Every such man knows that his assertions and his arguments are equally unfounded, that his Majesty has every year since his accession, returned thanks to the legislature, for the patriotism and loyalty of their conduct, and that both Lord Cornwallis and Lord Camden, have repeatedly declared (from the throne) that the discomfiture of the disaffected and rebellious, was entirely owing to the virtue, spirit and sagacity, of Parliament. It is well known, that if it was not a good Parliament, it would never pass the in-

tended Union, which is to be *salvation of the country*, and which there is very little doubt, will be passed by a great majority—notwithstanding the sly opposition, and affected support, of such wolves in sheep's clothing as the author of the pamphlet in question.

He continues in this strain for some few pages, assuming that all the arguments are those of a United Irishman concealing his real character under the mask of a friend to the government. At length he states that he considers the pamphlet to be the production of the notorious Sampson, and writes:—

I shall no longer, by disguising my sentiments, follow the example of this sophist, whom I reprobate. I have hitherto hinted my opinion of what he is, and shall now boldly avow my sentiments as to who he is. I have consulted several eminent political and literary personages, who all agree with me in discovering in legible characters the principles and style of a certain democratic counsellor, the well-known author of *Hurdy Gurdy*, and the *Old Lion of England*, and who has recently experienced the lenity of government, in being suffered to banish himself; and for the sake of his health, to make Lisbon the scene of his exile. For shame, *Mr. Sampson!* is this gratitude? Is this honour? Is this a return for the mercy extended to you? And had you no other way of thanking my Lord Cornwallis than by opposing the wisest measure of his government, and by making a travesty and caricature of his secretary, the vehicle of your malignity? This is one of the many proofs that rigid and effectual justice ought, long since, to have been executed upon the author of the pamphlet in question.

Having shown how the Union could benefit neither the Protestant nor the Catholic, and having proved that a measure which injured Ireland as a nation could never really serve any branch of her traders, any section of her professions, or any considerable portion of her people, he continues in the same bantering strain; and we beg the reader to remember that the title of the pamphlet is *Cease your Funning*:—

The rational Irish merchant knows that the union is *to be the salvation of the country*, and that is as much as he wishes to know about it. The opinion I have here combated is pressed by the enemies of both nations for obvious purposes. The benefits to be acquired by an Union would be either such as are obtained by compact between the countries, or such as are the natural operation and result of the measure itself. Now in this case the advantages to be contracted for, whether for Dublin, Cork, Waterford, Limerick, or

Galway, are altogether out of the question, inasmuch as they are all equally attainable under the present connection, and as the two countries are already imperially connected, there could be no honest or rational motive assignable, why they are not at present imparted (especially as such benefits could continue only while the connection exists,) except the generosity of Britain wishing to make each kindness more valuable, by giving them all at once. But because that description of advantage is out of the question, we always hear of it from the enemies of the measure, who entirely overlook, or affect to do so, the benefits which naturally result from the measure itself, which flow from the mere fact of union, and are created simply by the transfer of legislation. It would be useless to detail the particulars of such benefits; honourable confidence has already given credit for them, and sceptical incredulity is proof against conviction. A few of those which the transplantation of Parliament must instantly, *and of itself*, generate, are the total oblivion of all religious animosities, the immediate conversion and repentance of the United Irishmen, the multiplication of the Protestants, and consequent satisfaction of the Catholics, the rush and influx of English capital into this peaceful and contented country, the improvement of agriculture, by the brotherly and edifying intercourse of English and Irish farmers, the diminution of absentees and taxes, the reduction of an expensive standing army, the improvement of the metropolis, peace with the French, and glory with the world! These are but a few of the blessings necessarily connected with the simple fact of changing the seat of legislation. Blessings innumerable, and which only can be described by saying, *that the measure must be the salvation of the country*. I am sorry to find that it is not unnecessary to caution this credulous country against the artifice of this disaffected hypocrite. I lament that since these sheets begun, his subtle and malignant poison has taken effect in one member of the national body. I lament that a description of men, whom I respect so much as the Bar of Ireland, has not been able to resist the infection, and I have the vanity to regret, that they had irreparably erred, before this publication could appear to warn them of their danger. However, my resentment to the dupes merges in my superior indignation against the impostor, and candour compels me to remember, that if it were not for the audacious pamphlet in question, most probably 166 Irish lawyers would never have disgraced their profession and themselves by publicly denouncing to the nation a measure which *is to be the salvation of the country*. This libeller knew the strings upon which to touch the profession, and by affecting to represent their possible objections to an Union as frivolous, has, in reality, made them the subject of the liveliest anxiety and irritation. Thirty-two independent and public-spirited characters have certainly rescued the Bar from universal opprobrium; they may be considered by an ominous coincidence of numbers as so many county representatives, and in that respect, as speaking (*ex cathedra*) the sentiment of the kingdom; but it is melancholy to see the extended corruption of 166 men, all influenced by the expectation of sitting in parliament, and desperately monopolizing more than half the representation of the people, and

upon this base and selfish principle resisting the *salvation of their country*. God knows there were lawyers enough before in the House of Commons, as the writer truly has stated (page 35), a *formidable phalanx*. Of our 300 members there are no less than 17 practising barristers, and at least a dozen more, who, though they never followed the trade, were bred to that unconstitutional profession. This is bad enough, but no honest Irishman can be sufficiently grateful for the prevention of 166 more from sitting in the next parliament. It is lamentable to see the best and most respectable characters stoop before the idols of ambition. Even Mr. Saurin, who, during Lord Camden's* administration, was in his cool senses; and refused the office of Solicitor General and a seat in parliament, has suffered his quiet and sober intellect to be inflamed by the artful insinuations of this rebel in disguise, and has for ever lost his reputation with his country and profession, and for what? For the idle speculation of sitting at the head of 166 lawyers in the next House of Commons. This passage in the pamphlet was intended for more than the Bar. The author slyly reminds us (page 34) that it is the habit of Irish gentlemen to educate their sons as lawyers, and by this hint that there is scarcely a gentleman's family in the kingdom which has not some dear connection in the profession, he hopes to engage the whole class of our gentry in one common resentment with those whom he exclusively appears to inflame, while he makes sure of the indignation of both by one round assertion (page 35), that what is *bad for the Bar, must, of necessity, be good for the country*. Another most deep, and, indeed, ingenious scheme, in order to deter the Bar from an Union, is a positive denunciation, that, in the event of an Union, there will be *abler* judges upon the bench than at present. Vide page 35. This had the desired effect with Mr. Saurin, Mr. Dugquerry, Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Plunket, and other smatterers in law. This was an evil, the prospect of which they could not bear. They find it easy now to humbug Lords Kilwarden and Carleton, and Judges Downes, Chamberlaine, Smith, and George. They can hoodwink Lord Yelverton at Nisi Prius, and in Equity the facility and softness of Lord Clare is so proverbial, that the lowest attorneys daily outwit and over-reach him. But there would be an end to this hopeful trade if the bench were filled with *abler* judges, as in the event of an Union, from the superior learning of the English Bar, there is every probability it would.

He thus concludes :—

I pass by, with contempt, the insinuation (in page 39,) that this popular measure is, in the city of Dublin, to be supported by force, as *being the head quarters of the army*. 'The city of Dublin will de-

* That nobleman was weak enough to treat the profession of the law with respect, and their armed association with affection, but the more vigorous intellect, which distinguishes the administration of his successor, has appreciated the Bar and the yeomanry with more justice.

rive more benefits from this measure than my short limits will allow me to enumerate. Its beauty (to mention but one instance) will be considerably contributed to by the desirable introduction of *Rusta Urbe* in several parts of it. This, together with the ascertained advantage which Dublin must derive, after the Union, by getting rid, altogether, of that riotous and troublesome description of men, the manufacturers in the Earl of Meath's liberty, demonstrates, that, in spite of this flagitious firebrand's insinuations, this city will be benefitted by a Union as much as Cork, or Waterford, or any other place in the kingdom. I touch, with equal contempt, upon the crafty hints that parliament is incompetent to its own dissolution. He repeats the sophism of Rousseau in defence of suicide—that reason being given to man to achieve happiness, he has a right to destroy himself whenever it tells him that death is preferable to life. He knows that delusive argument was easily answered by Rousseau himself, and therefore urges it as a mock defence for what he hints to be a political suicide. The object of Parliament, says he, is general good. Now if general good is attained by self destruction—*ergo*, &c., &c. This would be very schoolboyish if it was not very wicked. The pamphlet I have answered, I do not hesitate to pronounce, the most audacious, profligate, and libellous production, which ever disgraced the licentiousness of the press, or insulted the feelings of a nation. A bad head, and a bad heart, must have concurred to compose it, and the most unblushing and unfeeling effrontery, alone, was equal to the publication of it. I rely upon the wisdom and spirit of the British Parliament, in which my country is so soon to be represented, not to suffer it to escape with impunity, and I trust one of the first motions made in the Imperial Legislature, may be—‘That his Majesty's Attorney General, the Rt. Hon. John Toler, or Captain Taylor, the Lord Lieutenant's Aide-de-Camp, may be ordered to prosecute the Author, Printer, and Publisher, of the said Libel, by Indictment, Information, or Court Martial, as the circumstances of the case may require.’

Our extracts, we fear, have extended to a very considerable, and it may appear unnecessary length; but, we have heard so many mistakes expressed regarding it—indeed we once heard it gravely asserted that *Cease your Funning* is a satirical poem, that we presume it belongs to that class of works such as Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*; Hobbes' *Leviathan*, or Machiavelli's *Prince*, which are spoken of by hundreds but read by tens.

Of this pamphlet Lord Brougham writes:—

“His oratorical excellence was plainly of a kind which might lead us to expect a similar success in written composition. Accordingly, he stood high among the writers of his day; so high that we may well lament his talents being bestowed upon subjects of an ephemeral

interest. The work by which he is chiefly known as an author, is the pamphlet on the Union, published in answer to the Castle manifesto, written to Mr. Under Secretary Cooke. Mr. Bushe's tract is called '*Cease your Funning*;' and it consists of a well-sustained ironical attack upon the Under Secretary, whom it assumes to be an United Irishman, or other rebel, in disguise. The plan of such an irony is, for a long work, necessarily defective. It must needs degenerate occasionally into tameness; and it runs the risk every now and then of being taken for serious; as I well remember an ironical defence of the Slave Trade once upon a time so much failed of its object, that some worthy abolitionists were preparing an answer to it, when they were informed that the author was an ally in disguise. No such fate was likely to befall '*Cease your Funning*.' It is, indeed, admirably executed; as successfully as a work on such a plan can be; and reminds the reader of the best of Dean Swift's political writings, being indeed every way worthy of his pen."

The leaders of the national party, in addition to their pamphlets, started a weekly journal, entitled the *Anti-Union*. To this Grattan, Plunket, Bushe, Wallace, Smily and Goold were the chief contributors. It was published by James Moore of College Green, and the first number appeared on Thursday, December 27th, 1798. Moore also published *The Constitution, or Anti-Union Evening Post*, the first number of which appeared on Monday, December 19th, 1799, and in which corrected copies of the speeches of the national leaders were printed. In the eighteenth number, Tuesday, February 5th, 1799, appeared Bushe's letter, entitled, Advice to Young Members of Parliament, and signed, An Old Hack. In this letter the following passage appears:—

Another rule which I would lay down for your conduct is one which, perhaps, you may feel some difficulty in prevailing on yourselves to follow, but which I have always looked upon in so important a point of view, that I cannot help thinking it ought to be the governing principle of a young member of Parliament—whatever you may be offered as a return for your past, or earnest for your future support, do not refuse it, it will convince the world that you are thought of consequence enough to be worth gaining over, and that you are possessed of virtue enough not to act the knave—without temptation. If you are offered money, therefore, pocket it and say no more. If a place, be it ever so small, do not reject it; the name of a placeman gives consequence with the vulgar; besides it is still a step; and should you at any time wish for something higher, you will be sure to find some nobleman who wishes to provide for a superannuated servant or poor relation, and who will assist in giving you a shove for his own sake.*

* The clever pamphleteering was not all on the side of the Nationalists. The Court party employed the able pencil of Gillray to aid their

All efforts, however, to defeat the will of the minister were unavailing, the Union was carried, and Bushe devoted his attention thenceforward closely and steadily, to the duties of his profession. True, the profession had lost the prestige which had of old distinguished it; and though Bushe at one period half resolved to abandon that Bar which had, to the last battled for the Irish Parliament, yet he eventually determined to continue here, where he had won his brightest and most honorable victories. Plunket, though he remained at the Irish Bar, was not unwilling to join the English Parliament as a member. He and Bushe had ever supported, consistently and steadily, the emancipation of the Roman Catholics; both belonged to that section of Irish politicians, then, called beral and all the blandishments of the Castle, and all the seductions of the political procurer, were employed against each.

It was most important that a friend to what was considered the popular party should be appointed to offices of trust under the new rulers of Ireland, and that those who had been too honorable to sell the independence of Ireland for gold before the Union, should be induced to barter it for place after the measure had been carried. In the year 1805 Lord Hardwicke was here as Lord Lieutenant; his Viceroyalty was not a very notable one, but frequently the inanity of the Viceroy is only the cover for the cleverness of the Chief Secretary, or the dodgery of the Castle advisers. At this period the government required active friends, and it was natural that all efforts should be made to gain over Bushe, the brilliant orator. In Trinity Term 1805, he was raised to the dignity of Sergeant at Law, and in Michaelmas Term, of the same year, was appointed Solicitor General. This office he held under the Viceroyalty of Lord Hardwicke until the year 1806, when a conglomerate ministry came into office under the designation—"All the Talents." Plunket who had been a consistent friend of the incoming administration, was appointed Attorney General, and the Duke of Bedford, the Lord Lieutenant, was more than willing, in the state of unnatural coalition which then existed, to secure the services of Bushe,

pens. His caricature of Grattan is admirable; and his group entitled "The Kiss at Last," from his large picture of "The Union Club," published in 1801, is most humorous. See "Wright's England under the House of Hanover." 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley: London. 1849. 3rd Edition, Vol. II, pp. 131—308.

and he accordingly continued to hold his post of Solicitor General.

This was a period of violence, and of lawless insubordination in Ireland. The seeds of the Rebellion of 1798, and the effects of Emmet's mad attempt in the year 1803, had not been entirely crushed. The wild spirit of the misguided people had not settled into the quietude of time, or the stolid acquiescence of despair, and all through the West of Ireland the public peace was disturbed by the midnight outrages of the "Threshers." For the purpose of terrifying the wrongdoers, a Special Commission, the executive catholicon for all Irish agrarian eruptions, was directed for the counties of Sligo, Mayo, Leitrim, Longford, and Cavan; it was opened at Sligo, December 3rd, 1806, by Chief Justice Downes and Baron George. Plunket and Bushe attended to prosecute, and on this occasion the latter delivered some of his finest forensic addresses. One of the cases was that for the murder of Lavin, an informer, and was tried at Castlebar on the 10th of December. The deed was done in the presence of the victim's wife; the murderers had escaped; they had been incited to the crime through revenge, because Lavin had sworn informations against their cousin, and the prisoner was the person who had induced the deceased to enter a public house when the murder was perpetrated. Bushe's speech is extremely powerful, and the following passage recalls some of the most eloquent and striking passages in that of Richard Sheil on the "Burning of the Sheas."*

In this society the unfortunate Lavin was persuaded to sit down and drink—and I entreat you, at this stage of the case, to pause and consider whether it is a circumstance reconcilable to your ordinary experience, that a company of persons, of whom the greater part were the near relations and connexions of those against whose lives Lavin had sworn, should, without some secret cause, select that very informer as the companion of their festive hours, receive him with friendship, and associate with him upon terms of conviviality. When you consider the natural feelings of men so circumstanced, and the almost instinctive abhorrence in which all the lower classes of people in this country hold an informer, you will be of opinion that such a meeting, at such a time, in such a place, and between such persons, is at least extremely suspicious. As you will reason, the wife of Lavin felt: her foreboding heart was visited by a pre-science of the scene that was to follow: she urged her infatuated husband to retire—but she urged him in vain; she looked signifi-

* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I. pp. 389-391.

cantly at him, made signs to him, pretended that she was particularly anxious to return on account of her children, who had been left alone, and by every means in her power endeavoured to awaken the wretched victim from his infatuation. At this moment, the prisoners Col. Flynn and Charles Flynn approached her; they sat down one on each side of her, they threw their arms around her neck, embraced her with treacherous and false caresses, soothed her impatience, importuned her to stay, offered that a girl then in the house should be sent home to take care of her children, and promised that her husband should return with her shortly; she was compelled to yield, and the devoted Lavin, regardless of her solicitations, seduced by their importunities, and affected by the liquor, remained in the toils that had been spread for him. In a short time the door flew open, five ruffians dressed in the habiliments of the Threshers, covered with white shirts and straw, rushed into the house; at their head stood Edward Durneen, armed with a hatchet—one of those against whom Lavin had sworn, and nephew to Edmund Durneen, who had left the company shortly before;—four others followed him, armed with pikes and bayonets fixed on poles; one of them was John O'Connor, against whom Lavin had also sworn: the others are as yet unknown. The moment that Lavin saw them he knew his fate; he rushed towards an inner room; the ruffian with the hatchet pursued him, and clove him to the earth with repeated blows: the wretched wife sprang to the relief of her husband; nature lent her more than ordinary strength; she seized the barbarian by the hair, and brought him to the ground: the other monsters rushed upon their victim, and despatched him with more than thirty wounds. Durneen extricated himself from the woman, smote her to the ground with his hatchet, where his associates, after stabbing her in several places, left her for dead. I pause for a moment, and call on you to contemplate the degree to which those associations deprave the human character. If I was asked what could afford the strongest evidence of the extinction of the moral sense and of the loss of every natural feeling, I would answer,—that the human heart must have arrived at its utmost possible depravity, when a being calling himself a man can lift his arm against the person of a woman—every generous feeling, every social affection, nay, every natural instinct, must first be banished from the breast. But to raise murderous weapons against the life of an unoffending wife; who had sworn no information, who had provoked no vengeance, whose only crime was, to have devoted herself in an attempt to save her husband and the father of her children—transcends the ordinary limits of human wickedness, and can only be traced as the necessary consequences of those infernal associations, leagued for other purposes, but precipitated by the nature of their confederacy into the commission of every crime. This observation may appear to apply rather to the actual murderers than to the prisoners at the bar—I return to them:—while this dreadful tragedy was acting, not an arm was raised—not an effort was made—not an exclamation was uttered by one of the prisoners at the bar: I rest upon this striking fact—it appears to me decisive, and I think it must appear so to

you: Suppose for a moment, that all other suspicious circumstances in this case were accounted for: that the original meeting with Col. Flynn was purely accidental, that the convivial intercourse between Lavin and the prisoners in the house of Laurence Flynn, whose son he had accused, was natural, that their caresses of his wife were undissembled, that their importunate anxiety to detain him was sincere and unaffected. Let all this be taken for granted, and it will only make it the more extraordinary that the prisoners at the bar should have remained passive spectators of this horrid massacre: that so many human beings could look upon such a scene unmoved: that men bound by the laws of hospitality should see their guest butchered before their faces, without any interference; that so many Irishmen—of a nation supposed to be characterized by manly courage and a generous spirit, and certainly distinguished for prowess of body and physical powers—should, without one effort, see an unfortunate man and a helpless woman mangled before their faces, is what no experience of the human character can account for upon ordinary principles, and what I fear, in dreadful anticipation of your verdict, is irreconcilable with every supposition, except that of their guilt.

In the year 1807, upon the expulsion of "All the Talents," the Tories—for there were Tories in those days—and Conservatives were unknown—came into power; and as Plunket had been too formidable and too prominent a partizan of the outgoing ministry to hold office under the new, he resigned his Attorney-Generalship, and was succeeded by Saurin. Bushe was not so decided a partizan as Plunket, and as the late coalition had shaken all the old limits by which party had in other times been distinguished, and knowing that Lord Grenville had advised Plunket to hold office, Bushe resolved to serve under the new ministry, and from that time to the year 1822, he held the post of Solicitor-General.

The early period of his possession of office was troubled and unsatisfactory. The country was disturbed, and the Roman Catholic party had begun to assert their right to be looked upon as a portion of the state, and had, by the violent language used in their conventions and other assemblies, excited the anger or the fear of the government. It was resolved that the system of striking terror should be attempted by means of State Prosecutions; and as Saurin, though a nationalist, was a strong hater of the Roman Catholics as a party; and as Bushe, though a nationalist and a friend of civil and religious liberty, feared that with the emancipation of a religious body whose members employed language so turbulent, there might

spring up principles or feelings dangerous to the freedom and integrity of the United Kingdom, the prosecutions were commenced vigorously and determinedly. Accordingly Lord Fingal was arrested in August, 1811, but shortly afterwards discharged, and two of the Roman Catholic leaders, Doctor Sheridan, and Mr. Kirwan, a merchant, were also arrested; the former was tried and acquitted in Michaelmas Term, 1811, the latter was brought to trial and convicted in Hilary Term, 1812.

Bushe's speech in Kirwan's case is so well known, that we think it unnecessary to give more from it than the following extract. He is speaking of the Convention Act, and says:—

The framers of this law well knew the tendency of such associations as it prohibits; they well knew that worthy and honourable men might engage in them,—as I have no doubt that worthy and honourable and loyal men would engage in the Catholic Committee, with the purest and best motives. But the policy of the law is pointed at the probable mischiefs, and the very preamble of the act is directed to the dangers, which, in the language of the statute, *may* ensue. What man can answer for the intermixture of these very different characters which must find their way into such an assembly? I know that the Catholic nobility and clergy,—amongst whom are to be found the most respectable of men—were to be constituent parts; but I know that every county was to send ten, and every parish in this city five members. Who will answer for the description of persons that must find their way into this motley congregation? It is not from such men as Lord Fingal, and Lord Southwell, and Sir Edward Bellew, and the other honourable men of the Catholic persuasion, that such danger is to be apprehended; short-lived indeed would be their influence. Perhaps the worst men would not be the most numerous in this assembly—it signifies not; a small majority of agitators is always sufficient for mischief. The history of mankind shows that they have always prevailed; in every such assembly they float, and the good are precipitated. But the policy of this act is not merely pointed at the intermixture of bad, but in the degeneracy of good characters. What man can answer for himself, in going into a self-constituted political society? His first steps are deliberate; his first motives are good; his passion warms as he proceeds; the applause, never given to moderation, intoxicates him; the vehemence of debate elates, and the successes of eloquence inflame him; he begins a patriot, he ends a revolutionist. Is this fancy or history? I well remember—who can forget?—the first National Assembly of France. Composed of everything the most honourable, gallant, venerable, and patriotic in that kingdom, called together for the noblest and purest purposes, the nobility and prelacy united with the representatives of the people, and the three estates, promised the regeneration of the country. What was the result? The wise, and the good, and

the virtuous were put down, or brought over by the upstart, and the factious, and the demagogue; they knew not the lengths they were going; they were drawn on by an increasing attraction—step after step, and day after day—to that vortex in which have been buried even the ruins of every establishment, religious and political, and from whose womb has sprung that colossal despotism which now frowns upon mankind. What has become of that gallant nobility? where are the pious prelates of that ancient kingdom? One by one, and crowd by crowd, they have fallen upon the scaffold, or perished in insurrection. Some, less fortunate, drag out a mendicant exile in foreign lands; and others, condemned to a harder fate, have taken refuge in a tyrant's court, and are expiating the patriotism of their early lives by the servility of their latter days.

Bushe was opposed most ably by Peter Burrowes and Thomas Goold. The chief charge against the officers of the crown was, that not a juror was supposed to enter the box unapproved by Major Sirr, who stood in front and nodded his approbation as to the "goodness and trueness" of the person called; and it has been stated, further, that the jury-list was purged of all who could possibly be fairly disposed towards the prisoners. Henry Grattan, in his *Life of his father*, repeats the charge, but no man has ever implicated Bushe in the atrocious accusation. Divided as the country was, the crown, if inclined to do justice, could hardly escape the stigma of partiality; and, from the state of rampant rabid factiousness into which the people had fallen, it became a matter of almost absolute necessity that political prisoners should be tried either by their friends or by their opponents. It was the undoubted duty of the executive to guard against the acquittal of the accused through the congeniality of the jury; but, it was equally, if not more, their duty to secure him a fair panel, lest by the party enmity of his triers he should be unjustly convicted.

From this period until the year 1816, nothing very remarkable can be recorded of Bushe; but on the 5th day of February, in the year just named, the Earl of Buckingham, Clerk of the Pleas in the Irish Court of Exchequer, died. The annual sum of money secured by the appointment was very large, amounting to nearly £3,000, and it was considered by the government so desirable a post, that the nomination to it, had been always claimed and exercised by the crown. At the time when Lord Buckingham died, Chief Baron O'Grady believing, as fortune had thrown the prize in his way,

that he should, in justice to himself, take advantage of it, accordingly nominated his son, Mr. Waller O'Grady, to the post, and made the appointment so quickly that the order bore date the 12th of February. The Crown was unwilling to relinquish its right to the appointment, and an information in the nature of a *quo warranto* was issued, on the application of the law advisers of the Crown, from the King's Bench—no reference having been made to the Court of Exchequer. Mr. Waller O'Grady rested his claim upon his nomination by the Chief Baron, and upon the fact that he had been admitted to the office by the Court. The case came on for hearing in the month of November, 1816. The Crown was represented by Saurin and Bushe, Mr. O'Grady was defended by Plunket and Burton. The duty of the jury was merely formal, the real question was at issue before the twelve judges in the Court of Error: the case was decided in favor of the Crown, the late Baron Smith being the only judge who supported the claim of the Chief Baron.

This trial is famous, as having been the occasion in which Plunket hurled all the thunders of that wrath, which he had so long nursed and kept warm, against his rival and successor in the Attorney Generalship, Saurin; and, also as the case in which Bushe displayed a knowledge of law as profound and as comprehensive, as his eloquence was masterly, noble, and graceful.

The case is also remarkable as having afforded to Bushe the opportunity of uttering the vigorous passage in which he repels the charge of Jacobinism brought by Plunket, against the law officers of the Crown. It is as follows:—

The weight of the censure which has fallen on us is increased in proportion to the height from which it has descended. It has come from the counsel of a Chief Judge of the land; from the lips of one of the most illustrious individuals in this country; from a member of the United parliament; from a man whose inimitable advocacy is but secondary to that high character for integrity and talent, which he has established for himself and for our nation—upon whose accents 'the listening senate' hangs—with whose renown the entire empire resounds. From such a man censure is censure indeed. I call then upon him not to stop half way in the discharge of his duty. If we are tyrannical and oppressive—if we have revived and transcended the worst precedents of the worst days of prerogative—I call upon him in the name of justice—of our ancient friendship, and of our common country—I call upon him by every obligation which can bind man, to impeach us. If he be not our prosecutor, he becomes our accomplice. He is bound to call us to the bar of

that senate, where he will be on his legs, and we shall be upon our knees; and if his accusation be true, our heads are due to justice. The character of the Chief Baron has been redeemed by me; I have rescued the character of the Court of Exchequer; I have vindicated my own; one yet remains—the character of Mr. Plunket himself. And therefore I call upon him in support of his high reputation to bring us to Westminster where impeachment is constitutional—where he will hold his high place and the lofty port which becomes him. I call upon him to assume the senator and the patriot, and assert his rank in that august assembly. To none has that high station which he holds in it given more delight than to me. I rejoice in it as an attached and ardent friend, and as an Irishman, I exult in a man who has exalted the character of our country in the senate as high as another illustrious countryman has raised it in the field. Let him not stop at the charge which he has made in this place—let him follow it up—‘non progredi est regredi’—he must either with shame give up this unjust attack upon the servants of the crown, or he must follow up his duty as a member of Parliament and carry us before the bar of the Commons. Let him do so—we are not afraid—*there*, at least, the judicial determination shall be upon the hearing of one party. Let him remember that the charge is illegality, jacobinism and revolution, and that the crime is disrespect to what he calls the adjudication of the Court of Exchequer! The very neighbourhood of Westminster-hall ought to make him pause. What! state within its precincts that a Court of Exchequer in Ireland had made a solemn determination in a case where one party was not present, and where the other presided!—The very walls of Westminster Hall would utter forth a groan at such an insult to the judicial character—the very monuments would deliver up their illustrious dead—and the shades of Mansfield, and of Somers, and of Holt, and of Hale, would start from their tombs to rebuke the atrocious imputation. I must call upon him to go on—but if he should—I tell this Wellington of the senate, he will do so at the peril of his laurels—I tell him they are foredoomed to wither at the root.

From this period to the year 1822, Bushe's life afforded little of interest. A Solicitor General in Ireland who enjoys society, leads a pleasant, but rather eventless life; and, excepting when a State Trial, or a Special Commission intervenes, his diary can be little more than the record of his lounges to and from Court, of his strolls in the Hall, his jokes with the Judges, his intrigues with the Castle, and his dinners with the Viceroy, and will strongly resemble Addison's humorous “Diary of a Retired Tradesman.” At length, in the year 1822, Downes, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, proved that he possessed that virtue which Bushe used to say was the only one he wanted—*Resignation*, and on the 22nd day of Fe-

bruary, in the above year, Mr. Solicitor General, became Chief Justice, Bushe.*

As a lawyer, Bushe was learned amongst the lawyers of his time; he was called at a period when that which would be now looked upon as moderate legal knowledge, was then considered very accurate learning; it was the era of advocates rather than of lawyers. Blackburne, Burton, the Pennefathers, Perrin, and Crampton, cannot be looked upon as the representatives of the age of Bushe, their learning placed them far above it. Bushe came from a circuit—the Leinster—which is not less distinguished by those Judges who have passed from it to the Bench, than by the learning and ability of those lawyers who still continue upon it; but able as its members have been and are, they never possessed a brother more able, more eloquent, more honest as a politician, or more true as an Irishman, than Charles Kendal Bushe.

In the year 1805, an anonymous poetical pamphlet appeared in Dublin, entitled *The Metropolis*, and in it, the following lines, descriptive of Bushe's oratory, are found.—

“Sedate at first, at length his passion warms,
And ev'ry word and ev'ry gesture charms;
Sunk to no meanness, by no flourish swelled,
The copious stream its course majestic held;
The Graces to his polished wit gave birth,
Which wakes the smile, but not the roar of mirth.
His legal tenets stand on stablest ground,
His moral precepts novel and profound—
Well has he traced the law's unbounded chart,
Well searched each corner of the human heart—
In triumph his resistless march proceeds,
Reason and Passion follow where he leads.
Is justice his inalienable trust?
Or does he deem each cause he battles just?
Suffice it—ev'ry energy of zeal
Marks that conviction he makes others feel.”

Richard Sheil, in the *Sketches of the Irish Bar*, thus describes Bushe:—

“It is the opinion of all those who have had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Bushe, that he would have made a very great figure in the English House of Commons; and for the purpose of enabling those who have not heard him to form an estimate of the likelihood of his success in that assembly, and of the frame and character of his eloquence, a general delineation of this accomplished advocate

* Saurin refused the office, having promised not to interfere with Bushe's advancement.

may not be inappropriate. The first circumstance which offers itself to the mind of any man who recalls the recollection of Bushe, in order to furnish a description of his rhetorical attributes, is his delivery. In bringing the remembrance of other speakers of eminence to my contemplation, their several faculties and endowments present themselves in a different order, according to the proportions of excellence to each other which they respectively bear. In thinking, for example, of Mr. Fox, the torrent of his vehement and overwhelming logic is first before me. If I should pass to his celebrated antagonist, I repose upon the majesty of his amplification. The wit of Sheridan, the blazing imagination and the fantastic drollery of Curran, the forensic and simple vigour of Erskine, and the rapid, versatile, and incessant intensity of Plunket—are the first associations which connect themselves with their respective names. But there is no one peculiar faculty of mind which suggests itself in the first instance as the characteristic of Mr. Bushe, and which presses into the van of his qualifications as a public speaker. The corporeal image of the man himself is brought at once into the memory. I do not think of any one distinguishing attribute in the shape of a single intellectual abstraction—it is a picture that I have before me. There is a certain rhetorical heroism in the expression of his countenance, when enlightened and inflamed, which I have not witnessed in the faces of other men. The phrase may, perhaps, appear too extravagant and Irish; but those who have his physiognomy in their recollection will not think the word is inapplicable. The complexion is too sanguineous and ruddy, but has no murkiness or impurity in its flush: it is indicative of great fulness, but at the same time of great vigour of temperament. The forehead is more lofty than expansive, and suggests itself to be the residence of an elevated rather than of a comprehensive mind. It is not so much ‘the dome of thought,’ as ‘the palace of the soul.’ It has none of the deep furrows and intellectual indentures which are observable in the forehead of Plunket, but is smooth, polished, and marble. The eyes are large, globular and blue: extremely animated with idea, but without any of that diffusive irradiation which belongs to the expression of genius. They are filled with a serene light, but have not much brilliancy or fire. The mind within them seems, however, to be all activity and life, and to combine a singular mixture of intensity and deliberation. The nose is lightly arched, and with sufficient breadth of the nostrils (which physiognomists consider as a type of eloquence) to furnish the associations of daring and of power, and terminates with a delicacy and chiseled elegance of proportion, in which it is easy to discover the polished irony and refined satire in which he is accustomed to indulge. But the mouth is the most remarkable feature in his countenance: it is endowed with the greatest variety of sentiment, and contains a rare assemblage of oratorical qualities. It is characteristic of force, firmness, and precision, and is at once affable and commanding, proud and kind, tender and impassioned, accurate and vehement, generous and sarcastic, and is capable of the most conciliating softness and the most impetuous ire. Yet there is something artificial about it from a

lurking consciousness of its own expression. Its smile is the great instrument of its effects, but appears to be too systematic; yet it is susceptible of the nicest gradations; it nearly flashes and disappears, or, in practiced obedience to the will, streams over the whole countenance in a broad and permanent illumination: at one moment it just passes over the lips, and dies at the instant of its birth; and at another bursts out in an exuberant and overflowing joyousness, and seems caught in the fulness of its hilarity from the face of Comus himself. But it is to satire that it is principally and most effectually applied. It is the glitter of the poisoned sneer that is levelled at the heart. The man who is gifted with these powers of physiognomy is, naturally enough, almost too prodigal of their use; and a person who watched Mr. Bushe would perceive that he frequently employed the abundant resources of his countenance instead of the riches of his mind. With him, indeed, a look is often sufficient for all purposes: it

'Conveys a libel in a frown,
And winks a reputation down.'

There is a gentleman at the Irish Bar, Mr. Henry Deane Grady, one of whose eyes he has himself designated as 'his jury eye;' and, indeed, from his frequent application of its ludicrous qualifications, which the learned gentleman often substitutes in the place of argument, even where argument might be obviously employed, has acquired a sort of professional distortion, of which he appears to be somewhat singularly proud. Mr. Bushe does not, it is true, rely so much upon this species of ocular logic; but even he, with all his good taste, carries it to an extreme. It never amounts to the buffoonery of the old school of Irish barristers who were addicted to a strange compound of tragedy and farce; but still it is vicious from its excess. The port and attitude of Mr. Bushe are as well suited to the purposes of impressiveness as his countenance and its expression. His form, indeed, is rather too corpulent and heavy, and if it were not concealed in a great degree by his gown, would be considered ungainly and inelegant. His stature is not above the middle size; but his chest is wide and expansive, and lends to his figure an aspect of sedateness and strength. In describing the ablest of his infernal senate, Milton has particularly mentioned the breadth of his 'Atlantean Shoulders.' The same circumstance is specified by Homer in his picture of Ulysses; and however many speakers of eminence have overcome the disadvantages of a weak and slender configuration, it cannot be doubted that we associate with dignity and wisdom an accompaniment of massiveness and power. His gesture is of the first order. It is finished and rounded with that perfect care, which the orators of antiquity bestowed upon the external graces of eloquence, and is an illustration of the justice of the observation made by the master of them all, that action was not only the chief ingredient, but almost the exclusive constituent of excellence in his miraculous art. There is unquestionably much of that native elegance about it, which is to the body what fancy and imagination are to the mind, and which no efforts of the most

laborious diligence can acquire. But the heightening and additions of deep study are apparent. The most minute particulars are attended to. So far indeed has an observance of effect been carried, that in serious obedience to the ironical precept of the satirist, he wears a large gold ring, which is frequently and ostentatiously displayed upon his weighty and commanding hand. But it is the voice of this fine speaker, which contains the master-spell of his perfections. I have already mentioned its extraordinary attributes, and indeed it must be actually heard, in order to form any appreciation of its effects. It must be acknowledged by the admirers of Mr. Bushe that his delivery constitutes his chief merit as an advocate, for his other powers, however considerable, do not keep pace with it. His style and diction are remarkably perspicuous and clear, but are deficient in depth. He has a remarkable facility in the use of simple and unelaborated expression, and every word drops of its own accord into that part of the sentence to which it most properly belongs. The most accurate ear could not easily detect a single harshness, or one inharmonious concurrence of sounds, in the course of his longest and least premeditated speech. But at the same time, there is some want of power in his phraseology, which is not either very original or picturesque. He indulges little in his imagination, from a dread, perhaps, of falling into those errors to which his countrymen are so prone, by adventuring upon the heights which overhang them. But I am, at the same time, inclined to suspect that nature has not conferred that faculty in great excellence upon him; an occasional flash comes for a moment over his thoughts, but it is less the lightning of the imagination than the warm exhalation of a serene and meteoric fancy. Curran, with all his imperfections, would frequently redeem the obscurity of his language by a single expression, that threw a wide and piercing illumination far around him, and left a track of splendour upon the memory of his audience, which was slow to pass away; but if Bushe has avoided the defects into which the ambition and enthusiasm of Curran were accustomed to hurry him, he has not approached him in richness of diction, or in that elevation of thought, to which that great speaker had the power of raising his hearers with himself. He was often 'led astray,' but it was 'by light from heaven.' On the other hand, the more level and subdued cast of thinking and of phrase which have been adopted by Mr. Bushe, are better suited to cases of daily occurrence; and I own that I should prefer him for my advocate in any transaction which required the art of exposition, and the elucidating quality which is so important in the conduct of ordinary affairs. He has the power of simplifying in the highest degree. He evolves with a surprising facility the most intricate facts from the most embarrassing complication, and reduces, in a moment, a chaotic heap of incongruous materials into symmetry and order. In what is called 'the narration,' in discourses upon rhetoric, his talent is of the first rank. He clarifies and methodizes every topic upon which he dwells, and makes the obscurest subject, perspicuous, and transparent to the dullest mind. His wit is perfectly gentlemanlike

and pure. It is not so vehement and sarcastic as that of Plunket, nor does it grope for pearls, like the imagination of Curran, in the midst of foulness and ordure. It is full of smooth mockery and playfulness, and dallies with its victim with a sort of feline elegance and grace. But its gripe is not the less deadly for its procrastination. His wit has more of the quality of raillery than of imagination. He does not accumulate grotesque images together, or surprise by the distance of the objects between which he discovers an analogy. He has nothing of that spirit of whim which pervaded the oratory of Curran, and made his mind appear, at moments, like a transmigration of Hogarth. Were a grossly ludicrous similitude to offer itself to him, he would at once discard it as incompatible with that chastised and subjugated ridicule in which alone he permits himself to indulge. But from this circumstance he draws a considerable advantage. The mirth of Curran was so broad, and the convulsion of laughter, which by his personations, (for his delivery often bordered upon a theatrical audacity) he never failed, whenever he thought proper, to produce, disqualified his auditors and himself for the more sober investigation of truth. His transitions, therefore, were frequently too abrupt; and, with all his art, and that Protean quality by which he passed with an astonishing and almost divine facility into every different modification of style and thought, a just gradation from the extravagance of merriment to the depth of pathetic emotion could not always be preserved. Bushe, on the other hand, never finds it difficult to recover himself. Whenever he deviates from that sobriety which becomes the discussions of a court of justice, he retraces his steps and returns to seriousness again, not only with perfect ease, but without even leaving a perception of the change. His manner is admirably chequered, and the various topics which he employs, enter into each other by such gentle and delicate degrees, that all the parts of his speech bear a just relation, and are as well proportioned as the several limbs of a fine statue to the general composition of the whole. This unity, which in all the arts rests upon the same sound principles, is one of the chief merits of Mr. Bushe as a public speaker."

To Bushe's genius, generally, we quote the following tribute from the pen of Lord Brougham :—

"His merit as a speaker was of the highest description. His power of narration has not, perhaps, been equalled. If any one would see this in its greatest perfection, he has only to read the inimitable speech in the Trimbleston cause: the narrative of Livy himself does not surpass that great effort. Perfect simplicity, but united with elegance; a lucid arrangement and unbroken connexion of all the facts; the constant introduction of the most picturesque expressions, but never as ornaments; these, the great qualities of narrative, accomplish its great end and purpose; they place the story and the scene before the hearer, or the reader, as if he witnessed the reality. It is unnecessary to add, that the temperate, and chaste, and even subdued tone of the whole is unvaried and unbroken; but such

praise belongs to every part of this great speaker's oratory. Whether he declaims or argues, moves the feelings or resorts to ridicule and sarcasm, deals in persuasion or invective, he never is, for an instant, extravagant. We have not the condensed and vigorous demonstration of Plunket; we have not these marvellous figures, sparingly introduced, but whensoever used, of an application to the argument absolutely magical; but we have an equal display of chastened abstinence, of absolute freedom from all the vices of the Irish school, with, perhaps, a more winning grace of diction; and all who have witnessed it agree in ascribing the greatest power to a manner that none could resist. The utmost that partial criticism could do to find a fault, was to praise the suavity of the orator at the expense of his force. John Kemble described him as 'the greatest actor off the stage;' but he forgot that so great an actor must also have stood highest among his Thespian brethren had the scene been shifted. All parties allow that during the fierce political contests which filled the period of nineteen years during which he was law officer of the crown, he performed his duty with perfect honor towards the Government, but with the most undeviating humanity and toleration towards their opponents in church or state. Nor has the breath of calumny ever tarnished the purity of his judicial character during the twenty years that he presided on the bench. He was stern in his administration of the criminal law, but he was as rigidly impartial as he was severe. In one particular he was perfect, and it is of great importance in a judge; he knew no distinction of persons among those who practised before him, unless it was to protect and encourage rising merit; for a young advocate was ever sure of his ear, even when the fastidiousness of veteran practitioners might disregard his efforts. This kindly disposition he carried with him from the Bar, where he had been always remarkable for the courtesy with which he treated his juniors; indeed, it went further; it was a constant habit of protecting and encouraging them."

Sir Jonah Barrington writes:—

"He was as nearly devoid of private and public enemies as any man. Endowed with superior talents, he had met with a corresponding success in an ambitious profession and in a jealous country. His eloquence was of the purest kind; but the more delicate the edge, the deeper cuts the irony, and his rebukes were of that description; and, when embellished by his ridicule, coarse minds might bear them, but the more sensitive ones could not."

We give the three following extracts, the two first as specimens of his pathetic style, the third as an example of his humor. The first extract is his description of the generous conduct of Lord Cloncurry, on hearing from his wife the confession of her criminality; the second is the peroration of the same address; the third is his sketch of the career of that

lady, who was fully as diffuse, though not quite so select, in her gallantries as *Lais*—Mrs. Mansergh.

Gentlemen—It requires obdurate and habitual vice, and practised depravity to overbear the natural workings of the human heart. This unfortunate woman had not strength further to resist. She had been seduced—her soul was burthened with a guilty secret, but she was young in crime, and true to nature. She could no longer bear the weight of her own conscience—she was overpowered by the generosity of an injured husband, more keen than any reproaches—she was incapacitated from any further dissimulation; she flung herself at his feet. “I am unworthy,” she exclaimed, “of such tenderness and such goodness; it is too late—the villain has ruined me and dishonored you—I am guilty.” Gentlemen, I told you I should confine myself to facts. I have scarcely made an observation. I will not affront my client’s case, nor your feelings, nor my own, by common-placing upon the topic of the plaintiff’s sufferings. You are Christians, men; your hearts must describe for me—I cannot—I affect not humility in saying that I cannot—no advocate can—as I told you, your hearts must be the advocates. Conceive this unhappy nobleman, in the bloom of life, surrounded with every comfort, exalted by high honors and distinctions, enjoying great property, the proud proprietor of an elevated rank and a magnificent mansion—the prouder proprietor, a few hours before, of what he thought an innocent and an amiable woman—the happy father of children whom he loved, and loved them more, as the children of the wife whom he adored—precipitated, in one hour, into an abyss of misery which no language can represent—loathing his rank, despising his wealth, cursing the youth and health that promised nothing but the protraction of a wretched existence—looking round upon every worldly object with disgust and despair, and finding, in this complicated woe, no principle of consolation except the consciousness of not having deserved it. Smote to the earth, this unhappy man forgot not his character; he raised the guilty, and lost penitent from his feet; he left her punishment to her conscience and to heaven; her pardon he reserved to himself. The tenderness and generosity of his nature prompted him to instant mercy; he forgave her—he prayed to God to forgive her; he told her she should be restored to the protection of her father—that until then her secret should be preserved and her feelings respected, and that her fall from honor should be as easy as it might. But, there was a forgiveness for which she supplicated, and which he sternly refused: he refused that forgiveness which implies the meanness of the person who dispenses it, and which renders the clemency valueless, because it makes the man despicable; he refused to take back to his arms the tainted and faithless woman, who had betrayed him; he refused to expose himself to the scorn of the world and to his own contempt. He submitted to misery—he could not brook dishonor.

Gentlemen, I shall not pursue this odious subject. I have stated the facts of this unparalleled case—I leave it now to you. In discharging your present duty, you have more than the present parties

before you. You are guardians of public morals—you may give salutary instructions by wholesome example—you may teach the man of modern gallantry that he shall not invade domestic peace with impunity—you may teach the votary of modern honor that he shall not palliate the seduction of a wife by attempting the murder of her husband—you may teach the public that a jury of moral and honorable men know how to appreciate the lost happiness of the married life—you may banish a profligate character from your island and send him to some region more congenial to his vices. This you may do by your verdict. But you cannot compensate my broken-hearted client—you cannot, by money, repair his injuries or heal his wounds—you can only impart to him that only consolation of which excessive misery is capable—the sympathy of good and honest men. As to the defendant, he is beyond your reach: his callous impenitence defies you—you may punish, but cannot reclaim him—you may make him suffer—you cannot make him feel.

The following is from his speech for Hackett in Mansergh's case:—

Permit me, gentlemen of the jury, to present to you the reverse of the portraits which have been drawn of this husband and his mate, or to quit the style of metaphor, which does not become the language of truth, let me tell you in a few words, what are the facts. Lucretia, stripped of her Roman garb, turned out to be neither more nor less than Miss Shields, of whose talents and accomplishments you have heard so much, and of whom you are just going to see a little. Possessed, as we are informed, of every virtue, we cannot suppose her deficient in *prudence*, the parent of the whole moral tribe; and of this she gave an early and striking proof. Finding her person of marriageable age, and feeling herself little disposed to celibacy, she yet thought it prudent before she entered on the awful state of matrimony to see how she would like it, and by taking earnest of a spouse, to know by-anticipation what were to be its consequences. She made the experiment, and liked it, and her marriage with Mr. Mansergh followed. Too liberal in her temper to confine her favors, and a *philanthropist* in the most extensive meaning of the term, it would require a greater combination of the power of memory and lungs than I am blessed with, to give you a list of the individuals who have been honoured by her embraces. I shall reduce them under certain general heads; the *navy*—the *army*—the *bar*—and the *pulpit*—have paid homage to her charms. And such was the admirable congeniality of temper between her and her mate, that he exulted in her triumphs—boasted of her success—and when he beheld a hoary Divine tottering at the tail of her conscripts, he has been heard at the edifying spectacle to ejaculate in a strain of religious enthusiasm—'Praise be to Heaven, I have got the grace of God in my train!' Children were the natural consequences of this diffusive intercourse with the great world, and that they were *her own children* is certain, but further, the most zealous of her deponents sayeth not, for—

" Though troops of heroes did attend
Her couchée and her levée,—
The piebald breed was never owned
By light horse or by heavy."

During Bushe's career at the Bar, society in Ireland was brilliant and intellectual. Its tastes were of the French, rather than of the English mode; and amongst the most fashionable amusements of the time, the favorite and most remarkable, were Private Theatrical performances.

In France, whence the amusement was imported to these kingdoms, private theatricals were most extravagantly admired. We read, in the various annals of the time, that the most learned, the most noble, the wisest men of the age were willing to join in the plays as actors. We learn that, "M. le Comte d'Artois," afterwards Charles X., "qui par sa taille, sa jeunesse, et ses graces naturelles, est fait pour réussir dans tous les exercices du corps, a ambitionné aussi la gloire de danser sur la corde. Il a pris longtems en silence, et dans le plus grand secret, des leçons du Sieur Placide et du Petit Diable."* Voltaire had a theatre of his own, and played Cicero in his drama entitled *Rome Sauvée*; and Rousseau attempted a rôle, but failed, as he confesses—"Malgré ma bêtise et ma gaucherie, Madame d'Epinay voulut me mettre des amusements de la Chevrete, château près de Saint-Denis, appartenant à M. de Bellegarde. Il y avoit un théâtre où l'on jouoit souvent des pièces. On me chargea d'un rôle que j'étudiais six mois sans relâches, et qu'il fallut me souffler d'un bout à l'autre, à la représentation. Après cette épreuve, on ne me donna plus de rôle.†

England was graced by the private performances at the Duchess of Queensberry's, where Lord Bute, for the purpose of displaying his legs, played Lothario. At Winterslow Charles Fox played Horatio in *The Fair Penitent*, and Sir Harry in *High Life below Stairs*; at Holland House he played Hastings to the Jane Shore of Lady Sarah Bunbury. Richmond

* A celebrated rope dancer.

† For a very interesting account of these amusements in France, see the *Memoirs of Collé, Ségur, Condorcet*, and the "*Mémoires Secrets pour servir.*"—Tom. XV. Madame Campan states, that Marie Antoinette insisted on appearing on the Trianon stage, but in opposition to the King's wishes, who accordingly hissed her—This she appears to have deserved as Madame Campan adds: "Il faut avouer que c'est royalement mal joué."

House had its theatricals; and at an earlier period, so great was the rage for this species of amusement, that in Lord Orford's *Memoirs*, under the date 1751, we read the following: "The 7th was appointed for the Naturalization Bill, but the House adjourned to attend at Drury-lane, where Othello was acted by a Mr. Delaval and his family, who had hired the theatre on purpose. The crowd of people of fashion was so great, that the footmen's gallery was hung with ribbands." These were the times of a somewhat thoughtless and extravagant generation, and the aristocracy of our country were fully as willing, and quite as able, to establish and support the fashionable amusement in this island.

So early as the year 1759, Private Theatricals were performed in Ireland, and Thomas Moore, in referring to James Corry's privately printed book, of which only fifty copies were struck off, and entitled *The Private Theatre of Kilkenny, with Introductory observations on other Private Theatres in Ireland before it was opened*, writes:—

"The city of Kilkenny—where the performances commemorated in this volume were continued annually, with but few interruptions, from the year 1802 to 1819, possesses some ancient claims on the reverence of all lovers of the drama. The celebrated Bale, whose tragedy of Pammachius was acted at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1544, inhabited for some time, as Bishop of Ossory, the Palace of Kilkenny; and two of his sacred comedies, or mysteries were, as he himself tells us, acted at the market-cross in that town. 'On the xx daye of August was the Ladye Marye, with us at Kilkennye, proclaimed Queen of England, &c. The yonge men in the forenone played a tragedye of 'God's Promises in the Old Lawe,' at the market-crosse, with organe—plaingis and songes, very aptely. In the afternone, againe, they played a comedie of 'Sanct Johan Baptistes' preachings, of Christe's Baptisyng, and of his Temptacion in the Vildernesse.'"* From that period, till the middle of the last century, Ireland furnishes but few materials for a History of the Stage, Public or Private. So slow, indeed, was the progress of the drama in that country, that, in the year 1600, when England had been for some time, enjoying the inspirations of Shakspeare's muse, we find the old tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex, the first rude essay of the art, represented before Lord Mountjoy at the Castle of Dublin. It was, indeed, about the same period, when as we have said, the taste for private acting reappeared in England, that a similar feeling manifested itself among the higher ranks of society in Ireland; and, in the year 1759, a series of amusements of this kind

* See *The Vocacion of John Bale*, in the Harleian Tracts.

took place at Lurgan in the county of Armagh, the seat of that distinguished member of the Irish Parliament, William Brownlow. 'To this meeting,' says the editor of the volume before us, in his introduction, the 'stage is indebted for the popular entertainment of *Midas*.' It was written upon that occasion by one of the company, the late Mr. Kane O'Hara, and originally consisted of but one act, commencing with the fall of Apollo from the clouds. The characters in the piece were undertaken by the members of the family, and their relatives, with the exception of the part of Pan, which was reserved by the author for himself. Many additions were made to it before its introduction to the public, and, among others, the opening scene of '*Jove in his Chair*,' as it is now represented. To these representations succeeded, in 1760, a sort of theatrical jubilee, at Castletown, the residence of the Right Hon. Thomas Connolly,—where, after the performance of the '*First Part of Henry IV.*' an epilogue was, it appears, spoken by Hussy Burgh—afterwards Baron of the Exchequer—one of the most accomplished men that the Bar of Ireland has ever produced. In the year 1761, the Duke of Leinster opened his princely mansion at Carton, to a series of entertainments of the same description; and, in a list of the characters of the Beggar's Opera, which was one of the pieces performed on this occasion, we find, among a number of other distinguished names (Lord Charlemont, Lady Louisa Connolly, &c.) the rather startling announcement of—Lockit, by the Rev. Dean Marly. This worthy *pendant* to the Bibienus of the Court of Leo X, spoke also a prologue on the same occasion, written by himself, the concluding lines of which are as follows:—

But when this busy mimic scene is o'er,
All shall resume the worth they had before;
Lockit himself his knavery shall resign,
And lose the Gaoler in the dull Divine.*

Among the most interesting of the other performances recorded in this volume, are those got up in the year 1774, at the seats of Sir Hercules Langrishe and Mr. Henry Flood,—where the two celebrated orators, Grattan and Flood, appeared together on the stage, and, in personating the two contending chieftains, Macbeth and Macduff, had a sort of poetical foretaste of their own future rivalry,—"*belli propinqui rudimenta*." We find the name of Mr. Grattan again connected with private theatricals in the year 1776, when, after a representation of the Masque of Comus, at the country seat of the Right Hon. David La Touche, an epilogue from the pen of Mr. Grattan was spoken—the only copy of verses, we believe, that this illustrious son of Ireland is known to have written. The verses of great statesmen are always sure to be objects of curiosity,—even

* The opening lines were—

"Our play, to-night, wants novelty, 'tis true;
That to atone, our actors all are new—
And sure our stage, than any stage is droller,
Lords act the rogue, and Ladies play the stroller!"

when, like those of Cicero, they have no other recommendation than their badness. Some specimens of the poetry of Mr. Burke have lately been given to the world, and those who complain of his being too poetical in his prose, will, perhaps, be consoled by finding him so prosaic in his poetry. Pope says, with, perhaps, rather an undue pride in his art, that 'the corruption of a poet is the generation of a statesman';—if so, Burke must have been far gone in decomposition, when he wrote such verses. The epilogue of Mr. Grattan, however, contains some lively and fluent lines, and our readers, we presume, will not be displeased to see a few of them here:—

Hist! hist!—I hear a dame of fashion say,
 Lord, how absurd the heroine of this play!
 A god of rank and station was so good
 To take a lady from a hideous wood,
 Brought her to all the pleasures of his court,
 Of love, and men, and music the resort;
 Bid mirth and transport wait on her command;
 Gave her a ball, and offered her his hand;
 And she, quite *country*, obstinate, and mulish,
 Extremely fine, perhaps, but vastly foolish,
 Would neither speak, nor laugh, nor dance, nor sing,
 Nor condescend, nor wed, nor—anything.
 * * *

But, gentle ladies, you'll, I'm sure, approve
 Your sex's triumph over guilty love;
 Nor will our sports of gaiety alarm you;
 These little bacchanals will never harm you;*
 Nor Comis' wreathed smiles; and you'll admire,
 Once more, true English force and genuine fire;
 Milton's chaste majesty,—Arne's airy song;
 The light note tripping on Allegro's tongue;
 While the sweet flowing of the purest breast,
 Like Milton tuneful, vestal as his taste,
 Calls Music from her cell, and warbles high,
 The rapturous soul of song and sovereign ecstasy.

We shall not further pursue the enumerations which this volume supplies of the various amateur performances that preceded those of Kilkenny,—except to remark that, in the list of the actors at Shane's Castle in 1785, there occurs one name, which, in the hearts of all true Irishmen, awaken feelings which they can hardly trust their lips to utter—Lord Edward Fitzgerald. With the Theatricals of Kilkenny expired the last faint remains of what may be called the Social Era in Ireland. 'Adieu, Société!' was the lively dying-speech of one of the fellow-conspirators of Berton, when about to submit his neck to the guillotine;—and 'adieu, Société!' might, with the same 'tragical mirth,' have been ejaculated by Ireland at the period of the Union. To such times as we have been describing—to such classic and humanizing amusements—has succeeded an age of bitter cant and bewildering controversy. Instead of opening their

* The Masque was acted by children.

mansions, as of old, to such innocent and ennobling hospitalities, the Saint-Peers of the present day convert their halls into conventicles and conversion-shops. Where the theatre once re-echoed the young voices of a Grattan and a Flood, the arena is now prepared for the disputations of the Reverend Popes and Maguires. The scenes of Otway and Shakspeare have given way to the often-announced tragedies of Pastorini, and even Farce has taken its last refuge in Sir Harcourt Lees. We have only to add, that this curious volume, which will one day or other, be a gem in the eyes of the Bibliomaniac, contains portraits of all the most distinguished members of the Theatrical Society of Kilkenny, Mr. Grattan, Mr. Thomas Moore, Mr. James Corry."

The members of the Company in the first season, at Kilkenny, which commenced on the 2nd, and ended on the 6th February, 1802, were Mr. R. Power, Mr. Rothe, Mr. Tighe, Mr. Crampton, Mr. Bushe, Mr. Neville, Colonel Maxwell, Mr. A. Helsham, Master Hesham, and the officers of the Garrison, Mrs. King, Miss Rouviere and Miss Webb; the orchestra was composed of gentlemen of Kilkenny and its neighbourhood.

The late Mrs. Charles Mathews, in her *Memoir* of her husband, has presented some letters written by him to his friend John Litchfield, when the former was keeping his first engagement in the Crow-street Theatre with Daly, in the year 1794. In these letters he refers, in the highest terms of praise, to Kilkenny as a first-rate theatrical town, and expresses his great anxiety to make one of a company which Cherry was then collecting for the purpose of performing at the theatre there. And, indeed, his opinion of the theatrical taste of the inhabitants, appears to have been fully borne out by the history of the Kilkenny Private Theatre.

During the seventeen years in which the Theatre was kept open, many distinguished men took part in the performance; the principal members of the company were Thomas Moore, Richard Power, of Kilfane, Crampton, James Corry, Sir William Wrixon Becher, Lister and Rothe; the actresses were generally professional; amongst them were Miss Kelly, Mrs. Bartley, Miss Walstein, Miss Stephens and Miss O'Neill. Some of the non-professionals performed with a spirit and aplomb that were admirable. Moore writes:—

"This taste continued for nearly twenty years to survive the epoch of the Union, and in the performances of the Private Theatre of Kilkenny gave forth its last, as well as, perhaps, brightest flashes. The life and soul of this institution was our manager, the late Mr.

Richard Power, a gentleman who could boast a larger circle of attached friends, and through a life more free from shadow or alloy, than any individual it has ever been my lot to know. No livelier proof, indeed, could be required of the sort of feeling entertained towards him than was once shown in the reception given to the two following homely lines which occurred in a Prologue I wrote* to be spoken by Mr. Corry in the character of Vapid :—

'Tis said my worthy manager intends
To help my night, and *he*, you know, has friends.

These few simple words I wrote with the assured conviction that they would produce more effect, from the homefelt truism they contained, than could be effected by the most labored burst of eloquence; and the result was just what I anticipated, for the house rung, for a considerable time, with the heartiest plaudits. The chief comic, or rather farcical, force of the company lay in my friend Mr. Corry, and 'longo intervallo,' myself; and though, as usual, with low comedians, we were much looked down upon by the lofty lords of the buskin, many was the sly joke we indulged in together, at the expense of our heroic brethren. Some waggish critic,† indeed, is said to have declared that of all the personages of our theatre, he most admired the prompter—'because he was least seen and best heard.' But this joke was, of course, a mere good humored slander. There were two, at least, of our dramatic corps, Sir Wrixon Becher and Mr. Rothe, whose powers, as tragic actors, few amateurs have ever equalled; and Mr. Corry—perhaps alone of all our company—would have been sure of winning laurels on the public stage. As to my own share in these representations, the following list of my most successful characters will show how remote from the line of the heroic was the small orbit through which I ranged; my chief parts having been Sam, in 'Raising the Wind,' Robin Roughhead, Mungo, Sadi, in the 'Mountaineers,' Spado, and Peeping Tom. In the part of Spado there occur several allusions to that gay rogue's shortness of stature, which never failed to be welcomed by my auditors with laughter and cheers; and the words, 'Even Sanguino allows I am a clever little fellow,' was always a signal for this sort of friendly explosion. One of the songs, indeed, written by O'Keeffe, for the character of Spado so much abounds with points thus personally applicable, that many supposed, with no great compliment either to my poetry or my modesty, that the song had been written, expressly for the occasion, by myself. The following is the verse to which I allude, and for the poetry of which I was thus made responsible :—

' Though born to be little's my fate,
Yet so was the great Alexander;
And, when I walk under a gate,
I've no need to stoop like a gander.

* In the Season of 1810.

† The "waggish critic" was Charles Kendal Bushe.

I'm no lanky, long hoddy-doddy,
 Whose paper-kite sails in the sky ;
 Though wanting two feet, in my body,
 In soul, I am thirty feet high."

With all these pleasant scenes, Bushe and his family were closely connected ; he was a frequent visitor at Kilfane during the theatrical season, and upon one occasion having been asked which of the performers he most admired, he replied, as Moore has stated, " the Prompter, for I heard the most, and saw the least of him." Whilst the performances continued, amusements of every kind were enjoyed—the well-known Kilfane hounds for the morning, balls for the evening, conversation, flashing, gay, and witty for all times, made up the round of pleasure. At length it was discovered, in the year 1819, that the performances could no longer be carried on satisfactorily, and it was resolved that the approaching season should be the last. It commenced upon the 11th, and ended upon the 28th October. The company were Mr. R. Power, Mr. Rothe, Mr. Becher, Mr. Corry, Lord Monck, Mr. Langrishe, Mr. R. Rothe, Mr. J. Power jun., Mr. R. Power jun. Mr. G. Power, Mr. H. A. Bushe, Mr. C. Bushe, Mr. A. Bushe, Mr. Annesley, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Gyles, Mr. M'Caskey, Lord Hawarden, Lord James Stewart, Sir J. C. Coghill, Mr. J. Power, Mr. G. Hill, Mr. Hare, Mr. Dixon, Mr. Smily, Mr. Anderson, Mr. E. Helsham, Mr. R. Helsham, Mr. H. Helsham, Mr. T. Hill, Mr. Shee, Mr. M. Shee, Mr. Bookey, Mr. Fleming, Master Dalton, Master Brennan, Miss O'Neill, Miss Walstein, Miss Kelly, Miss Roche, Miss Curtis, Miss Eyreby, Miss Johnston.

This was a company sufficient to attract all who could obtain invitations or admission, and accordingly we find the Kilkenney papers filled with complaints as to the difficulty of procuring lodgings, and some little excitement appears also to have arisen, owing to reports that Miss O'Neill would not appear, which the papers contradict "on very good authority," and she appeared on Thursday, October 21st, the sixth night of the season, and played Juliet, to the Romeo of Richard Power, Becher appearing as Friar Laurence.* The season commenced with Mrs. Centlivre's Comedy, *The Wonder*, and the Farce of *Raising the Wind*. The curtain rose at eight o'clock,

* Upon the entrance of Miss O'Neill the ladies and gentlemen present arose from their seats, and received her standing.

when Richard Power came forward to deliver the Prologue, which was as follows :—

“ As some fond youth the fatal bark surveys,
Which from his sight his once lov'd fair conveys,
With strain'd eye sees it lessening to his view,
And waves, with frequent hand, a last adieu !
Still sad and slow he lingers on the shore,
Nor heeds the rising surge or tempest's roar.
Thus, tho' well pleased to meet, yet heaves my heart,
And dwells on that sad hour when we must part—
When I, while no feign'd griefs my bosom swell,
Take, for the *twentieth* time, my *last* farewell !
Nay, 'pon my word my last—my last you'll find,
Tho' much your smiles denote a doubting mind.

Have you not lately seen, thro' Æther's range,
A Comet flaming and with fear of change
Perplexing Monarchs—Ah ! that omen dire
Foretold our busken'd reign must soon expire.

Should any ask, why in its noon-tide hour,
• Like Spanish Charles, I quit the sovereign power ?
I will a tale unfold—and in my rage
Our green-room secrets publish on the stage :
Know then—my Actors are grown restive all,
Nor longer hearken to my sovereign call.
Some to strange lands a wandering spirit drives,
Some take to business, some have taken wives !!
My Thanes fly from me, and too soon *Macbeth**
Must stand alone upon the blasted heath ;
But late my plaguing rogues, as if combined,
They had together a round-robbin sign'd,
Wrote word—*this season their engagement ends*—
Shall I expose them ? Tho' they are my friends—
By Jove I will.

(Takes a packet of Letters from his pocket).

Let's see—aye—here in truth
Comes a sweet sentimental line from ROTHE ;
' Dear Power, you know my heart'—aye, still the pathos ;
' But this Excise Board'—Heavens what a Bathos !
And thus he quits. Oh, unambitious fool !
The tragic sceptre for the *dipping rule*—
Yet shall his memory live ever here,
And still shall *Beverley*—*Othello*—*Lear*—
Reign in your hearts while feeling owns a tear.
Next comes a grave Epistle—post-mark MALLOW ;†
' The Senate calls'—excuse both vain and shallow.
' The times are out of joint, and public men
Must do their best to set them right again,

* Power's chief character.

† Becher lived near, and represented Mallow in Parliament.

So farewell gewgaw Plays! Yours, WRIXON BECHER.*
 Now all this comes because he's grown a speaker.
 What! would the proud *Coriolanus*† shun
 That spot where first *your voices sweet* he won?
 Tho' listening senates hang on all he says,
 He owes it all to our KILKENNY PLAYS.
 What's next?—a note official—signed JAMES CORRY,
 Who says *indeed he is extremely sorry,*
But that the Linen Trade‡ now comes so full in—
 Pshaw! hang his linen! haven't we got the woollen!
 If to my orders thus he proves refractory
 Let him improve his system at the Factory—†
 There sports and toil th' alternate hours beguile,
 And man—poor laboring man, is taught to smile;
 And who like CORRY e'er from sorrow's eye
 With sun-shine laughter ev'ry tear could dry?
 When this sad City mourn'd her favorite dead,
 And deemed all Comedy with LYSTER fled;
 When all around was gloom and sad dismay,
 Corry burst forth, and re-illumin'd the day.

Nay, too, my youths who dash'd thro' thin and thick—
 ANNESLEY—SHEE—HELISHAM and my namesake DICK,
 Tho' now they shave, think grey-beard parts unfit,
 And e'en LORD MONCK swears he'll the harness quit.
 But ah! sad tidings from the North! for there
 CRAMPTON writes word *the state demands his care*:
 'I'm chain'd here by the leg, and made in vain
 Herculean efforts my release to gain'—
 He by the leg! Good Heavens! what chain could bind
 That leg so supple, or that heart so kind!
 But let Fate cast his part, howe'er it can,
 He'll always act the *Irish Gentleman*.
 And can we venture thus to take the field,
 Without, Sir Lucius,§ thy protecting shield?
 Did we not erst the stage persist to tread,
 When wit and genius with our LANGRISHES fled?
 Then, tho' with thinning ranks, we forward come,
 And on your kind exhaustless smiles presume.
 And lo! what bright star, wandering from her sphere,
 Shines on our orb, this parting hour to cheer?
 The fair O'NEIL dispels night's vapour dun,
 It is the East, and *Juliet* is our sun!
 Arise, fair sun, and with auspicious ray
 Shed thy kind lustre on our closing day—
 So may thy beams, by no dark clouds o'ercast,
 Increase each year in splendor ne'er surpast."

* Becher's favorite character.

† Corry was Secretary to the Linen Board of Ireland.

‡ Nolan's well-known woollen factory, Co. Kilkenny.

§ Crampton played Sir Lucius O'Trigger with great spirit.

The season closed with the tragedy of *Richard the Third*, and the farce of the *Agreeable Surprise*. The cast in *Richard* was as follows :—

King Henry, Mr. Rothe.	Lord Mayor, Mr. Gyles.*
Prince of Wales, Mr. A. Bushe.	Tyrrell, Mr. B. Power, Jun.
Duke of York, Master Dalton.	Blount, Mr. J. Power.
Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Becher.	Lieutenant of the Tower, Mr. R. Rothe.
Buckingham, Mr. R. Langrishe.	Officer, Mr. M. Shee.
Richmond, Mr. R. Power.	Forrest, Mr. Marshall.
Norfolk, Mr. Shee.	Queen, Miss Curtis.
Batcliffe, Mr. Fleming.	Duchess of York, Mrs. Eyreby.
Catesby, Mr. G. Power.	Lady Anne, Miss Walstein.
Tressel, Mr. Annesley.	
Oxford, Mr. Hare.	

In the farce the cast was :—

Sir Felix Friendly, Lord Monck.	Cuddon, Mr. Fleming.
Compton, Mr. R. Power, Jun.	Farmer Stump, Mr. Hare.
Lingo, Mr. Corry.	Miss Cheshire, Mrs. Eyreby.
Chicane, Mr. Gyles.	Laura, Miss Kelly.
John, Mr. Annesley.	Fringe, Miss Curtis.
Thomas, Mr. A. Bushe.	Cowslip, Miss Rock.

Between twelve and one o'clock the curtain dropped ; in a few moments it was raised, and then the several members of the Dramatic Corps were assembled on the stage, encompassing a considerable space in the form of a semicircle. Mr. Richard Power as the leader, and as the oldest member of the company, came forward to speak the Epilogue. It was as follows, and written by Henry Amyas Bushe :—

"Ten years entire Greece labored to destroy,
 With her confederate hosts, imperial Troy—
 We've kept the field till twice ten years have passed,
 But the dispersing gale has blown at last.
 With ears attentive all my words receive,
 'Tis the last charge your leader e'er shall give :
 Companions dear of many a well-fought day,
 Your ready numbers I with pride survey.
 Friends, you come arm'd, I find, with valour great,
 To meet the summons, and behold your fate ;
 So let not mirth ('twere now ill-timed) abound,
 Or jest be pointed—let no laugh resound,
 While the sad hour draws near—for come it must,
 When all those trophies shall be laid in dust,
 And towers and palaces all in the wind
 Mouldering dissolve, nor leave a wreck behind !

* Mr. Gyles was afterwards the constant correspondent of Charles Mathews. See Mathew's Memoirs, Vols. III. and IV.

Haply, some future traveller may say,
 Whilst in this town he makes a short delay,
 Pointing to where her court Thalia held,
 'Here Richard pitched his tent of Bosworth's field :
 Here youthful orators their strength would try,
 Poise on the wing ere yet they learn'd to fly;
 And sprightly WALSTEIN, in her beauty's hey-day,
 Played that most difficult of parts, *The Lady*.
 Since FARRER bade adieu, ye critics tell
 Who—who perform'd the arduous task so well?
 And STEPHENS pour'd her sweetest warblings here,
 The seraph tones still vibrate on the ear ;
 And, ere she fill'd the highest niche of fame,
 Our praise prophetic of her future name,
 Here, fair O'NEIL, with native feeling charm'd,
 And won the wisest, and the coldest warm'd—
 And now, mature in honors, flings the light
 Of setting radiance on our closing night.'

You, too, our patrons, never sued in vain
 For kindness, critic censure to restrain :
 You fann'd each hope, and silenced every fear,
 And cheer'd with beauty's smile, and still more flattering tear.
 Oh! while this breath I draw, my grateful mind
 Shall cherish all those scenes have left behind,
 Full oft shall fancy bring them to my view,
 And memory, lingering, half their joys renew.
 So, when Death claims some victim for the tomb,
 And loveliness consigns to early doom,
 With mental eye the widow'd partner sees
 Her imag'd form—he hears her in the breeze—
 Entranc'd in fond regret, his feelings know
 A charm in grief, a luxury in woe,
 And thrill with second rapture wandering o'er
 All that had won, and all that had pleased before :
 Such solace still remains, and just gives strength
 To utter what we must pronounce at length,
 While to the utmost bound our bosoms swell,
 And quivering lips scarce falter—' Friends, farewell ! ' "

A few days after the closing of the Theatre a farewell dinner was given in the Hibernian Hotel, Kilkenny ; Richard Power was the chairman. It was attended by all the members of the theatrical company, and, as a honorary member, by Lord Prudhoe, the present Duke of Northumberland. The toasts were the King—the Prince of Wales—the Duke of York—the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—the Stage—the Memory of the Kilkenny Theatrical Society—the Memory of Shakespeare. Whilst the latter toast was being spoken to, it was announced

that Miss O'Neil had arrived at the Hotel, where she was to stop for the night on her route to Cork from Dublin, and a deputation of the members left the dinner table to congratulate her upon her late performance; and her brother, Mr. R. O'Neil, who accompanied her, was invited to return with the deputation to the Banquet, where he had the satisfaction of hearing his celebrated sister's health ably and eloquently proposed. The other toasts were, Sir Robert Langrishe—the Countess of Ormond—Mr. John Power and Foxhunting—Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons—Lord Prudhoe—the President—Mr. Rothe—Mr. Becher—Mr. Crampton—Lord Monck, and the other members of the Society—Mr. Corry, the Secretary—Mr. Clarke, the Stage Manager—Charles Bannister and Charles Mathews.*

We have dwelt upon this subject, because we know it relates to a period of the life of Charles Kendal Bushe, to which he ever looked back with pleasure; and because we believe that he respected, most sincerely, many of those whose names have appeared in our sketch of these theatricals.† Of one of the members, Mr. Richard Power, he proved his friendship and respect by the following exquisite tribute, appended to Mr. Corry's book already quoted, which showed Bushe to possess, as Corry wrote, "one of the best and warmest hearts, united with the finest talents, that Ireland ever produced:"—

When it is recollected that Richard Power did not belong to any profession—never engaged in politics—filled no office—occupied none of these stations, the duties of which bring men under the observation of the public, it may seem extraordinary to those who did not know him, that his protracted sickness should have excited an interest so intense, and that his death should have produced a sensation of general regret. These feelings, however, expressed the loss sustained by society in private life, by the death of one of its worthiest members and greatest ornaments. It would be great injustice to his higher claims upon the attachment of his many friends,

* Mathews had witnessed the performances in the Season of 1818.

† If any defence of Bushe's support of this amusement were necessary, we might plead that "the mighty searcher of courts, who stripped the leaves off the sceptre of tyrants, and showed the naked iron underneath"—Nicholas Machiavelli, was an amateur actor of comic parts, and a comic writer of great ability—finding an able second in the great historian and Governor of Modena—Francis Guicciardini. Machiavelli states that his own comic powers made the Pope and Cardinals, "smascellarsi della risa."

to enlarge upon the accomplishments of a mind embellished by a cultivation of the fine arts, directed by a correct taste, and imparting to his conversation, that grace, without effort and talent, without display, for which he was distinguished. Talents and acquirements are of small account in the estimation of those, who mourn their departed worth with a sorrow justified by the moral excellence of him whom they deplore. His principles were pure, his view of honor high, his affections generous and kind. In the domestic connections he was a kind relation—in his closer intimacies, the steadiest and most devoted friend; in his general intercourse, frank, cordial, and conciliating. It was truly said of him, that he “never made an enemy, or lost a friend;” and in a country distracted by civil and religious discord, a man could not be found of any sect or party who felt unkindly towards him; yet this popularity was not caused by the compliances of a mind or assenting character: he had a benevolence of disposition, which made it a pleasure to him to make others happy, and he shrank from giving pain almost with the same instinct that men shrink from suffering it. This made him prompt to approve and slow to censure; indulgent to error, and encouraging to merit; yet there was something about him that repelled whatever was sordid or mean; and where firmness was required, his integrity was uncompromising, and his courage not to be shaken. Upon these qualities his afflicted friends will long meditate; but in the words of his favorite author:—

‘ ——— to add greater honors to his age,
Than man could give him—he died fearing God.’

A mortal and wasting disease had, in the midst of health, prosperity and enjoyments, fastened on his life, which for more than three years, he sustained with a patience that mere philosophy could not inspire. In that dreadful trial, his mind was propped by faith in revealed religion, as his heart was imbued with all the charities which it inculcates: and those who witnessed his sufferings, can never, whilst they live, forget the serene temper, and the sublime, yet humble and pious resignation, with which he endured them. It is a trite and inaccurate expression to say, that, by a memorial such as this, justice is rendered to the memory of one who is gone to a better world. The spirit, separated from earth, requires no such justice at our hands, and soars above the low considerations of praise or censure. With us, however, who survive, human passions remain, and a melancholy gratification of the bent of our feeling is derived from the performance of such a duty, and by indulging in the praises of a departed friend, however vain and unavailing to the dead. Nor yet unprofitable are such tributes. If even a fictitious standard of excellence has been considered useful for the contemplation and imitation of mankind, how much more inviting must it be to hold up to emulation the actual virtues of a real character, as an example of what is not only excellent, but attainable? If any young man upon whom the world is now opening, is desirous of aspiring to the distinction and renown which its higher pursuits may bestow, should feel the sounder and soberer ambition of devoting himself to the duties and

enjoyments of private life—if he wish to improve his understanding, and refine his taste by liberal and elegant cultivation—and to expand his heart by the practice of all that is amiable in the social virtues—from youth to age, to be surrounded by troops of friends, and at his death to deserve the respect of the estimable and the honorable—in short, to be all that is comprehended in the character of a good man, and a perfect gentleman, let him study the model which Richard Power has left behind him.

We have written that Bushe's judicial life was not in any degree remarkable, the chief event which distinguished it was the case of Richard Barrett: it was tried in the King's Bench, where O'Connell appeared for the defendant.

When the Marquis of Anglesea retired from the Viceroyalty of this country, in September 1833, he was succeeded by the Marquis Wellesley, who then came to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, for the second time. O'Connell was in the full tide of his popularity, and in the full exercise of his Tribunitial, or it may be written, his Kingly sway. The Roman Catholics, freed from those galling restraints which had so lately, as they considered, oppressed them, and incited by Fergus O'Connor, and the *ruck* of that remnant of the old Catholic Association, who loved, either for the sake of profit or excitement, the turmoil of violent politics, had placed themselves again within the power of the law. Lord Anglesea had tried to crush the popular party by political prosecutions; Marquis Wellesley was inclined to follow the practice of his predecessor. Blackburne, as staunch and stern in his views regarding the interests of the country, as he was learned in such constitutional law as had been conceded to her, held, under the Wellesley Viceroyalty, the office of Attorney General, to which he had been called by the Marquis of Anglesea.

Barrett's case came on for trial in the King's Bench, in Michaelmas Term, 1833; it had been arranged that Sheil should defend, as we know he was anxious to do, the traverser; but, a very few hours before the day of trial, O'Connell resolved to lead in person, and he was right. It was with him, the man who had beaten the hostile Government, and who could say with Cicero—"Togati me uno togato duce et imperatore vicistis," a point of honor to bear scatheless, if possible, from that Court the friend who had refused, at his grievous peril, to give to the Government a legal proof that O'Connell was the writer of certain obnoxious letters. Upon the day of trial, the Court

and Hall were crowded more densely than on any former occasion. The jury was evidently an unfavorable one, and the Crown Counsel were vigorous, able, and determined. O'Connell, however, measured—as only he, and the late Lord Abinger, could measure—the strong points of a client's case, and the salient weaknesses of the jury.

He cajoled them, and talked of their virtue, their honor, their nationality, hurled a fierce invective against the Whigs, became more violent and seditious than the accused Barrett, and applying himself to the then great question, Repeal of the Union, quoted fierce speeches of Plunket against that measure, recalled the arguments urged against it by Richard Jebb, who was then the third Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, and who had written, that “you may track Ireland through the Statute Book, as you follow a wounded man through a crowd, by blood.”

Bushe, whilst listening to this address, seemed terrified at the thought of the possible climax which O'Connell might introduce, after all these specimens of patriotic eloquence, and imperishable records of opinion. Having quoted that tremendous burst of Plunket, in which he declares, speaking of the Union—“for my part, I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence, and with the last drop of my blood; and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching, I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom.” O'Connell cried—“Who was it that spoke this—that very Lord Chancellor Plunket, under whose special auspices this prosecution has been got up against my client. But do I rely upon his testimony, shall I conclude my list of authorities with him? No, there is another witness I will call to stand forward, to testify against the means by which this abhorred measure was carried. Listen, gentlemen, to this passage:—

I strip this formidable measure of all its pretences and its aggravations; I look at it nakedly and abstractedly, and I see nothing in it but one question—*will you give up the country?* I forget for a moment the unprincipled means by which it has been promoted, I pass by for an instant the unseasonable moment at which it was introduced, and the contempt of parliament upon which it is bottomed, and I look upon it simply as England reclaiming, in a moment of your weakness, that dominion which you extorted from her in a moment of your virtue, a dominion which she uniformly abused, which invariably oppressed and impoverished you; and from the cessation

of which you date all your prosperity. It is a measure which goes to degrade the country, by saying it is unworthy to govern itself, and to stultify the Parliament, by saying it is unworthy to govern the country. It is the revival of the odious and absurd title of conquest; it is the renewal of the abominable distinction between mother country and colony, which lost America; it is the denial of the rights of nature to a great nation; from an intolerance of its prosperity. No man would be so frantic as to state as an abstract proposition that Ireland is physically disfranchised from the common privileges of nations. If you stated to a native of a foreign nation that a country containing a population of nearly five millions of inhabitants, and a territory of nearly nineteen millions of English acres, inhabited by a brave and generous people, blest by nature with a fertile soil, and every aptitude for commercial prosperity and domestic wealth, was physically incapable of governing itself, that foreigner would laugh at you. If you stated that a country containing relatively nearly a half of the population of Great Britain, though scarcely a third of its territory, and containing a metropolis at least the fourth city in Europe, exceeding in extent and population the capitals of his majesty's imperial allies, the Emperors of Russia and Germany, was by nature doomed to provincial inferiority, and was radically disqualified from governing itself, you would pronounce a libel upon a bountiful Providence, and a libel that would not be endured.

All the Bar, and most of the auditors, knew by whom the language had been uttered, and when O'Connell had concluded, he thundered forth, "Gentlemen of the Jury, by whom were these words uttered? By the illustrious member for Callan, CHARLES KENDAL BUSHE." It was a painful scene, and as O'Connell paused, a low murmur, in which pity, admiration, and sorrow were commingled, rose upon the ear of the aged Judge, and as thoughts of the old time came back upon him, he bent over his desk to conceal his agitation, it has been said—to hide his tears. O'Connell's efforts were vain, and Barrett was convicted.

Some men have stated that after the Union Bushe forgot his patriotism, and was lulled into acquiescence with what he had formerly considered a crime, by the gift of the Solicitor Generalship. It has been asserted also, that in the Government prosecutions of the Roman Catholics, he seemed, as the advocate of the Crown, to forget the great principles of religious freedom which he had formerly enunciated.—But, in these charges, there was no truth. He thought, that in the passing of the Union measure, all hope for Ireland was lost for ever; and having struggled bravely, uncompromisingly, and disinterestedly,

whilst Ireland was independent, he bowed, sorrow-stricken and spiritless, beneath the disgrace which the venality of her last Parliament, and the persevering and shameless bribery of the Minister, had hurled upon Ireland. Nobly does the younger Grattan vindicate him when he writes :—

“ With a genius such as few men possess and few countries can boast of—with a ready humour, a playful and ardent disposition—with more of the milk of human nature than falls to the lot of most men—and with fewer of their faults, though with some of their errors and their weaknesses—was Charles Kendal Bushe. He was passionately fond of literature, his mind was cultivated and polished in the extreme, his manner of reading was charming—it was a display of taste and elegance—his mode of narrating was excellent—he never fell into the common error which shows the vulgar mind, making the circumstance the point and the point the circumstance. As an orator—graceful, fluent, plausible, and zealous—he clothed his ideas in a garb of rich and overflowing eloquence ; with a voice that charmed, he modulated its tones so as to fall upon the ear with softness and almost with the sweetness of melody ; when he spoke his eye kindled, and a glare of fire animated his entire frame, and almost communicated itself to his auditors. He could depress or elevate his tones with singular felicity, and assume the grave or the gay character of speech with such happy success that the most polished actor could not surpass him. Few were blessed by Providence with talents like those of Bushe, and few could boast of such noble and disinterested conduct as that which he displayed at this trying and momentous crisis. His public life almost began at the Union ; he began well and never spoke better. His case was peculiar and interesting, and, for his character and that of his country, deserves to be recorded. His father had died owing considerable debts, which his son was not, however, in law bound to pay ; but he considered that he was so in honour, and though encumbered by a large family, without fortune of his own, and with small professional rank at the time, he discharged them all. Aware of his situation, the political vampire who then ruled—the spoliator of public honour and of private fame—summoned one of the familiars whom he kept in waiting to bribe the pen, to seduce the virtuous, and to entrap the unwary ; he dispatched him to Charles Kendal Bushe. The offer was made,—any sum, any terms that would be asked were to be complied with : but he refused every temptation. After this interview, when he reflected on the state of his affairs in ruin, and beheld his family so straitened in circumstances, (he stated this to me himself)—‘ I threw myself in my chair, and for a moment almost doubted whether it was right in me to keep in such a state so many human beings, when I thought on the splendid offers I had refused,—offers that astonished, almost bewildered me.’ Charles Bushe was incorruptible,—he saved his honour ; he would have saved his country too ; and the doubt of which he spoke was the mere caprice of his fancy. Had his distress and his temptation been multiplied a hundred fold, he would have remained pure.”

As to Bushe's forgetfulness of his old principles of religious freedom, the best answer to the charge is, that he thought of the Roman Catholics in the same light as their best and truest friends had been forced to place them. Until Daniel O'Connell became the leader of his party, and brought to their aid all the power of that soaring, happy audacity—that tremendous gift of popular eloquence—and that indomitable perseverance, which through his wondrous career, were his characteristics, the Roman Catholics, as a party, were divided and weak, and undecided and worthless; they were ungrateful to every friend who had supported them, and fully justified the observations of the illustrious John Philpot Curran, who, in a letter to his friend Lubé, dated Paris, and now first published, writes:—

“You cannot believe the transition from sympathy to detestation, which we have excited in England—and hatred of our barbarism—a contempt of our strength, which has acted only upon and against ourselves. I see only one way of getting out. If Ireland had the modesty and firmness to disclaim all that had been done and said in her name, perhaps it might have some effect in bringing back our friends and disarming our enemies. I think the people of sense and property, who were really scared away, ought to present a petition, signed only by their own class. It ought to disavow all that could truly be denied; it ought to impeach no one. I do not myself impute guilt of intention to those who even have stabbed the hopes and character of Ireland to the heart—innocence ought to plead for mistake.—Besides, there should be no tone of crimination—no air of King's evidence. When I look back on what the Board has done, my shame and surprise are still increased. They met for petition—they were too busy for that, but they had time for everything else; they became a court of the most formidable attainder—arraignment without notice, and conviction without proof—sentence against character and person—the victim proclaimed an outlaw—the executive magistrate tried and stigmatized. Good God! Men calling themselves gentlemen, and proud of the manly delicacy of the national character, to force themselves into a bed-chamber, and sit in judgment between the husband and wife, and that on a question on which those nearest to the parties knew little, and of which these self-appointed judges knew nothing, and whose sentence was nothing but a proclamation of malice and folly; and that really would have served the object, if our wretched island had not been too much of a bedlam to give even an exculpatory credit to their charges. They defied Dr. Milner for the very reason why they should have left him where he was—namely, because he was deserted by the English Catholics. In their persecution of Lalor and Caulfield, they openly attacked whatever right of election remained. They attacked their most tried friends in Parliament—Canning not an honest man—

Grattan a fool—Castlereagh a knave—Plunket a deserter. They abused the English Catholics, under whose long and tried character of property and allegiance our cause might have found shelter. They employ Lord Donoughmore and Mr. Grattan, and insult them both—and that in a way marking their utter ignorance of Parliamentary proceedings, as well as personal decorum. They petition the Legislature; and, while they are on their knees in civil supplication, they mix with their prayer the menaces of commercial war. A fine time, no doubt, for nonconsumption combinations! When the same was tried before we were found unequal to resist the adverse weight of British capital defensively and vindictively employed against us; the consumer here was sacrificed to the avarice, and the poor labouring artists to the arrogance of an unfeeling master manufacturer. I remember myself, when a coat cost three times its value, and that of the worst fabric and materials. No man can see, without pain, the depression under which our manufacturers are held; but nothing that does not go to the root of the evil, our want of capital, will ever relieve us; and nothing, but the slow operation of a fostering legislature, removing cruel and impolitic restraints, can have the least tendency to our benefit. But, provided, we could set up the throats of the Liberty, we were perfectly regardless of their interest. Our lower orders, God help them! how easily can every quack deceive them! Their misery might be softened, by taking a reasonable rent for their farms, by easing them of tythes; these sacrifices, perhaps, can scarcely be hoped from priests and landlords; our clergy have been up in arms against any relief, or even temporary encouragement to the reclamer, however to their own ultimate benefit. Our peasantry must, therefore, for ever be a mere drug; whatever the landlord chooses to demand for his land must be paid, till trade shall become a bidder against him, and so extinguish the monopoly of our grandees. But what measure did our reformers propose with any such design? Certainly none. Do not mistake me. I do not mean that anything, save the petition, should have been mentioned at that Board, but, I mean, that their silence on the real causes and remedies of our sufferings, shews them grossly ignorant or regardless of them. So far as they alluded at all to these subjects, the tendency was merely to inflame—to make our lower orders turbulent and furious, and so far expose them as unfit as undeserving of mild or rational treatment; but these notables thought they were raising themselves by the apery of legislation—by appealing to the mob upon points of law and constitution. They replied in their meetings to the speeches in Parliament, and finally, and I see no apology that can be made for it, they embroil the country still more by forcing upon it points exclusively religious, and with which the laity should not have presumed to meddle. First, they complain, that the great mass of the people, and that most truly, are kept in a degree of ignorance unknown in any other region of the earth. And next, they call upon these honorary theologians, upon this very barbarized mass, to decide upon the veto as a most profound point of clerical difficulty. With respect to the clergy themselves, a most respectable order, this has been peculiarly

unfeeling—for reasons in which, I remember, you agreed. It has involved them in cruel and unjust suspicion on all sides, lessening their credit with the high, and their authority with the humble. And see the fruits of all this—no member of either House would venture to stir our question, and, instead, of an extension of civil rights, we get the Insurrection Act passed, without opposition, and, enabling Government, by a single dash of the pen, to put Ireland in a state such as the world never saw. All our affection was for our beloved prelates, and our dear poor orders; and upon these, peculiarly, have we pulled down these horrors. A man of property may roll home drunk in his chariot, and laugh at the curfew; but what shelter has the poor man to save him from such a pitiless storm? But the gangrene sinks still deeper; the spirit of the Government springs directly from that of the law. Now, this last act can be justified on no human ground, except that the nation is peopled by monsters that must be ruled like beasts. See here the deplorable state of our poorer people. God help them! they are always ultimately the sufferers—they are the cards with which gambling adventurers play; they never fail to be soiled during the game, and after it to be flung into the fire. No matter what abuse may be committed in the exercise of such an act. What appeal can we make?—what a number of men have we among us, who will look to fortune and power by sharpening its edge? To what a frightful union between the judicial and the executive must it lead?—an union peculiarly formidable in a province, and, at a time when sayings of our courts, whether truly or falsely, are circulated, stating, that our people are so ferociated that civil justice will no longer do? No doubt the public mind has been not a little disturbed. And what else could be expected from the perpetual efforts to irritate? But I should never have done if I thought to have exhausted this killing subject. I shall, for the present, only add a word. England must know that war (and very soon) is possible; that her darling France, by nature her enemy, and the Peninsula, and the Continent, too, may join with America in defending their maritime rights against her maritime claims. It would be no new alliance. If she has common sense she must see, that justice and prudence would recommend to her not to make the straight waistcoat the common dress of Ireland for ever. But, such an hope would surely be much ripened, if we made her understand, that what has been done and said of late is not to be attributed to the honest or thinking class of our people, that we have not the remotest idea of severing the connexion, or attacking her religion.”

So Curran looked upon the conduct of the Roman Catholic party in August, 1815. In the April of the same year, Thomas Moore wrote to Lady Donegal:—“If there is anything in the world I have been detesting and despising more than another for this long time past, it has been those very Dublin politicians whom you so fear I should associate with. I do

not think a good cause was ever ruined by a more bigoted, brawling, and disgusting set of demagogues."

Thus has Bushe been nobly vindicated. He, and the men cast in the same mould of honor, patriotism, and eloquence, battled for Irish independence whilst a hope remained. They might, it is true, have continued, what in Ireland, is called patriots, but what might, with greater propriety, be called selfish, factious demagogues, ready to promise all to please a party, whilst prepared to sell that party to the highest bidding Minister. The Roman Catholics, as we have shown, from the opinions of their own friends, were ignorant of that strength which is in union. They forgot that for the Bible and the Covenant, the hardy Scotch, with claymore in hand, and foot upon the heather, had baffled all the power of England, and had wrung from her the concession of an independent religion; but broken and disunited as the people of this country were, from 1798 to 1820, no former friend could be called traitor who was silent in their cause. He who *had* battled for them, and then stepped from his path again to aid them, was like the sailor who fights his ship till she lies a drifting hulk upon the waters, and then runs her amongst the breakers. Henry Grattan, "the ever glorious," was the last and truest of their old friends. Despite their ingratitude, he was ready to serve them to the latest hour of his life, and he forgot that their Petition had been taken from his hands, and entrusted to Parnell as their chosen advocate.

As a judge, Bushe was merciful, and, owing to an incident in his early career as a lawyer, he was somewhat slow to convict on circumstantial evidence. A short time after his call to the Bar, he was retained at the Wexford Assizes to defend a prisoner accused of murder. The victim's name was Walter Meyler, and it was supposed that he had been killed by a party of rebels, of whom one became an approver, and was the chief witness for the Crown. Like most approvers, the witness was correct and careful in all his details. He stated that the body of Meyler had been buried close by the sea, and this evidence was corroborated by some laborers who had found a dead body on the shore, wrapped in a coat of the same texture and color as that stated to have been worn by the deceased. Bushe neither cross-examined a witness, nor called evidence upon the part of his client, and before the judge commenced his charge, the jury stated that they were prepared with their

verdict. Bushe said, "Wait a moment, gentlemen—did any of you know Walter Meyler, the deceased?" The reply was, that all the jury knew him well—and immediately Bushe shouted, to the dismay of the auditors, "Walter Meyler, come into Court;" the supposed deceased rushed upon the table, and pointing to him, Bushe exclaimed—"There, Gentlemen, is my defence."

It appeared that Meyler had offended some rebellious society, existing in 1798, at Wexford, and fearing the revenge of the members, had fled to America for safety. Several persons were murdered by the society, and it was supposed that Meyler formed another victim. The rebellion passed over; and Meyler returned to Ireland, and arrived in Wexford a few hours before the trial. Bushe, being willing to excite some sensation in Court, had kept this fact a secret, and thus, with theatric effect, saved his client, who, but for the fortunate return of Meyler, would have formed another unhappy instance of an unjust conviction upon circumstantial evidence.

Than Bushe, few men were more honored and respected by all parties; the charge of partiality or of neglect has never been urged in his case; and he endeavoured to bear with him to the Bench the urbanity, gentleness, and graciousness that distinguished him in private life. During the twenty-two years in which he held the post of Chief Justice, his Court was never disturbed by unseemly squabbles with the seniors, whilst to the juniors of the profession, his deportment was ever marked by that kindness and condescension which are now so estimable in Mr. Justice Crampton, and the Lord Chief Baron.

He had the satisfaction of seeing his family spring up around him, happy and respected; and, through his own exertions, he was enabled to surmount all his difficulties, and re-purchase the house in which he was born, and the estate which had been in the possession of his father. He had ten children, four sons and six daughters; one of the latter was married to the late Charles Michael Fox,* who died in Bushe's life time, another to Sir Josiah Coghlin, a third daughter married the Hon. John Plunket.

* Mr. Fox reported, conjointly with the present Master of the Rolls, the cases known as Fox and Smith's Reports. Mr. Fox was son of the late Judge Fox.

In his home life Bushe was fully as estimable, as those most estimable men, Sir Walter Scott and Robert Southey. It was his custom to set aside his mornings for professional reading, or to the preparation of such business as his position required, and to family prayers; and before dinner he rode or walked. If time afforded the opportunity, he employed himself in reading or writing for amusement, and at dinner he delighted in the company of his family, and of a few friends with whom congeniality of thought and community of opinion made association charming. He loved philosophical and metaphysical inquiries, and could say with Robert Boyle, "the things for which I hold life valuable, are the satisfaction that accrues from the improvement of knowledge, and the exercise of piety." His little tract, entitled *A Summary View of the Evidences of Christianity*, and published after his death, proves that he was fully as able a defender of revealed religion as another great orator, and legal advocate—Erskine. From Bushe's tract we give the following extract:—

The first thing that I require from the sceptic is, that he should, with precision, ascertain the limits of his own scepticism. Is he an atheist, or only a deist? This question may startle many who would indignantlly repel the imputation of atheism, but who are little aware how inevitably some of the most plausible of the deistical arguments lead to it. Many are not aware of this, and do not see the gulf before them; while others, like Hume, have plunged into it, rather than retrace their steps. It is, therefore, necessary to fix, upon a firm foundation, the belief in a Supreme Being, who made and governs the universe, and not leave it resting upon loose and indefinite impressions. That position, once established, will be found a citadel upon which, during the contest, you may always retire, and from whence you may always be supplied with fresh forces. For that purpose, begin by reading Paley's *Theology*, a work of singular ability and beauty, demonstrating from the inspection of the visible world, and the proofs of design and contrivance with which it abounds, the existence of a Creator of the universe, many of whose stupendous works the organs of man, unassisted by the telescope or microscope, cannot discover; and the vastness and minuteness of whose providences are equally beyond the comprehension of the human mind. You will rise from the study of that book with an awful delight, but you will not be aware of the most valuable lesson which it teaches, until you shall have recollected (although no doubt remains upon your mind of the existence of a God) that you have not advanced a step in learning by what means the wonderful works of creation were accomplished, or upon what principles it is conducted and preserved. You will then have ascertained your own ignorance, which (as was wisely

said by a heathen) "is of itself great knowledge;" and in the progress of your inquiry, you will remember this proposition—that God exists, and that he made and governs the world, although you do not know him; and you will find *this* a basis upon which much is built and firmly established. Intimately connected with this truth is the next step which I advise you to take in your inquiry—namely, to examine what some persons represent as preliminary insurmountable obstacles to the belief of Christianity, from a supposed repugnance to human reason in the mystery of redemption. Amongst many other things, they say that permission of evil in a world which the Omnipotent Creator might have made without it; that the suffering of all Adam's descendants for his crime, for which they are not guilty; that the atonement for sin by the sacrifice, of not merely an innocent, but a meritorious being; that eternity of punishment for offences not proportioned to such a sanction; and that the insufficiency of a revelation, which did not appear for many thousand years after the world was created, and had been at the end of nearly two thousand years only communicated to a portion of its inhabitants, amongst many of whom it is still a subject of doubt and controversy, while to a considerable part of the globe it is as yet utterly unknown;—are all so many instances of something so utterly inconsistent with, and revolting to, justice and reason, that no quantity of evidence can satisfy the mind of the truth and divinity of a system so radically inequitable and absurd. You will find in Bishop Butler's *Analogy* an irresistible answer to these difficulties. It is a most able work. The style, however, is not captivating or popular, and therefore the reasoning, which is both subtle and profound, cannot always be at once collected, even by the most attentive reader, and never can be comprehended in a careless and superficial perusal: you must, however, dig in the mine, for it is a mine of wealth.

In writing thus, he proved how truly Lord Bacon judged, when he proclaimed in his great work that, "There are two principal services, besides ornament and illustration, which philosophy and human learning perform to religion; the one consists in effectually exciting to the exaltation of God's glory, the other affording a singular preservation against unbelief and error."

In the year 1839, Bushe was summoned to London for the purpose of being examined before a Committee of the House of Lords upon the state of Ireland. Lord Brougham met him, and writes:—

"No one who heard the very remarkable examination of Chief Justice Bushe could avoid forming the most exalted estimate of his judicial talents. Many of the questions to which he necessarily addressed himself, were involved in party controversy, kindling on one side and the other great heats; yet never was a more calm or a more fair tone than that which he took and throughout preserved.

Some of the points were of great nicety ; but the discrimination with which he handled them was such as seemed to remove all difficulty, and dispel whatever obscurity clouded the subject. The choice of his words was most felicitous ; it always seemed as if the form of expression was selected which was the most peculiarly adapted to convey the meaning, with perfect simplicity and without the least matter of exaggeration or of softening. The manner of speaking each sentence, too, betokened an anxiety to give the very truth, and the slowness oftentimes showed that each word was cautiously weighed. There was shed over the whole the grace of a delivery altogether singular for its combined suavity and dignity. All that one had heard of the wonderful fascination of his manner, both at the bar and upon the bench, became easily credible to those who heard his evidence."

On this occasion he was received with honor, and with a very gratifying display of regard, by some of the most illustrious men of our time. Lord Brougham was amongst the most noted of these ; he invited Bushe to a dinner given solely as a mark of respect for him. Bushe was unwilling to accept the invitation, and, to his old friend Charles Phillips, who was requested to use his influence to induce him to comply, he endeavoured to excuse himself by saying that—he felt in a strange place—infirmities were growing upon him—there could be no old associations in such a company—for the last four years, he had never dined out of his own house. At length, however, he did consent to join the party in Grafton-street, at which there were present, beside the host, Lords Abinger and Denman, Chief Justice Tyndal, Lord Lyndhurst, and Chief Justice Doherty.

Referring to this entertainment which has, with great propriety, been called "The Dinner of the Chiefs," Lord Brougham writes of Bushe :—

"If we followed him into the circle of private society, the gratification was exceedingly great. Nothing, indeed, could be more delightful ; for his conversation made no effort, not the least attempt at display, and the few moments that he spoke at a time, all persons wished to have been indefinitely prolonged. There was a conciseness and point in his expressions which none who heard him could forget. The power of narrative which so greatly distinguished him at the Bar was marvellously shown in his familiar conversation ; but the shortness, the condensation, formed perhaps the feature that took most hold of the hearer's memory. They who passed one of his evenings with him during that visit to London will not easily forget an instance of this matchless faculty, and, at the hazard of doing it injustice, I must endeavour here to preserve it. He was describing a

Gascon who had sent him wine, which was destroyed at the Custom House fire in Dublin, and he contrived to comprise in a few sentences, to all appearance naturally and without effort, his narrative of the proceeding, with two documents, and the point. 'He had sent me wine which was consumed in the Custom House fire, and he wrote to condole with me on the loss to the public, but especially of the wine, which, he said, he found was by law at the purchaser's risk. I answered, and offered as some consolation to him the assurance that by law it was at the risk of the seller.'"

In society, Bushe was gay, witty, and, what in England would be considered, jovial. He was quick in repartee, and his bon mots and epigrams were clever and cutting. As a specimen of his satirical genius, one who knew him well writes:—

"When the Ecclesiastical Board was established in Dublin, the Commissioners met to choose its officers. Amongst those members who attended, there were two eminent and truly grateful prelates, upon whom the individual merits of the candidates were pressed. The candid answer was, that 'owing their mitres to the minister, they felt bound to support his nominees.' On this somewhat startling announcement, Bushe quietly wrote across to Lord Plunket—'It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves. We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.' On the Leinster circuit, the Bar were once prevented by a violent storm from crossing a ferry called Ballinlaw. Amongst its members there was a Mr. Caesar Colclough, whose usual travelling appendages consisted of a pair of saddle-bags. Magnanimously heedless of danger, he flung the *luggage* into the boat, and ordered that it should proceed. Bushe, somewhat disconcerted, penned his revenge in the following impromptu:—

'While meaner souls the tempest keeps in awe,
Intrepid Colclough, crossing Ballinlaw,
Shouts to the boatman, shivering in his rage,
'You carry Caesar—and—his saddle-bags.'

A relative of Bushe's, not remarkable for his Hindoo ablutions, once applied to him for a remedy for a sore throat. 'Why,' said Bushe gravely, 'fill a pail with water as warmly as you can bear it till it reaches up to your knees; then take a pint of oatmeal and scrub your legs with it for a quarter of an hour.' 'Why, hang it man,' interrupted the other, 'this is nothing more than *washing one's feet*.' 'Certainly, my dear John,' said he, 'I do admit it is *open to that objection*.' There is an impromptu of his upon two political agitators of the day, who had declined an appeal to arms, one on account of his wife, the other from the affection in which he held his daughter.—

'Two heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,
Improved on the Hebrew command;
One honored his wife, and the other his daughter,
That their days might be long in the land.'

* In power of sarcasm, Bushe was not equal to Plunket. On the

Bushe did not appear in Court after Trinity Term, 1841; and in Michaelmas Term, of the same year, he was succeeded by Edward Pennefather. Previous to his resignation, upon the 4th of November, the following address, drawn up by Ex-Chancellor Blackburne, then Attorney-General—was pre-

formation of "All the Talents" Ministry, Plunket was absent from the Court of Chancery one day, when a case in which he was counsel was called. Bushe, who was accused at the time of being willing to join *any* party in power, apologized for Plunket's absence by saying, "I believe, my lord, he is '*Cabinet making*.'" When Plunket, at length, entered the Court, the Chancellor informed him of the excuse made, when he said, "Oh, indeed, my Lord, that is an occupation in which my learned friend would distance me, as I was never either a *turner* or a *joiner*." We have heard it frequently asserted that Lord Plunket has said "History is only an old Almanac;" we take this opportunity of showing the error of the assertion. In *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, Vol. XII. N. S. p. 808, in the debate on Sir Francis Burdett's motion for a Committee on the Roman Catholic Claims—February 28, 1825—Plunket spoke thus:—"Time, as had been said by one of the clearest observers of its effects, was the greatest innovator of all. While man would sleep or stop in his career, the course of time was rapidly changing the aspect of all human affairs. All that a wise Government could do was to keep as close as possible to the wings of time, to watch his progress, and accommodate his motion to their flight. Arrest his course they could not; but they might vary the forms and aspects of their institutions, so as to reflect his varying aspects and forms. If this were not the spirit which animated them, philosophy would be impertinent, *and history no better than an old almanack*. The riches of knowledge would serve them no better than the false money of a swindler, put upon them at a value which once circulated, but had long since ceased." Mr. Secretary Peel, at page 820, replies—"My right hon. friend says, he would not convert the philosophy of history into a miserable almanack, or represent experience as a swindler passing base money upon mankind. I agree with him, and I look back to history for the instructive lesson it affords, and would consult experience upon the abuses of power in all ages." A portion of this extract, which we have put in italics, has been considered very clever and approaching somewhat to an aphorism, but it is not original; thirty-four years before Plunket spoke it, Boswell had published, in his *Life of Johnson*, the following remarks: "*Johnson*. We must consider how very little history there is; I mean real authentic history. That certain kings reigned, and certain battles were fought, we can depend upon as true; but all the colouring, all the philosophy of history is conjecture. *Boswell*. Then, sir, you would reduce all history to be no better than an almanack, a mere chronological series of remarkable events." Croker's *Boswell's Johnson*, Vol. III. p. 241. Ed. 1831. Whether Boswell had ever seen the remark of Mercier, in his *Nouveau Tableau de Paris*, that "*Malet du Pau's* and such like histories of the Revolution, are no better than an old almanack," we know not; the observations of Boswell and of Lord Plunket may be, as Johnson would say, "a proof of coincidence, sir, but not of plagiarism."

sented to Bushe in the Library of the Four Courts. It was read by Blackburne,* and signed by the late Thomas Dickson, Q.C., Father of the Bar. The entire body of the profession attended.

ADDRESS.

"Sir,—The Bar of Ireland cannot regard your retirement from the Bench on which you have so long presided, without feelings of the deepest interest. While we fervently hope it may contribute to promote your health and happiness, we would avail ourselves of it as an occasion on which to express the sincere, grateful, and affectionate respect which we have ever felt for you, and which can never cease to be associated with the memory of one so beloved, so honored, and revered. It is to us a source of the purest gratification to offer our testimony and tribute to those distinguished qualities, social, moral, and intellectual, which carried delight and instruction into every circle within their influence, and which formed your title to the pre-eminence so justly and universally accorded to you. There is not a stage or period of your life in which we can fail to discover proofs of your eminent abilities and acquirements. Our University conferred on you her highest honors; the Historical Society recorded your proficiency in all its literary pursuits; and both gave the early but certain promise of that brilliant career at the Bar, in the Senate, and on the Bench, by which you afterwards became the pride and ornament of your country. As an orator, in the opinion of many, you surpassed all your illustrious cotemporaries; while those who thought you but the rival of the most eminent of them, conferred on you an honor that might have satisfied the ambition of any man. Deriving from the richest gifts of nature all the endowments essential to true eloquence, they were matured and perfected by culture and by study; and we witnessed in you a rare combination of mental powers and resources, which were yet to be rendered irresistible in their effects, by dignity and impressiveness of manner, voice, and action, which at once increased and mellowed the lustre which your commanding intellect shed on every subject on which its powers were exerted. The decisions of the Court of Queen's Bench, whilst you presided there, are, we believe, not inferior to those of any tribunal in the land; and though the learned and eminent persons whose co-operation and assistance you enjoyed, divide with you the praise which is due to learning, to talent, and to diligence, we can easily discover in your Lordship's judgments the pure and classic style, the lucid order and arrangement, which are discernible even in the loftiest, and most impassioned displays of your eloquence. For your

* It is a curious fact that Blackburn, who, as Attorney General, wrote, read, and presented this address to Bushe in 1841, should, in 1806, when only one year called, have been the only dissident, at the Bar meeting then held, to congratulate Curran upon his nomination to the Rolls. For an account of this affair see IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I. p. 386.

uniform patience, courtesy, and kindness, we are bound to offer you our most grateful acknowledgments; nor would we have thus regarded as a mere expression of personal obligation, acts emanating from pure kindness of nature, and the principles and habits of a gentleman; their influence has been felt in the whole administration of justice, and in fostering the talent and encouraging the exertions of the junior members of the profession. We now bid you farewell. If we have not done justice to your merits, the difficulty of the task must plead our excuse; but in whatever language it is conveyed, we feel that the sincerity of this Address will be its best claim to your acceptance.

Signed on behalf of the Bar of Ireland,

THOMAS DICKSON, Father."

To this Address, Bushe—"the old man eloquent"—spoke the following

ANSWER.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE IRISH BAR,—When I think of this unanimous Address of the assembled Irish Bar, their Father presiding, and her Majesty's Attorney-General leading; when I see that it is an Address abounding with kindness as it does, and liberal of praise bestowed on me by cultivated, and judicious, and honorable gentlemen;—I dare not venture in this place to do more than return my thanks; it would overpower me to state one-half of what I feel:—

— '*Leves curæ loquantur,
Ingentes stupent.*'

But in my retirement I shall turn to this document with fond and proud recollection; and it shall be a precious legacy to my children. One word, and no more. I should feel oppressed by the weight of praise undeserved, if I were to arrogate to myself merit that does not belong to me; and I well know that whatever satisfaction I was able to give in the discharge of my judicial duty, I was enabled to give it, by having sat for twenty years surrounded by venerable and learned Judges of my Court—I speak of the living and the dead:—and to that Bench, and to the gifted and enlightened Bar that practised before us, I give the thanks and praises that I owe. Not to have availed myself of such advantages would have manifested incompetence, or neglect, or presumption; and that I have profited by such opportunities, your favorable judgment forbids me to doubt. I feel, therefore, justly proud of such a tribute. But, honorable as such a tribute must be, its value has been increased by being conveyed to me in that affectionate and cordial spirit of unabated regard, to which, from youth to age, the partiality of my brother barristers has habituated me; and if, in returning thanks for this continuing kindness, I were to attempt particularizing, the effort would be vain. I should not know where to begin or where to stop; for, I thank God for it, I have had, and still have, that which should accompany old age—'honor, love, troops of friends.' To those friends I must now bid farewell. As individuals, may you be prosperous

and happy. As members of the Bar, may your influence, and station, and character, and independence, contribute to strengthen the foundation of that pure administration of justice which is indispensable to the maintenance of civil society among mankind."

Whilst the Address and Reply were being read, the Bar were grouped around the centre table of the old Library, and at the conclusion of the proceedings, Bushe withdrew through the large door, only opened on State occasions, supported by two of his sons.

It may be said that we have devoted too considerable a space to this memoir; but in all our biographical papers, we have aimed at the possibility of doing justice to those who formed the subjects of our sketches, and if from all, some man or some woman sprung from Ireland, and glorifying our country by genius or by worth, may live in the hearts of our people, our object will have been attained, and then the people of Ireland, who have forgotten, or who seem to have forgotten, all their old friends, for whom they shouted whilst living—Grattan, O'Connell, Moore, will show, as the sage of Malmesbury, Thomas Hobbes, writes: "The Signs of Honour are those by which we perceive that one man acknowledgeth the power and worth of another; such as these, to *praise*, to *magnify*, to *bless*." In preparing this memoir of Bushe we have felt a very considerable pleasure—Almost the last of a great era, he was honored to his grave, and in a time like this, when the absorption of our Law Courts, and of our Viceroyalty will be, and must be, attempted, for the purpose of carrying out the great scheme of centralization, it was but right, we thought, to show fully, how the Bar, the Irish Bar, acted on the occasion of that greatest scheme of centralization—the Union. Another point to which we would direct the attention of the Irish Bar is to that question recently agitated in England—*Should barristers act without the intervention of an attorney?* We know that many a weary heart beats under the gown of the barrister in the Four Courts; we know that Hope, term after term, grows weaker, as bills come in frequently, but briefs or cases, never, or rarely; we know that men may feel disgust, when they see legal office given as the price of political prostitution, or as the reward of time-serving or of meanness. But, when we look back to the past times, and whilst we consider the great judges our Bar has produced, we hope, we feel, that the first step toward the abrogation of that Bar will

not be taken by its own members. We trust that the time "when some traveller from New Zealand, in the midst of a vast solitude, takes his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's," will be the same as that period in which the Irish barrister shall act without the intervention of an attorney.—Then, when the New Zealander shall have grown weary of sketching the decay of man's handiwork, he may long to commune with the Omnipotent Architect of the world, and to

"Look through Nature up to Nature's God—"

and in visiting Killarney, or the Giant's Causeway, may he be the first who shall tell, that our country towns, on Sessions days, were infested by a set of men called lawyers, who, in gown, and wig, and bands, asked people, as do the American lawyers now, half entreatingly, half self-recommendatory, "Want a barrister, do your business cheap." Better anything than legal touting; and to this touting the Bar would of necessity fall, in a very few years after the removal of our Law Courts.

Look to America, with its vast extent of country, where one might expect to find the legal profession in a high position; but such is not the case, simply because the professions of barrister and attorney have been amalgamated. There is no profession or business in America so low, judged by the learning of its followers, as the law; all Americans admit this fact.* We have referred to this subject here, as we believe that in no more fitting place could it be introduced than in the memoir of a patriot, a scholar, an orator, a lawyer, a judge, a Christian—like Charles Kendal Bushe. He would have been proud to support his professional honor, as his private, even though his purse might grow lighter in the struggle, for he could feel with Petrarch—

"Povera e nuda vai filosofia,

Dice la turba al vil guadagno intesa."

Bushe held, four times, the office of Keeper of the Seals, and governed the country three times as Lord Justice. He died, on the tenth day of July, 1843, at the house of his son, Mr. Thomas Bushe; he was buried in the cemetery of

* See Mackay's "Western World."

Mount Jerome, Harold's Cross. His tomb is placed in Section C of the burial ground, and is a plain obelisk of mountain granite, capped by a monumental urn, and bears the simple inscription—

CHARLES KENDAL

BUSHE.

JULY 10TH, 1843.

“And thus we leave our good Judge to receive a just reward of his integrity from the Judge of Judges, at the great assize of the world.”*

ART. IV.—ENGLISH CONVIVIAL SONG WRITERS.

1. *Bibliotheca Madrigaliana.—A Bibliographical Account of the Musical and Poetical Works published in England during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, under the Titles of Madrigals, Ballets, Ayres, Canzonets.* By Edward F. Rimbault, LL.D., F.S.A., 1 vol. 8vo. London: John Russell Smith.
2. *A Little Book of Songs and Ballads, gathered from Ancient Music Books, MS., and Printed.* By Edward F. Rimbault, LL.D., F.S.A., 1 vol. 8vo. London: John Russell Smith.
3. *Lyra Urbanica; or the Social Effusions of the Celebrated Captain Charles Morris of the Life Guards,* 2 vols. 8vo. London: Richard Bentley.

THERE are, in no modern language, so many songs, beautiful in thought, poetic in inspiration, charming and melodious in structure, as in the English. We possess songs that steal into the heart in its hours of gloom, and brighten all its sorrows like a dream of heaven; songs that sung round the winter fire, bring back the days of youth, and hope, and joy, when those between whose faces and ours, the veil of death is drawn, were beside us in all the pride of health and strength; songs that call up the dreams of half forgotten joys, and from

* Fuller's "The Good Judge."

the dim past bring back once more the glowing visions of that time, when life was but the dawning of a long summer day of bliss, ere we had learned to know with Fenwick, that "youth is but the death of infancy, and manhood but the death of youth, and to-morrow but the death of to-day;" songs that make the heart swell, and the pulse quicken, at the memory of great deeds of high and noble daring; songs that cause the eyes to glisten, and the breast to throb, as some old ballad, or rhyming story, tells how sorrow, or pain, or disappointment has crushed a noble spirit; songs that in the deep poetry of thought, or in the flowing strain of a glorious melody, send all the heavenly portion of our nature upward to its primal home—

"Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound—"

songs so sweet, so touching, that, as they steal upon the ear in a soft, slow cadence, or swell upon the air in a deep, full diapason, we recall the memory of some summer morning when we watched a sky-lark, trilling as he soared, till poised in an atmosphere of his own sweet music. Moore, whose songs come upon the listener's ear, like the music of fairy land, remembered in the morning vision of a past night's dream; Bailey, whose lyrics are the relics of a poet's mind, spoiled by a drawing-room malaria of fashion, and perfume, and foppery; Lover, whose songs, like his genius, are ever fresh, and fraught with charms that prove the land and the race from which he sprung; Mrs. Norton, whose birth-right is fancy, and eloquence, and glowing thought; Felicia Hemans, whose life was but a brief span of time, in which all her hours were devoted to poetry, the strains of whose melody can never be forgotten till all that glorifies nature, or makes love, and hope, and truth, a heaven, shall have passed away for ever; Motherwell, whose *Jeanie Morrison*,* and *My Heid is like to rend, Willie*, touch

* What an exquisite picture these lines present of the child-lovers—

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison
The thochts o' by-gane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at aule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!

'Twas then we sat on ae laigh blink,
To leir ilk ither leir;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were
shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that blink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
Wi' a bulk on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

the feelings like the last bitter sob of a breaking heart; James Hogg, glorious James Hogg, with his bright fancies, and quaint thoughts, his genial humor, and his true souled naturalness; greatest of all, brightest glory of English song writers, the bard of nature, the self-taught, glowing, ardent child of genius and of song, the poet of every passion and of every feeling that heaven has placed in the breast of man, he whose lays are but the outpourings of his own great, deep heart—Robert Burns—these, all these, and with them Ramsay, and Sheridan, and Dibden, and Campbell, and Charles Swain, form the glory of our modern song-writers.

We do not, however, confine the lyric bards of England to the epoch of which Robert Burns is the earliest, as he is also the chief. Who, in looking through Doctor Rimbault's most admirable volumes, will not feel pride at the many charming songs that grace our language! What lover of English music will not recall Ben Jonson's songs, in which every thought is bright and tender, as:—

Follow a shadow, it still flies you;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you,
Say are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

Or as in—

Oh do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

Or as in—

Kiss me, sweet! the wary lover
Can your favours keep and cover;
When the common courting jay
All your bounty will betray.
Kiss again; no creature comes.

Who forgets the gallant, courtly Raleigh, and—

Hey down a down, did Dian sing,
Amongst her virgins sitting,
Than love there is no vainer thing,
For maidens more unfitting:
And so think I with a down down derry.

Or who recollects not—

Shall I, like a hermit, dwell,
On a rock, or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalues me,
What care I how fair she be?

Who does not recall Suckling's—"Why so wan and pale,
fond lover?" Who does not remember Waller's—

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Or that exquisite ballad—

It is not that I love you less,
Than when before your feet I lay;
But to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love, I keep away.*

Then we have Carew, and—

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;

* How exquisitely Waller and Tennyson sing in the following verses. We know not whether the trimming Cavalier-Roundhead poet, or the Laureate, is the sweeter songster:—

ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

WALLER.

SONG.

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles in her ear:
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her cheeks so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest;
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would lie so light, so light,
I should scarce be unclasp'd at night.

TENNYSON.

Song in "The Miller's Daughter."

As old time makes these decay,
 So his flame will pass away.
 But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires.
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips or eyes.

Who does not recollect Lovelace's famous "When Love with unconfined wings," and Herrick's "Fair Daffodils," and "Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee," and "Gather sweet Rose buds." But our paper is not devoted to English song writers generally; so we turn to that band of bards who have written convivial songs.

We take it to be a general rule, that most great poets could, had they been so inclined, have penned convivial lyrics. The heart of the true poet is ever young and ever joyous, and when turning to itself for consolation or hope, in sorrow or in misfortune, it ever finds relief. So it was with Tasso. So it was with Lovelace, when he sang:—

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for a hermitage.
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,—
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

The true poet loves all nature, and all her gifts. Her sunshine is not more bright than that which gleams from the heaven within his own breast; and though grief come upon him, though his form be bent, and his footstep slow, yet his heart is light and bounding, and in the philosophy of a sober Pantagrueist he finds a balm for every sorrow, and a soother for every care.

Thus it is that the poet becomes a convivial song writer; and as there can be no great bard in a state of barbarism, so there can be no good convivial songs in any language, unless the people who speak it have arrived at that phase of civilization at least, where the interchange of thoughts and feelings is held to form a considerable portion of the enjoyment which rational beings experience when, gathered together, they "sit at good men's feasts."

The savage who gorges himself with the grilled buttock of his captured enemy has, in his wild gibberish, no melody of a convivial character. He has his songs which tell him that his opponents have been scalped, or which relate the stories of savage wooings, but these are only the natural feelings of every heart beating in the great theatre of the world—revenge and love.

Passing from the savage to the semi-civilized, we come to the Russian serf, and to the English railway navey. They sing of eating and of drinking; they sing too of love, that is they sing of women, but of convivial songs they are entirely ignorant. The navey has no song that speaks to his heart, save through the medium of his palate or of his eyes. Of that which pleases his palate he sings:—

Oh! I wish I had a piece o' pork,
With fat three inches thick,
I'd tuck it in, 'twould blow me out,
And swell me like a tick.

Singing of his sweet-heart, and how he means to please her, he bellows:—

Oh! my wesket it is red,
And my jacket it is blue,
Oh! my wesket it is red,
And my jacket it is blue;
Oh! my wesket it is red,
And my jacket it is blue;
I'm a chick-a-leary cove,
And she loves me too.

Passing from the navey to the English, Irish and Scotch peasants, we find in their songs the first approach to that species of lyric which is properly called convivial. We care not how simple the idea, how rough the metre, ill-designed the construction of the song, if it tell of friendship, and of warm hearts, of bright eyes, or of smiling faces; if it be calculated to make men sit closer round the table, and forget, in the enjoyment of the hour, the cares and carks of the jarring world of day light—the song which does this, whether sung at Greenwich with claret or champagne—beside a babbling burn—in a quiet glen of the Highlands, around a still of Scotch whisky—on a mountain side, far off in the wilds of Erris, or by a tub of potheen upon the breast

of the ever glorious Galtees, where they tower over the broad, clear bosom of the "Spacious Shenan spreading like a Sea—" no matter where, or when, or how sung, if the song possess that power we have indicated—it is a convivial song, such as would have gladdened the heart of Horace, and have caused his bleared eyes to twinkle—it would have rejoiced the jolly soul of Rabelais, and Sir Walter Scott would have joined in the chorus, with a spirit as rollicking as that with which, in his young days, he led the roistering Juniors in the old song called "The Tailor."*

The great superiority which England possesses in the number and beauty of its convivial songs, arises, we think, from the peculiarly social-character of the people in these kingdoms. France has its *Chanson à Boire*, and Germany has its Punch songs, but they are of a class very different indeed from those in our language. Nearly three hundred years have elapsed since the first English drinking song of merit was written, and during these three centuries, the noblest poets of these kingdoms have paid their vows to Bacchus, and have sung his praises like genuine worshippers. And they were right. The wisest and the best of men have been, not toppers, but wine drinkers, and have neither shirked the bottle nor concealed their regard for it. Erasmus, in the *Colloquies*, thus expresses his opinions in the persons of Austin and Christian :—

"Av. Dissolvam ubi bibero: siquidem absurdum fuerit sicco palato de questione vinosas disputare. Præbibo tibi, Christiane. Propino tibi hunc scyphum dimidiatum. Ch. Accipio abs te libenter. Sit saluti. Prosit. Av. Jam accingor, ut me missum facias. Ego meo more præpostere faciam. Quod Baccho pueritiæ effigiem tribuerint, id habet mysterii, quod vinum potum curas et sollicitudines animis nostris eximit, hilaritatemque quandam inducit. Quare senibus quoque ipsis juventam quandam reddere videtur, dum et hilariores facit et formosiores: id quod Horatius, cum multis in locis, tum præcipue his versibus aperte testatur:

‘Ad mare cum veni, generosum et lene requiro,
Quod curas abigat, quod cum spe divite manet
In venas animumque meum, quod verba ministret,
Quod me Lucanæ juvenem commendet amicæ.’*

Nam quod huic Poetas dicarunt deo, id significatum voluisse suspicor, quod vinum et ingenium excitat, et facundiam ministrat: quæ duo Poetæ sunt aptissima. Unde frigent carmina quæ scribuntur

* See Lockhart's Life of Scott, p. 58. Ed. 1851.

† 1 Ep. 15. Ad Valam.

aquæ potoribus. Est quidem igneus suapte natura Bacchus, sed adhibitis Nymphis redditur temperantior. Habes quod quærebas? Ch. Nihil unquam audiavi verisimilius dici ab homine Poeta Dignus es qui bibas gemma.”*

Erasmus was right; wine, or such liquor as the poet possessed, has ever formed the subject of his song, when he had become sufficiently civilized to aid digestion by pleasant conversation, and had learned that there were better enjoyments in life than gorging like a brute, and sleeping till nature had worked the cure of his repletion. Thus it is that Macrobius, in his chapters entitled *Saturnaliorum Conviviorum* advises; thus it is that, in old times and in new, the poet has ever praised his favorite tippie. Horace sung of Falernian, Bishop Still of ale, Tom D’Urfey of wine, Robert Burns, and the writer of *The Cruiskeen Lawn*, of whisky punch. Men of all classes, of all times, of all callings, have written of wine—have written convivial songs, and have acknowledged that they frequently found a genial aid in a moderate use of the bottle.

Venantius Fortunatus, who was made Bishop of Poitiers, at the death of the former prelate Plato, and who was the friend and correspondent of St. Gregory of Tours, and the chaplain and director of St. Radegundes during her life, and her biographer after her death,† tells Gregory that some of his works were produced, “inter poculo.”‡

Johnson shunned wine—*because he loved it too well*. He could, as he said, “be abstemious, but not moderate.” Addison, we all know, was a true son of Bacchus, and Pope was a toper, but a secret toper, as Dr. King writes:—

“Pope and I, with my Lord Orrery and Sir Harry Bedingfield, dined with the late Earl of Burlington. After the first course Pope grew sick, and went out of the room. When dinner was ended, and the cloth removed, my Lord Burlington said he would go out, and see what was become of Pope. And soon after they returned

* Colloquia Familiaria—Convivium Profanum.

† His verses to St. Radegundes and her sister Agnes upon receipt of fruit and flowers are very curious. Fortunatus was not more fortunate in escaping scandal than St. Jerome, and thought himself bound to write that his feeling for Agnes was innocent; his words are—

“Celesti affectu, non crimine corporis ullo.”

‡ Bibliotheca Patrum, Tom. VIII.

together. But Pope, who had been casting up his dinner, looked very pale, and complained much. My Lord asked him if he would have some mulled wine or a glass of old sack, which Pope refused. I told my Lord Burlington that he wanted a dram. Upon which the little man expressed some resentment against me, and said he would not taste any spirits, and that he abhorred drams as much as I did. However I persisted, and assured my Lord Burlington that he could not oblige our friend more at that instant than by ordering a large glass of cherry brandy to be set before him. This was done, and in less than half an hour, while my Lord was acquainting us with an affair which engaged our attention, Pope had sipped up all the brandy. Pope's frame of body did not promise long life; but he certainly hastened his death by feeding much on high-seasoned dishes, and drinking spirits."

Ambrose Paré* will have it that wine is a cure for many evils of our flesh, and so thought that most ingenious of grammarians, Macrobius.†

Sir Thomas Brown devotes a chapter to prove, that while it is bad to get drunk once a month,‡ yet that the glass taken in moderation is much to be recommended. So thought Plato, and so Aristotle advises; thus when the wise, the learned, the Christian, and the heathen, write in praise of wine, and recommend it in their prose, who can wonder that the world should love it, and that it should form the theme of the poet's song.

The earliest convivial lyric of note, written in these kingdoms, is that from the pen of Walter Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, who, as Camden writes, "In the time of King Henry II. filled England with his meriments, and confessed his love to good liquor with the causes, in this manner:—"

* Surgeon to Charles IX. of France, who, though Ambrose was a Protestant, saved him in the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day—see Brantome. "Hommes Illustres Grands Capitaines François." Art. Charles IX. Roy de France. Paré was surgeon to three kings successively. In his belief in monsters he excels even Pliny or Livy.

† Macrobius makes one of his guests contend that women are unable to drink wine, in the same quantities as men, because they are of a warmer constitution. The speaker attempts to prove the *warmth* by the fact, that when incrementation was practised at Rome it was the custom to burn one female with every six males. The female was placed on top of the pile, and her oily softness was supposed to render the six males under more inflammable. What will Miss Graveairs say to this indignity—A woman dead or living, treated as nothing better than an oil tub! For a very amusing advice on wine drinking see Kitchiner's "Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life," p. 80; see also in Walker's "Original" the papers on the "Art of Dining."

‡ Works, Vol. III. p. 171. Ed. 1835.

Mihi est propositum in taberna mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori;
Ut dicant, cūm venerint, angelorum
chori,
Deus sit propitiu huic potatori.
Poculis accenditur animi lucerna,
Cor imbutum nectare volat ad su-
perna.
Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in taberna,
Quān quod aqua miscuit præsulis
pincerna.
Suum cuique proprium dat natura munus,
Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunos:
Me jejunos vincere posset puer unus,
Sic im et jejunum, odii tanquam funus.
Unicuique proprium dat natura domum,
Ego versus faciens, vinum bibo be-
num,

Et quod habent melius doli campo-
num,
Tale vinum generat copiam sermo-
num.
Tales veras facio, quale vinum bibo,
Nihil possum scribere, nisi sumpto
cibo, .
Nihil valet penitus quod jejunos
scribo,
Nasonem post calices carmine præibo
Mihi nunquam spiritus prophetie datur,
Nisi tunc cum fuerit venter be-
satur,
Cum in arce cerebri Bacchus domi-
natur.
In me Phoebus irrui, ac miranda
fatur!

This song has been thus imitated by Robert Harrison,
of Durham, the early teacher of Lords Eldon and Stowell:—

I'm fir'd:—I'll in some tavern lie,
When I return to dust;
And have the bottle at my mouth,
To moisten my dry crust:
That the choice spirits of the skies
(Who know my soul is mellow)
May say, ye Gods, propitious smile!
Here comes an honest fellow.
My lamp of life I'll kindle up
With spirits stout as Hector;
Upon the flames of which I'll rise
And quaff celestial nectar.
My lord invites me, and I starve
On water mixed with wine;
But, at *The Grapes*, I get it neat,
And never fail to shine.
To every man his proper gift
Dame Nature gives complete:
My humour is—before I write,
I always love to eat,

For, when I'm scanty of good cheer,
I'm but a boy at best:
So hunger, thirst, and Tyburn-trees
I equally detest.
Give me good wine, my verses are
As good as man can make 'em;
But when I've none, or drink is small,
You'll say, 'The devil take em.'
For how can any thing that's good
Come from an empty vessel?
But I'll out-sing even Ovid's self
Let me but wet my whistle.
With belly full, and heart at ease,
And all the man at home,
I grow prophetic, and can talk
Of wondrous things to come.
When, on my brain's high citadel,
Strong *Bacchus* sits in state,
Then *Phoebus* joins the jolly god,
And all I say is great.

The first drinking song possessing merit, in our lan-
guage, is in the second act of the old comedy entitled *Gam-
mer Gurton's Needle*, which was acted at Christ's College,
Cambridge, in the year 1551, and printed in the year 1575.
The comedy was written, as appears from the title page, "By
Mr. S., Master of Artes;" and Mr. S. is now supposed to
have been Dr. Still, afterward Bishop of Bath and Wells.
The song is the opening chorus of the second act, and the re-
frain is remarkable, as it appears, from its frequent use in
subsequent songs, to have become popular:—

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.*
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a colde;

I stuffe my skin so full within,
Of joly goode ale and olde,
Backe and sides go bare, go bare,
Booth foot and hande go colde;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or olde!

* A monk.

I love no rost, but a nut-browne toste,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Moche bread I nought desire.
No frost, no snow, no winde, I trowe,
Can hurt me if I wolde,
I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt,
Of joly goode ale and olde.
Backe and side, &c. &c.

And tis my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seeke,
Full oft drinke shee, till ye may see
The teares run downe her cheekes.
Then doth she trowle to me the bowle
Even as a mault-worm sholde;

And, saith, 'sweet heart, I tooke my part
Of this joly good ale and olde'
Backe and side, &c. &c.

Now let them drinke, till they nod and
winke,
Even as good fellows should do:
They shall not misse to have the blisse
Goode ale doth bringe men to.
And al goode soules that have scorned
bowles,
Or have them lustely trolde,
God save the lives of them and their
wives,
Whether they be yong or olde!
Backe and side, &c. &c.

Our next specimen is from Antony Munday's "*Banquet of daintie Conceits: furnished with verie delicate and choyse Inventions, to delight their Mindes who take Pleasure in Musique; and there-withall to sing sweete Ditties, either to the Lute, Bandora,* Virginalles,† or anie other Instrument. Published at the Desire of bothe honorable and worshipfull Personages, who have had Copies of divers of the Ditties heerein contained. Written by A. M. Servaunte to the Queenes most excellent Majestie. Honos alit Artis. At London, printed by J. C. for Edward White, and are to be sold at the Signe of the Gunne, at the little North Doore of Paules. Anno 1588.*" The song refers to the story of the three officers of the guard of Darius, who presented him with three wise sentences. One said, "Wine is Strongest." The second said "The King is Strongest." The third said, 'Woman is Strongest, but Truth overcometh all things.'

"The first that spoke of the strength of wine, began to prove his argument first, as followeth: according as it is written in the third and fourth chapter of Esdras:—

WYNE IS STRONGEST.

This Ditty may be sung to the
'Guadrant Galliard.'

Oh! what a thing of strength is wine,
Of how great power and might;
For it deceiveth every one,
That takes therein delight:
The minde of the king and fatherlesse,
It maketh equall in likenesse.

The bond-man and the fre -man bothe,
Wine maketh in equality;
The poore-man and the wealthy wretch,
Wine knitteth in affinity:
The lordly peere, and homely kind,
In wine but slender difference finde.

Wine turneth everie pensive thought
To joy and gladnesse presentlie;
So that all they which drinke thereof,
Doo cleane cast out of memorie

All sorrow, greefe, debt, or distresse,
Wine sets them in such pleasantnesse.

Wine maketh every hart so ritch,
That they forgette, immediately,
Their king, their governour, and all,
And plead their own authoritie:
And all their words weigh verie deepe,
Till wine have brought them fast asleepe.

When men have entred in their drink,
They have no minde at all,
Of love to brethren, friends, or kin;
But some to weapons fall:
But when they are from wine at last,
They not remember what hath past.

Is not wine strongest now, thinke you,
That carrieth with it such a might,
As forceth men to doo these things,
Without regard of wrong or right?

* A stringed musical instrument like the lute.

† A musical instrument strung like a spinnet, but shaped like a piano.

The next specimen is from "*Bacchus' Bountie: Describing the debonaire Deitie of his bountifull Godhead, in the Royall Observance of his great Feast of Pentecost.*" It was published in the year 1593, and bears the name of "Philip Foulface of Ali-Foord, Student in good Fellowship."

Bonny Bacchus, god of wines,
Cheefe maintainer of our vines,
Sucker the soule, in greefe which pines;
Water to drinke, I hold not goode,
Thy jules, O Bacchus, breeds best blood.
Nectar, good Bacchus, Nectar send,
Brave Bacchus, do they bountv lend:
Unto Tom Typsey stand a frend,
And so they fame will never ende
Nectar, sweet Nectar, is my wish,
Behold my tankard and my dish.
As my plate, I have it solde,
And for pure broath my money tolde;
Yet once againe let me beholde,
Every morning warm or colde,

Napple liquor, stout and bolde,
Commended and boasted,
In a pot trimly toasted,
The pot's feet finely roasted
In a worthie fire.
And first of all for my part,
To besiege and sacke the quarte,
Till it warme me well at hart,
And then doe I it feele
Sincke downe into my heele:
And so next to take the paines
To passe upward through the vaines,
And soake withall into these braines,
Which witless, now I remaine
For want of good liquor.

The following extract is from the same sheet, and of a higher order of composition:—

The Gods of Love,
Which raigne above,
Maintain this feast:
Let Bacchus find
Their hearts most kind
To every guest
And long may Bacchus brave it here,
In pleasures to abound,
That wine and beer, and belly gut cheere,
With plenty here be found.
I pray likewise,
That, ere you rise,
You drink your full;
That no man want,
Nor find it skant,
Whereof to swill.
Then may you all carouse in blisse,
And bid farewell to woe;
Who lives in this, he cannot misse
But straight to Heaven goe.
Be merry all,

Both great and small,
Be merry here;
And with your liquor
Sweetly bicker,
Doe not fear.
Washe well your throats which now
are dry,
And spare not you for cost;
I tell you true, no shot is due
When Bacchus rules the rost.
Sadnes and griefe
Bring no reliefe,
Bid them adiew:
In paine none pine,
Which love strong wine,
I tell you true.
Then learn to laffe, carouse and quaffe,
And spare not while you may:
Hey dery, dery, my masters, be merry,
And looke for a joyfull day.

These last were the songs of a period when the people danced around the May Pole, and believed that English ale, like the English cross-bow, or English courage, were the best and truest in all the world. But time rolled on, and the poets of the next age devoted themselves strenuously to sing the praise of wine. Ben Jonson, though the most glorious of boon companions, was not a writer of what can properly be considered convivial songs; and even when he does write in the half amatory, half bacchanalian strain, most suited to

his genius, he borrows frequently from the classic poets, with whose fancies his great mind was imbued.*

The following song is attributed by Tom D'Urfey to Ben Jonson. D'Urfey however, may be mistaken, and we think has ascribed to "rare Ben" the songs of Ben Jonson, the player. We presume this the more likely, as a collection of poems appeared in the year 1672, bearing upon the title page the name Ben Jonson, Jun.

Let soldiers fight for pay and praise,
And money be the miser's wish;
Poor scholars study all their days,
And gluttons glory in their dish:
'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls,
Therefore give me the cheering bowls.

Let minions marshal in their hair,
And in a lover's lock delight,
And artificial colours wear;
We have the native red and white.
'Tis wine, &c.

Your pheasant pout, and culver salmon,
And how to please your palates think;
Give us salt Westphalia gammon,
Not meat to eat but meat to drink.
'Tis wine, &c.

It makes the backward spirits brave,
That lively that before was dull;
Those grow good fellows that are grave,
And kindness flows from cups-brimfull.
'Tis wine, &c.

Some have the phtisic, some the rheum,
Some have the palsy, some the gout;
Some swell with fat, and some consume,
But they are sound that drink all out.
'Tis wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and some want health,
Some want a wife, and some a punk,
Some men want wit, and some want wealth;
But he wants nothing that is drunk.
'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls,
Therefore give me the cheering bowls.

The convivial song writing of England may, indeed, be said to have commenced in the time of Charles II., and the chief lyrist of that day was Tom D'Urfey, whose poems are now published in five volumes, with the music, and known as *Pills to Purge Melancholy*. D'Urfey was born at Exeter about the year 1647; his parents were French Protestant refugees. He was the favorite songster and verse writer of the times when the wild court of Charles laughed its way through life. As we look now through the pages of the *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, we can select the songs most likely to have roused the night, in some mad orgies at the Hague, and as we run our fingers along the keys of the piano, and raise the dashing measure of the "Whigs' Exaltation," we fancy that it must have been the favorite of the roaring

* For example, the lines

"But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me;
Since when it looks and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee,—"

in "Drink to me only with thine eyes,"—the song in "The Forest"—are imitated from the first ode of Anacreon, who stole the thought from Philostratus.

boys, the swaggering swash-bucklers, and, as the author of the old tract, *St. Hilary's Tears*, calls them, "those attractive load stones, of delicious and smooth damnation"—the laughing, bright-eyed, bona robas of Alsatia and The Savoy. We feel that in such songs, Harry Killegrew, and Beau Fielding, and D'Urfey, and even the King himself, might have joined, and Mistress Nelly might have sung treble, as they trolled the chorus—

"How do you do,
And how do you do,
And it's how do you do again."

The unfortunate point about D'Urfey's songs is, that the best of them, like the best plays of all the dramatists of Charles's time, are too indecent to suit either the taste or the morality of this age. Yet D'Urfey, in his day, was one of the most valued writers of the period; and, compared with Rochester or Roscommon, he is purity itself. Charles II., like Louis XIV., and Egalité Orleans, and George the Fourth, could appreciate genius of the highest class, but would cherish it when it suited his own peculiar taste. D'Urfey was not before or behind his time, he was precisely of it, and exactly for it, therefore he pleased the King. He was the friend of Joseph Addison, who, in *The Guardian*,* thus writes of D'Urfey, when the latter was in poverty, and had called on him for the purpose of securing his aid at an approaching theatrical benefit:—

"We both flourished together in King Charles the Second's reign, we diverted ourselves with the remembrance of several particulars that passed in the world before the greatest part of my Readers were born, and could not but smile to think how insensibly we were grown into a couple of venerable old Gentlemen. Tom observed to me, that after having written more Odes than *Horace*, and about four times as many Comedies as *Terence*, he was reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a set of men, who, of late years, had furnished him with the accommodations of life, and would not, as we say, be paid with a song. In order to extricate my old friend, I immediately sent for the three directors of the Play-house, and desired them that they would in their turn do a good office for a man, who, in *Shakespeare's* phrase, had often filled their mouths, I mean with pleasantry and popular conceits. They very generously listened to my proposal, and agreed to act the *Plotting-Sisters* (a very taking Play of my old friend's composing), on the 15th of the next

* No. 67. Thursday, May 28th. 1713.

month, for the benefit of the author. I myself remember King *Charles* the Second leaning on *Tom D'Urfeys* shoulder more than once, and humming over a song with him. It is certain that Monarch was not a little supported by *Joy to great Cæsar*, which gave the Whigs such a blow as they were not able to recover that whole reign. My friend afterwards attacked Popery with the same success, having exposed *Bellarmino* and *Porto-Carrero* more than once in short satirical compositions, which have been in every body's mouth. He has made use of *Italian* tunes and sonnets for promoting the Protestant interest, and turned a considerable part of the Pope's music against himself. In short he has obliged the Court with political Sonnets, the country with Dialogues and Pastorals, the City with Descriptions of a Lord Mayor's feast, not to mention his little Ode upon *Stool-ball*, with many others of the like nature. Should the very individuals he has celebrated make their appearance together, they would be sufficient to fill the Play-house. *Pretty Peg of Windsor*, *Gilian of Croydon*, with *Dolly and Molly*, and *Tommy and Johny*, with many others to be met with in the musical miscellanies, entitled *Pills to purge Melancholy*, would make a good benefit night. As my friend, after the manner of the old Lyricks, accompanies his works with his own voice, he has been the delight of the most polite companies and conversations from the beginning of King *Charles* the Second's reign to our present times. Many an honest Gentleman has got a reputation in his country, by pretending to have been in company with *Tom D'Urfeys*."

Tom Brown, the other lyrist of the Cavalier party, who was born in the year 1620, and therefore D'Urfeys senior in the public favor, hated his younger rival, and lost no possible opportunity of injuring him, by sneering depreciation. He addressed to him a letter in prose, purporting to be from Pindar to the author of Pindaric Odes, and also wrote against him the following epigram:—

Thou cur, half *French*, half *English* breed,
Thou mongrel of *Parnassus*,
To think tall lines, run up to seed,
Should ever tamely pass us.

Thou write *Pindaricks*, and be damn'd!
Write epigrams for cutlers;

None with thy lyricks can be sham'm'd
But chamber-maids and butlers.

In t'other world expect dry blowes;
No tears can wash thy stains out;
Horace will pluck thee by the nose,
And Pindar beat thy brains out.*

Brown died in the year 1704, and was buried in the clois-

* Brown was not borne out in this depreciation of D'Urfeys by the public taste. The following good-natured epitaph shows how he was really valued:

"Here lies the *Lyric*, who, with tale and song,
Did life to threescore years and ten prolong;
His tale was pleasant, and his song was sweet,
His heart was cheerful,—but his thirst was great.
Grieve, reader, grieve, that he, too soon grown old,
His song has ended, and his tale has told."

ters of Westminster Abbey, beside the grave of his congenial old friend, Aphra Behn. The following is one of his best songs :—

THE WHET.

Wine, wine in a morning,
Makes us frolic and gay,
That like eagles we soar,
In the pride of the day,
Gouty sots of the night
Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripens the grape,
And to drinking gives light:

We imitate him,
When by noon we're at height;
They steal wine who take it
When he's out of sight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,
Fill them up now he shines;
The higher he rises
The more he refines
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.

The next song is one of D'Urfey's :—

SHE TELLS ME, WITH CLARET SHE CANNOT AGREE.

She tells me, with claret she cannot agree,
And she thinks of a hogshead when e'er she sees me;
For I smell like a beast, and therefore must I
Resolve to forsake her, or claret deny:
Must I leave my dear bottle, that was always my friend,
And I hope will continue so to my life's end;
Must I leave it for her, 'tis a very hard task;
Let her go to the devil,—bring the other whole flask.

Alexander Brome, born in the year 1620, and who died in 1666, was an attorney of the Lord Mayor's court, and a scholar of some pretensions, as he was one of those who, with Cowley, Fanshawe, and Holiday, translated Horace. Although a stout royalist, he was forced to join the Roundheads in the field, but contrived to escape from their ranks. There appeared in the year 1662, a collection of songs entitled, *The Rump: or an Exact-Collection Of the Choycest Poems and Songs relating to the Late Times. By the most Eminent Wits, from Anno 1639, to Anno 1661*, and although Cleveland, and other Cavalier poets, had furnished verses printed in the collection, yet the cleverest, and most hard hitting are by Brome. In this book there are only three convivial songs; of these, the following is the best :—

THE ENCOUNTER.

Hang the Presbyter's Gill,
Bring a Pint of Sack *Will*,
More Orthodox of the two;
Though a slender dispute
Will strike the Elfe mute,
Hee's one of the honestest Crue.

In a Pinte there's small heart,
Sirrah, bring us a Quart,
There's substance and vigor met,
'Twill hold us in Play,
Some part of the day,
But we'll suck him before Sun-set.

The daring old Pottle
Does now bid us Battle;
Let's try what his strength can do;
Keep your Ranks and your File:
And for all his Wiles,
We'll tumble him down Staires too.

The stout-breasted Lumberd,
His Brains ne'er encumber'd
With drinking of Gallons three;
Tricongius was named,
And by *Cæsar* famed,
Who dubbed him Knight cap-a-pe.

If then Honour be in't,
 Why a box should we stint
 Ourselves of the fulness it bears?
 H' has less wit than an Ape
 In the blood of the Grape,
 Will not plunge himself o'er head and ears.

Then summon the Gallon,
 A stout Foe, and a tall One,
 And likely to hold us to't;
 Keep Coyn in your Purse,
 The Word is disburse,
 He warrant he falls at your foot.

See, the bold Foe appears,
 May he fall that him fears;
 Keep you but close Order, and then
 We will give him the Rout,
 Be he never so stout,
 And prepare for his Rallying agen.

Wee'l dreyn the whole Cellar,
 Pipes, Butts, and the Dweller,
 If the Wine does flow no faster;
 Will, when thou dost slack us,
 By Warrant from Bacchus,
 Wee'l Cane thy Tun-belly'd Master.

The two succeeding songs afford a fine specimen of Brome's powers:—

THE MAD LOVER.

I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink—

This many and many a year;
 And those three are plagues enough, one
 would think,

For one poor mortal to bear.
 'Twas drink made me fall into love,
 And love made me run into debt;
 And though I have struggled, and strug-
 gled and strove,
 I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
 And rid me of all my pain;
 'Twill pay all my debts,
 And remove all my lets!
 And my mistress that cannot endure me,
 Will love me, and love me again:
 Then I'll fall to loving and drinking again.

ON CANARY.

Of all the rare juices
 That Bacchus or Ceres produces,
 There's none that I can, nor dare I
 Compare with the princely Canary.

For this is the thing
 That a fancy infuses,
 This first got a king,
 And next the nine muses;
 'Twas this made old poets so sprightly to
 sing,
 And fill all the world with the glory and
 fame on't;
 They Heloon call'd it, and the Thesplan
 spring,
 But this was the drink though they knew
 not the name on't.

Our older and perry
 May make a man mad, but not merry;
 It makes people windmill-pated,
 And with crackers sophisticated;
 And your hops, yest, and malt,
 When they're mingled together,
 Makes our fancies to halt,
 Or reel any whither:
 It stuffs up our brains with froth and with
 yest,
 That if one would write but a verse for
 a bellman,
 He must study till Christmas for an
 eight-shilling jest;
 These liquors won't raise, but drown, and
 o'erwhelm man.

Our drowsy metheglin
 Was only ordain'd to inveigle in
 The novice that knows not to drink
 yet,
 But is fuddled before he can think it:
 And your claret and white
 Have a gunpowder fury,
 They're of the French spright,
 But they won't long endure you.
 And your holiday Muscadine, Alecant
 and Tent,
 Have only this property and virtue that's
 fit in't,
 They'll make a man sleep till a preach-
 ment be spent,
 But we neither can warm our blood nor
 wit in't.

The bagrag and Rhenish
 You must with ingredients replenish;
 'Tis a wine to please ladies and boys with,
 But not for a man to rejoice with.
 But 'tis sack makes the sport,
 And who gains but that flavour,
 Though an abbess he court,
 In his high-shoes he'll have her;
 'Tis this that advances the drinker and
 drawer:
 Though the father came to town in his
 hobnails and leather,
 He turns it to velvet, and brings up an
 heir,
 In the town in his chain, in the field
 with his feather.

In the second of Dr. Rimbault's books, with which we have headed this paper, two very good convivial songs are

printed. The first is from *Pammelia, Musick's Miscellanie*, &c., 1609, and is as follows :—

TROLE THE CANNIKIN.

Come drinke to me,
And I will drink to thee,
And then shall we
Full well agree.

I have loved the jolly tankerd,
Full seven winters and more;
I have loved it so long,
Till that I went upon the score.

He that loves not the tankerd,
Is no honest man;

And he is no right souldier,
That loves not the canne.

Tappe the cannikin,
Tosse the cannikin,
Trole the cannikin,
Turn the cannikin.

Hold, good sonne, and fill us a fresh can,
That we may quaffe it round about from
man to man.

The next song, Dr. Rimbault states, is from the same book, and was reprinted, in the year 1652, in Hilton's *Catch that Catch can* :—

TOSSE THE POT.

Chorus.—Tosse the pot, toss the pot, let
us be merry,
And drinke till our cheeks be as red as a
cherry :

We take no thought,—we have no care,
For still we spend, and never spare,
Till of all money our purse is bare,
We ever toss the pot.

Chorus.—Tosse the pot, &c.
We drink, carouse, with hart most free ;
A harty draught I drinke to thee :
Then fill the pot againe to me,
And ever toss the pot.

Chorus.—Tosse the pot, &c.
And when our money is all spent,
Then sell our goods and spende our
rent ;
Or drinke it up with one consent,

And ever toss the pot.

Chorus.—Tosse the pot, &c.

When all is gone—we have no more,
Then let us set it on the score ;
Or chalke it up behinde the dore,
And ever toss the pot.

Chorus.—Tosse the pot, &c.

And when our credit is all lost,
Then may we goe and kisse the post,
And eat browne bread instead of roast,
And ever toss the pot.

Chorus.—Tosse the pot, &c.

Let us conclude as we began,
And toss the pot from man to man,
And drinke as much now as we can,
And ever toss the pot.

Chorus.—Tosse the pot, &c.

Amongst the wits of Charles the Second's reign, Sir Charles Sedley is one of the best known. He was wild and dissolute in his young years, but the bold part which he took in the Revolution makes us pardon the faults of former days. He was born in the year 1640, and was educated at Wadham College, Oxford. Bishop Burnet writes,* " Sedley had most sudden and copious wit, which furnished a perpetual run of discourse ; but he was not so correct as Lord Dorset, nor so sparkling as Lord Rochester." His daughter was seduced by James the Second, who had her created Countess of Dorchester, and when Sedley was supporting the cause of freedom against James, he said, referring to the Princess of Orange,

* History of his own Times, vol. I., p. 372.

"I hate ingratitude, and therefore, as the King has made my daughter a Countess, I will endeavour to make his daughter a Queen." He died in the year 1701. The following is his best convivial song :—

Let's tope and be merry,
Be jolly and oheery :
Since here is good wine, good wine.
Let's laugh at the fools,
Who live by dull rules,
And at us good-fellows repine.

Here, here, are delights,
To amuse the dull nights,
And equal a man with a god ;

To enliven the clay,
Drive all care away,
Without it a man's but a clod.

Then let us be willing
To spend t'other shilling,
For money we know is but dirt ;
It suits no design,
Like paying for wine,
T'other bottle will do us no hurt.

The convivial lyrists however, of this period, were not all of the learned or noble classes. The following very excellent song is the production of Ned Ward, a publican, in Moorfields, London, who was born in the year 1667, and died in the year 1731. He composed ten volumes of verses, and his will was also in verse. He usually wrote in the Hudibrastic metre, and generally sung in praise of good eating and drinking. Some of his poems remind one of old John Skelton's (the tutor of Henry VIII.) Elynour Rummynge.

The following is a good specimen of his powers :—

O give me, kind Bacchus, thou god of the
vine,
Not a pipe or a tun, but an ocean of
wine ;
And a ship that's well-mann'd with such
rare merry fellows,
That ne'er forsook tavern for portery
ale-house.
May her bottom be leaky—to let in the
tipple,
And no pump on board her to save ship
or people ;
So that each jolly lad may suck heartily
round,
And be always obliged to drink or be
drown'd !
Let a fleet from Virginia, well laden with
weed,
And a cargo of pipes, that we nothing
may need,
Attend at our stern to supply us with
guns,
And to weigh us our funk, not by pounds,
but by tuns.
When thus fitted out we would cross
the line,
And swim round the world in a sea of
good wine ;
Steer safe in the middle, and vow never
more
To renounce such a life for the pleasures
on shore.
Look cheerfully round us and comfort our
eyes
With a deluge of claret inclosed by the
skies ;

A sight that would mend a pale mortal's
complexion,
And make him blush more than the sun
by reflection.
No zealous contentions should ever per-
plex us,
No politic jars should divide us or vex us ;
No presbyter Jack should reform us or
ride us,
The stars and our whimsical noddles
should guide us.
No blustering storms should possess us
with fears,
Or hurry us, like cowards, from drinking
to prayers,
But still with full bowls we'd for Bacchus
maintain
The most glorious dominion o'er the
clarety main ;
And tippie all round till our eyes shone as
bright
As the sun does by day, or the moon
does my night.
Thus would I live free from all care or
design,
And when death should arrive I'd be
pickled in wine ;
That is, toss'd over-board, have the sea
for my grave,
And lie nobly entomb'd in a blood-
colour'd wave ;
That, living or dead, both my body and
spirit
Should float round the globe in an ocean
of claret,

The truest of friends and the best of all
 juices,
 Worth both the rich metals that India
 produces :
 For all men we find from the young to
 the old,
 Will exchange for the bottle their silver
 and gold,
 Except rich fanatics—a pox on their pic-
 tures—
 That make themselves slaves to their
 prayers and their lectures ;
 And think that on earth there is nothing
 divine,
 But canting old fool and a bag full of
 coin.

What though the dull saint make his
 standard and sterling,
 His refuge, his glory, his god, and his
 darling ;
 The mortal that drinks is the only brave
 fellow,
 Though never so poor he's a king when
 he's mellow ;
 Grows richer than Croesus with whimal-
 cal thinking,
 And never knows care whilst he follows
 his drinking.

The period extending from the Revolution to the era of Robert Burns, was not prolific in convivial song writers. Men had grown classic in their tastes, or had resolved to drink themselves stupid ; they were either too refined to write convivial lyrics, or too brutal to appreciate them. Somerville's lines *To Cloe Drinking*, are an anacreontic ode rather than a convivial song—Prior's,

"If wine and music have the power
 To ease the sickness of the soul, &c."

is not a convivial lyric ; and in such a state of society as that exhibited by Churchill's satire, *The Times*, one could hardly expect convivial songs of a high order. Translations, odes, pastoral ballads, and fables, were the chief poetic productions of the time, and till the advent of Robert Burns, the best song was little more than "a woeful ballad." And yet it is strange that Burns, the most jovial of poets, jolly as his own "Rattlin' Roarin' Willie," should have left us but one song which can be properly called convivial—*Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut*. The song, *O gude Ale comes*, is not convivial ; and of this, only four lines of the twelve are by Burns. *Go fetch me a Pint o' Wine*, is not a convivial song, indeed its correct title is *My Bonnie Mary*, and of the sixteen lines, only twelve are Burns', as he himself states. *John Barleycorn* is a spirited rhyming ballad, but not a convivial song. We are, we confess, most ardent admirers of Robert Burns' genius ; but we believe we only assert an undoubted fact in stating that there is, in the English language, no finer convivial song than *Willie brew'd a peck o' Maut* ; it possesses that whole-heart love of good fellowship, expressed by the old *Chanson à Boire*, in Rabelais :—

Remplis ton verre vuide,
 Vuide ton verre plein,
 Je ne puis souffrir dans ta main,
 Un verre ni vuide ni plein.

Fill, fill your glass, which empty stands,
Empty it and let it pass;
For I hate to see in people's hands
A full or an empty glass.

Dibdin has some glorious songs; and these, by Sheridan, are excellent :—

SONG.

A bumper of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker
Than justice, judge, or vicar ;
So fill a cheerful glass
And let good humour pass.

But if more deep the quarrel,
Why, sooner drain the barrel,
Than be the hateful fellow,
That's crabbed when he's mellow ;
A bumper, &c.

SONG.

This bottle's the sun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine:
We, planets, that are not able,
Without his help to shine.
Let mirth and glee abound!
You'll soon grow bright,
With borrow'd light,
And shine as he goes round.

Then we have Wolfe's noble lay :—

How stands the glass around ?
For shame, ye take no care, my boys !
How stands the glass around ?
Let mirth and wine abound !
The trumpets sound:
The colours flying are, my boys,
To fight, kill, or wound:
May we still be found
Content with our hard fare, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys !
Why, soldiers, why ?
Whose business 'tis to die ?
What ! sighing ? fie !

Damn fear, drink on, be jolly, boys !
'Tis he, you, and I.
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
(I mean not to upbraid you, boys)
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain :
Should next campaign
Send us to Him that made you, boys,
We're free from pain ;
But should we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cures all again.

Amongst the most distinguished, perhaps the most distinguished, yet least popularly known, of our modern convivial song writers, is Captain Charles Morris. He entered social life at a period when Fox and Sheridan were at the zenith of their reputation, and he became the laureate of the Whigs. Those were pleasant times in which the cleverest of "All the Talents" were out of office, and could devote themselves to literature and the pleasures of society. It was in fact the reign of—

"Mrs. Crew,
And buff and blue—"

when all that was brilliant, and learned, and eloquent, and witty, seemed concentrated in the opposition.*

Amidst such society as this it was natural that Morris, a man well born, and whose father had been a poet of some reputation in his day, should become an acceptable addition to the Whig phalanx as a songster. Poetry, indeed, appears to have been a species of passion, or a kind of weakness with the family, as

* See Bell's Life of Canning—a most excellent work.

Captain Thomas Morris, the brother of Charles, was also a writer, and a most voluminous one, of verse. The father of Captain Charles Morris died during the infancy of our song writer, and he, with his three brothers, was educated by their mother. In his fourteenth year he entered the 17th Regiment of foot, in which his eldest brother was a Captain, and served in America previously to the War of Independence. He returned to England, and exchanged into a dragoon regiment, but growing weary of country quarters, and having formed an acquaintance with the celebrated Captain Topham, who was then Adjutant of the Life Guards, Morris entered that corps, of which he soon became the life, soul, and ornament. He was precisely the man to find London the pleasantest place in all the world. He was gay, jovial, and clever: he extended his family connection by marriage with the widow of Sir William Stanhope, and thus launched upon the life of London before the regency, and during the days when George III. was *not* King, but in which every political lackey of the Prince ruled in turn, who can wonder that Morris became a favorite with the Whigs, and with the Regent before he had deserted them; the only remarkable circumstance being, that Morris continued in friendship with the Prince, when, as the Regent, he had disgraced himself, and imitated his prototype Charles II., by his neglect of those who had supported him in the days when support was salvation.

Morris's best song is called—

THE TOPER'S APOLOGY.*

I'm often ask'd by plodding souls,
And men of crafty tongue,
What joy I find in draining bowls,
And tipping all night long.
Now, though these cautious knaves I
scorn,
For once I'll not disdain
To tell them why I sit till morn,
And fill my glass again;

'Tis by the glow my bumper gives
Life's picture's mellow made;
The fading light then brightly lives,
And softly sinks the shade;
Some happier tint still rises there,
With every drop I drain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

My muse, too, when her wings are dry
No frolic flight will take;
But round a bowl she'll dip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake.
Then if the nymph will have her share,
Before she'll bless her swain—
Why that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again..

In life I've rung all changes too,
Run every pleasure down,
Tried all extremes of Fancy through,
And lived with half the town;
For me there's nothing new or rare,
Till wine deceives my brain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

* Referring to the third and fifth verses of this song, Thomas Moore writes: "Assuredly, had Morris written much that at all approached the following verses of his 'Reasons for Drinking,' few would have equalled him either in fancy, or in that lighter kind of pathos which comes, as in this instance, like a few melancholy notes in the middle of a gay air, throwing a soft and passing shade over mirth."

Then, many a lad I liked is dead,
And many a lass grown old;
And, as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold.
But wine, awhile, holds off despair,
Nay, bids a hope remain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Then hipp'd and vex'd at England's state
In these convulsive days,
I can't endure the ruin'd fate,
My sober eye surveys;
But, 'midst the bottle's dazzling glare,
I see the gloom less plain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

I find, too, when I stint my glass,
And sit with sober air,
I'm prosed by some dull reasoning ass,
Who treads the path of care;

Or, harder tax'd, I'm forced to bear
Some coxcomb's fribbling strain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Nay, don't we see Love's fetters, too,
With different holds entwine?
While nought but death can some undo,
There's some give way to wine.
With me the lighter head I wear
The lighter hangs the chain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

And now I'll tell, to end my song,
At what I most repine:
This cursed war, or right or wrong,
Is war against all wine;
Nay, Port, they say, will soon be rare
As juice of France or Spain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.*

The next charming songs are in Morris's best style :—

* The following, written by Morris, in the year 1805, when "My Uncle" was preparing to invade England, may not be uninteresting, now that "The Nephew of 'My Uncle'" is reported to contemplate a like move :—

SONG ON THE THREATENED INVASION.

Ye brave sons of Britain, whose glory
hath long
Supply'd to the poet proud themes for his
song;
Whose deeds have for ages astonish'd the
world,
Where your standards you've hoisted, or
sails have unfurl'd;
France, raging with shame
At your conquering fame,
Now threatens your land with invasion
and flame;
But let her come on, boys; on sea, or on
shore,
We'll work her again, as we've work'd
her before!

Now, flush'd with the blood of the slaves
they have slain,
These foes we still beat, swear they'll try
us again;
But the more they endeavour, the more
they will see
'Tis in vain to forge chains where the
hands will be free.
All their rafts and their floats,
And their flat-bottom'd boats,
Won't cram their French poison down
Englishmen's throats.
So let them come on, boys, &c.

They hope, by their arts, their intrigues,
and alarms,
To split us in factions, and weaken our
arms;

For they know British hearts, when united
and true,
No danger can frighten, no force can
subdue.

Let them try every tool,
Every traitor and fool;
But England, old England, no Frechman
shall rule!
So let them come on, boys, &c.

How these savage invaders to man have
behaved

We see by the countries they've robb'd
and enslaved;

Where, masking the curse with blest
Liberty's name,
They've starved 'em, and bound 'em in
chains and in shame.

Then their traps they may set,
We're aware of the net;

In England, my hearties, no gudgeons
they'll get.

So let them come on, boys, &c.

Ever true to our King, constitution, and
laws;

Ever just to ourselves, ever staunch to
our cause;

This land of our blessings, long guarded
with care,

No force shall enslave, boys; no craft
shall ensnare.

United we'll stand,

Firm in heart, firm in hand;
And those we don't sink we'll do over on
land.

So let them come on, boys, &c.

THE MAGIC GLASS.

When first the Muse my fancy drew,
'Twas Love alone that waked my tongue;
No other earthly bliss I knew,
And from the heart alone I sung;
All themes to me were vain and cold
That tutors taught or sages said;
I sighed through all the tales they told,
And burn'd the more, the more I read.

Oh, could those early visions rise,
To Folly gladly would I pass,
And cheat again my wiser eyes
In Fancy's sweet illusive glass!—

But since that glass I can't restore
While sad Experience kills its rays,
Another glass I have in store,
Where sweet Deception ever plays.

While in its magic ring I move,
The cheerless beams of Wisdom die;
And sweetly steals the dream of Love
O'er pensive Memory's moistening eye.
Shine then, my glass—if false thy light,
The more thou cheatest, the more I'm
blest!
I sip, to dandle Reason's sight,
And raise a charm in Fancy's breast.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

The worst of all nonsense that ever was
penn'd
To mock the vain wisdom that toils to no
end,
Is the cart-load of systems philosophers
plan
For earth and its tenant, for nature and
man.

While they fruitlessly search with philoso-
phy's eye,
I take a good glass, and their purpose I
spy;
See it moved by a sympathy, every night
shown
To help us along when we can't go alone.

Don't you see, as we reel, the world reels up
and down,
She rolls in her fluid, and we in our own;
Thus going together, we still keep our
ground,
And to-morrow, thank fortune, are sure to
come round.

Then, as to the matter that makes up this
ball,
We're all spirit, with us 'tis no matter at
all;

If 'tis life, keep it up—and if dust as they
tell,
Why before it flies off let us sprinkle it
well.

Some say that by water or fire it steers,
Talk of atoms and essences, orbits, and
spheres;
But, let Newton, Descartes, and old Ptolemy
doze,
As we push round our bottles the way the
world goes.

Then as to its age, let it be what you please,
Either Heathen or Turkish, Gentoo or Chi-
nese;
If golden, or silver, or iron may be;
It is but well temper'd, 'tis metal for me.

Then, on subjects where fools are as wise as
the sage,
When we've one we can fathom, why should
we engage?
Since Wit cannot clear it, why puzzle our
souls?
Let Time clear the riddle, while we clear the
bowls.

The following is, we think, one of the best convivial songs in
the language, and by a few slight changes can be made suit-
able, as a chorus song, for any other club, than that celebrated
one for which it was specially written:—

SONG FOR THE BEEFSTEAK CLUB.

You know the tune of the song
Call'd 'Wood, and marry'd, an' aw';
Then help my chorus along,
For my voice isn't worth a straw.
I'm now in a cue to sing,
If you'll but join my lay;
For I've dipped my muse's wing,
And she's ready to rise and play.

Chorus.

Then, guest's, and brothers, an' aw,
Brothers, and guests, an' aw,

Oh, lend a lift to my lift then,
Guests, and brothers, an' aw.

I feel my spirits get up,
And joy dance round my heart;
I'm better for every cup,
And I warrant I'll play my part.
Gay visions steal o'er my brain,
My fancy grows warm and free;
Then help to sweeten my strain,
And you never shall flag for me.

Some folks will grumble, and cry
That earth grows nothing but care;
But what do they mean, say I,
When the myrtle and vine are there?
The ups and downs o' the world
Are frolics of Fate's decree;
Our heads were made to be whirled,
So a whirlabout life for me.

To seize all moments of mirth,
That brighten the shades of Fate,
Is man's sweet duty on earth,
However the spleen may prate.
A chequer of gloom and glee
Is the life that the gods provide;
And an impious fool is he
Who snarls at the changing tide.

I argue with no grave men,
Nor mope with reasoning folks;
If life be a farce, what then?
I'm filled with very good jokes.
While whisking about I'm found,
If health in the circle be,
However the world goes round,
It's a merry-go-round for me.

The Bard of my early youth,
The tutor of Love's sweet day,
Well taught the lesson of truth,
That man should be pleased and gay.
By this cherishing light I teach,
Which bright in my glass I see;
And they who in shade will preach,
May go to the shades for me.

If you wish for a certain cure
To cut out the thorns of life,
There isn't a cut more sure
Than the cut of the *Beefsteak* knife;
For a cordial is mingled there
That ever will cure afford,
In the brotherly love we bear,
And the charms of the cheerful board.

In every ill that falls,
Or shadow that clouds our way,
The sunshine within those walls
Still brightens the darkest day.
An age hath it's lustre play'd,
To mellow the fruits of Joy;
And never may blight or shade
These sweetest of fruits destroy!
Then, guests, and brothers, &c.

Byron, so full of wildness and of levity, has left us but one convivial song—*Fill the Goblet again*. *We'll go no more a-roving*, is, of its kind, a very excellent song, but it wants the soul pervading the former, which we now present:—

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

Fill the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart
to its core;
Let us drink!—who would not?—since,
through life's varied round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can
supply;
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling
eye;
I have loved!—who has not?—but what
heart can declare,
That pleasure existed while passion was
there?

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in
its spring,
And dreams that affection can never take
wing,
I had friends!—who has not?—but what
tongue will avow,
That friends, rosy wine! are so faithful as
thou?

The heart of a mistress some boy may
estrangle,
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam—thou
never canst change:
Thou grow'st old—who does not?—but on
earth what appears,
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with
its years.

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can
bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous!—who's not?—thou hast no
such alloy;
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we
enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities
past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;
There we find—do we not?—in the flow of
the soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the
bowl.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on
earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over
Mirth,
Hope was left—was she not?—but the gob-
let we kiss,
And care not for Hope, who are certain of
bliss.

Long life to the grape! for when summer is
down,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our
own:
We must die—who shall not?—May our
sins be forgiven,
And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven.

To those who have studied the character of Byron's disposition, it will be evident that he was not of that cast of genius likely to excel as a convivial song writer. He was never self-abandoned; he loved, too much, to mark the stream of life as it flowed, and his cynicism was more powerful than his bon-homme—a mind thus constituted, can never be convivial; it may enjoy mad orgies, where passion holds its awful sway, and where, in the wild whirl of excitement, the senses rule, and reason is dethroned. But, of the pleasures of a genuine convivial hour, such dispositions must be for ever ignorant; and yet, it was this same faculty of social enjoyment, exaggerated, that has rendered the songs of Thomas Moore so devoid of real conviviality. We assert, that in all Moore's works, there are but three convivial songs. *Drink of this Cup*, is not a convivial song. *Wreath the Bowl*, is not a convivial song. *Come send round the Wine*, is not a convivial song—in these, in all Moore's songs, excepting the three which we shall just now give, the convivial character is spoiled, by the introduction of some subject which renders them anacreontic and pretty. We know that Moore is the poet of love, and of beauty, and of patriotism, but he is not the laureate of Bacchus. His songs, called convivial, are not for the board where wit, and thought, and humor are flowing; where the hoarded stores of reading and of lore are unfolded; where Horace is banded against Juvenal, and Tom Moore is pitted against Byron; where bons mots, and quips, and fancies are provoking laughter, and where more thought is suggested in an evening, where more insight into the world, and its heart, is gained, than in months of lonely study. For such gatherings as this, Moore is not the convivial lyrist; he is, we admit, the lyrist of that assembly where sweet smiling faces are ranged around—where fair forms are flitting, and gay laughter is rising above the silver sound of such gentle voices as might have beguiled Anthony (the Saint, not the Hero); where quiet flirtations, and pink champagne, make bright eyes look yet more bright, and tender words make coral lips seem still more rosy. Moore's convivial songs disappoint; for our parts, we would much rather sing, or hear sung, *The Cruiskeen*, with its soft flowing chorus, than any of his so called convivial lyrics, with the exception of the following,—which is of that class referred to by Sir Walter Scott, when he wrote that our fellow citizen, Terry Magrath, sung the best after-supper song he had ever heard:—

HIP, HIP, HURRA.

Come, fill round a bumper, fill up to the brim,
He who shrinks from a bumper I pledge not
to him;

"Here's the girl that each loves, be her eye
of what hue,
Or lustre, it may, so her heart is but true."
Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Come, charge high again, boys, nor let the
full wine
Leave a space in the brimmer, where day-
light may shine;

"Here's the friends of our youth—though of
some we're bereft,
May the links that are lost but endear what
are left!"
Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Quick, quick, now I'll give you, since
Time's glass will run
E'en faster than ours doth, three bumpers in
one;

"Here's the poet who sings—here's the
warrior who fights—

Here's the statesman who speaks in the
cause of men's rights!"
Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Once more fill a bumper—ne'er talk of the
hour,
On hearts thus united old Time has no
power.

"May our lives, tho', alas! like the wine of
to-night,
They must soon have an end, to the
last flow as bright."

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Come, once more, a bumper!—then drink as
you please,
Tho', who could fill half-way to toasts such
as these?

"Here's our next joyous meeting—and oh
when we meet,
May our wine be as bright and our union
as sweet!"

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

This we consider a very good convivial song, and in Moore's best style, and very much superior to that spooney lyric, *Take hence the Bowl*, which is a dirge rather than a song, and suited only for the last strong-stomached man who can keep his seat, head, and voice, when "all his lovely companions" lie sleeping under the table, "down among the dead men."—Jaques, who could "suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs," would find it well fitted to his taste. Not so the following, which are joyous and hearty:—

"'Tis the vine! 'tis the vine!" said the cup-loving boy,
As he saw it spring bright from the earth,
And call'd the young Genii of Love, Wit, and Joy.
To witness and hallow its birth.
The fruit was full grown, like a ruby it flam'd
Till the sun-beam that kiss'd it look'd pale;
"Tis the vine! 'tis the vine!" ev'ry Spirit exclaim'd,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

First, fleet as a bird, to the summons Wit flew,
While a light on the vine-leaves there broke,
In flashes so quick and so brilliant, all knew
'Twas the light from his lips as he spoke.
"Bright tree! let thy nectar but cheer me," he cried,
"And the fount of Wit never can fail:"
"Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" hills and valleys reply,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

Next, Love, as he lean'd o'er the plant to admire
Each tendril and cluster it wore,
From his rosy mouth sent such a breath of desire,
As made the tree tremble all o'er.
Oh, never did flow'r of the earth, sea, or sky,
Such a soul-giving odour inhale:
"Tis the Vine! 'tis the vine!" all re-echo the cry,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

Last, Joy, without whom even Love and Wit die,
Came to crown the bright hour with his ray;
And scarce had that mirth-waking tree met his eye,
When a laugh spoke what Joy could not say;—
A laugh of the heart, which was echoed around
Till, like music, it swell'd on the gale;
"Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" laughing myriads resound,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

UP WITH THE SPARKLING BRIMMER.

Up with the sparkling brimmer,
Up to the crystal rim;
Let not a moon-beam glimmer
Twixt the flood and brim.
When hath the world set eyes on
Aught to match this light,
Which o'er our cup's horizon,
Dawns in bumpers bright?

Truth in a deep well lieth—
So the wise aver:
But Truth the fact denieth—
Water suits not her.
No, her abode's in brimmers,
Like this mighty cup—
Waiting till we, good swimmers,
Dive to bring it up.

The following exquisite songs, by Barry Cornwall, are in the true mould of convivial lyrics. Sung, as we have heard them, they are worthy of the highest place amongst the songs of the age. They require an audience cultivated, and capable of appreciating the fancy, thought, and classic beauty of their composition:—

WINE.

I love Wine! Bold bright Wine!
That maketh the Spirit both dance and
shine!

Others may care
For water fare;
But give me—Wine!

Ancient Wine! Brave old Wine!
How it around the heart doth twine!
Poets may love
The stars above;
But I love—Wine!

Nought but Wine! Noble Wine.
Strong, and sound, and old, and fine.

What can scare
The Devil Despair,
Like brave bright Wine?

O brave Wine! Rare old Wine!
Once thou wast deemed a God divine
Bad are the rhymers,
And bad the times,
That scorn old Wine!

So, brave Wine! Dear old Wine!
Morning, Noon, and Night I'm thine!
Whatever may be,
I'll stand by thee,
Immortal Wine!

The next is still more poetical:—

Sing!—Who sings
To her who weareth a hundred rings?
Ah, who is this lady fine?
The VINE, boys, the VINE!
The mother of mighty Wine.
A roamer is she
O'er wall and tree,
And sometimes very good company.

Drink!—Who drinks
To her who bluseth and never thinks?
Ah, who is this maid of thine?
The GRAPE, boys, the GRAPE!
O, never let her escape

Until she be turned to Wine!
For better is she
Than Vine can be,
And very very good company!

Dream!—Who dreams
Of the God who governs a thousand
streams?
Ah, who is this Spirit fine?
'Tis WINE, boys, 'tis WINE!
God Bacchus, a friend of mine.
O better is he
Than grape or tree,
And the best of all good company!

We have almost concluded our essay; but it is right that we should refer to Dr. Rimbault's volumes. The first on our list is most valuable to all who love the music of these kingdoms. It is a full and perfect analysis of all the rare and valuable, but little known, music of England, from the year 1588, to the year 1638. It is one of that class of works, the compiler of which, as Johnson said, "mankind have considered, not as the pupil, but the slave of science, the pioneer of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish and clear obstructions from the paths through which learning and genius

press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress"—and though many a scholar and many a dunce must derive advantage from this labor of Dr. Rimbault, yet no man can ever consider him a drudge, he is too well known as a learned antiquary, and as a profound musician of consummate taste—his industry is evidenced by this small, but most useful volume.

The second of his books* contains the words of seventy-four most charming songs, with introductions and illustrative notes. The earliest of these songs is dated 1501—*Song in Praise of Arthur, Prince of Wales*. The latest is dated 1640—*The Triumph of Tobacco*. The introductions and notes to both volumes are neither the least interesting, nor the least valuable portions of the contents. We recommend these works to the attention of our various musical societies. For those who wish to add beautiful words to charming madrigal melodies, they must prove supereminently valuable. We particularly recommend them to the College Choral Society.

Our selection of songs has been almost exclusively from English writers, and could be much farther extended, did we wish to present those convivial lyrics which have wildly run to seed, and degenerated into bacchanalian. For the present we conclude, but in other papers we shall display the glories of our amatory, of our comic, of our political, and of our patriotic song writers. However, before we close this article, we must place on record two songs worthy of being sung before Ben Jonson at the Mermaid, or chaunted, at some high festival of Bacchus, by the Monks of the Screw. The first is from the pen of "Honest Dick Milliken," the writer of *The Groves of Blarney*. Having been attorney, he may well recal Brome to our recollection:—

HAD I THE TUN WHICH BACCHUS USED.

Had I the Tun which Bacchus used,
I'd sit on it all day;
For, while a can it ne'er refused,
He nothing had to pay.

I'd turn the cock from morn to eve,
Nor think it toil or trouble;
But I'd contrive, you may believe,
To make it carry double.

My friend should sit as well as I,
And take a jovial pot;

For he who drinks—although he's dry—
Alone, is sure a sot.

But since the tun which Bacchus used
We have not here—what then?
Since god-like toping is refused,
Let's drink like honest men.

And let that churl, old Bacchus, sit,
Who envies him his wine?
While mortal fellowship and wit
Make whisky drink divine.†

* From this volume we have extracted two songs, see p. 137.

† We here insert the following song, as we are anxious to preserve

The following song from Samuel Lover's *Irish Evenings*, is in praise of Bacchus, as compared with Cupid. Lover has never, than in this, been more happy in his flowing-rhyming metre. It is one of those joyous compositions which only

so good and humorous a production. It was written fourteen years ago by the late T. Hughes, the author of *Revelations of Spain*, and *The Ocean Flower*. He was a genuine Irishman, well known upon the London press—and was for many years the Spanish correspondent of *The Morning Chronicle*. He died about four years since of consumption, regretted by all who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance. The song brings forward all O'Connell's arguments against the Union—and we remember well the rapturous encores with which it was greeted night after night, or rather morning after morning, at *The Cyder Cellars*. Tory and Whig—Repealer and Orangeman—all applauded its grim, hard-hitting truths, and poor Dillon Browne is before us, looming over the steam of deviled kidneys, and leading the cheers. Vic, in this song, is the abbreviation of Victoria.

VIC MACHREE.

Air—Love's Young Dream—with a twist in it.

Oh! the Devil a wink I slept last night
For thinkin' of the Queen,
Sure a purtier, by this blessed light,
Was never seen.
'Twas Father Karney from Killarney,
Her piethur showed to me—
My blessin's on your purty face,
Vic Machree.

Her faytures all is like a doll,
So genteel, an so nate;
If there's deception in her at all,
Faith she's a chayt.
She has such schoolin' in her rulin',
She houlds bright larnin's kay,
My blessin's on your purty face,
Vic Machree.

There's Melbourne, Peel, and Wellington,
Is doin' all they can,
But troth there's not a mother's son,
She loves like Dan—
That glory of the Emerald Gim—
Oh, if 'twas only free,
How it would grace your diadem,
Vic Machree.

Don't mind the theivin' Parlamint
Whatever they say,
But the Liberator's speeches
Read at your tay.
'Tis they will introduce to you
Our case without a fee—
Oh! read them at your coffee too,
Vic Machree.

'Tis there our wrongs is tould in style,
And how we're fixed
Since first they seized on our own Green
Isle,
With Tory thricks;
An' how they wan't concayde our rights
Tho' Wellington and we
Like hayroes fought to guard your throne,
Vic Machree.

Now would you like the King of France
To ax you for to wear
A dingy blanket while you dance,
An' you so fair.
Or would you like the King of Spain,
Who is I hear a she,
Should make you pay her tailor's bills,
Vic Machree.

In troth you'd kick up if they did
A rumpus an' a row,
An' your army an' your navy faith
Would make them bow.
Now we must pay the sowls to save,
Of every Rapparee.
Oh! to ould Nick the Rint Charge sind,
Vic Machree.

There's two bad Houses near your nose,
In ould Westminster.
Oh! can't you then be done with those,
My royal spinster.
We'd scorn to ax them, so should you;
Then grant us for to see
Our Parlamint at home agin,
Vic Machree.

Lover can write, and Lover himself can sing; touched by his finger, the piano may be said to laugh and speak.

TEA TABLE TACTICS.

They may talk of the ruin
That Bacchus is brewing,
But if my advice a young soldier would
ask, sir,
I would say that the hiccup
Is safer than tea-cups;
So beware of the *chaynee*, and stick to
your flask, sir.
Had I stood to my bowl,
Like a gay jovial soul,
By this time I might be a general officer,
But I dallied with Sally,
And Betty, and Ally,
And lost all my time with their *tay* and
their coffee, sir—
Oh! *tay* is a dangerous drink,
When the lady that make's it's a
beauty;
With her fingers so *nate*
She presents you a plate,
And to cut bread and butter she puts you
on duty;
Then she pouts her bright lips,
While the Congou she sips,

And her sweet mouth some question'de-
manding,
Puts your heart beyond all self-com-
manding;
Through the steam of the tea-pot her
eyes shine like stars,
And Venus again makes a conquest of
Mars.
When I entered the army,
At first it did charm me;
Says I, "by St. Patrick, I'll live yet in
story;
When war is announced—"
But a petticoat flounced,
With a *nate* bit o' lace, it ensnared me
from glory.
Had I mounted the breach,
Glory's lesson to teach,
I might have escaped, and a pension be
paying me;
Instead of soft folly
With Nanny or Molly,
Which bound me, like Sampson, while
Cupid was slaying me.
Oh! *tay* is a dangerous drink, &c. &c.

One more song remains upon our list. It is laudatory of that much abused, much praised, source of so many misfortunes—WHISKY. We like the song, we like its spirit, and, in good truth, we like *the spirit*. We have never heard a would be Irish aristocrat declaring his dislike to punch, but we longed to tell him, as George Canning would the man who could assert that he liked dry champagne—"you lie, sir." We know not the writer's name, he may have been, from the style of composition, a hedge schoolmaster; or, he may have been one who loved "the scholar's delight, feeding worthily, and sleeping heartily," and who employed his vacant hours in cultivating social harmony in rustic language. When a grave scholar and theologian like Beza, wrote the *Juvenilia*; when a great logician, and solemn archbishop like Dr. Whately, wrote the *Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte*; when Dean Burrowes wrote, *The Night before Larry was stretched*—why may not some old learned lover of the bottle have written of Irish Nectar, in the Irish brogue?—

THE JUG OF PUNCH.

As I was sitting in my room,
One pleasant evening in the month of
June,
I heard a thrush singing in a bush,
And the tune he sung was a jug of punch.
Too ra loo! too ra loo! too ra loo!
Jug of punch, Jug of punch.
The tune he sung was a jug of punch.

What more divvarshin might a man desire,
Than to be seated by a nate turf fire,
And by his side a purty wench,
And on the table a jug of punch?
Too ra loo, &c.

The Muses and Apollo famed,
In Castilian pride, drinks precious
s'thrames;

But I would not grudge them ten times
as much,
As long as I had a jug of punch.
Too ra loo, &c.

Then the mortal gods drink their neethar
wine,
And they tell me claret is very fine;
But I'd give them all, just in a bunch,
For one jolly pull at a jug of punch.
Too ra loo, &c.

The doctor falls with all his art,
To cure an impression on the heart;

But if life was gone—within an inch—
What would bring it back like a jug of
punch.

Too ra loo, &c.

But when I am dead and in my grave,
No costly tomb-stone will I crave;
But I'll dig a grave both wide and deep,
With a jug of punch at my head and feet.
Too ra loo, too ra loo, too ra loo!
A jug of punch, a jug of punch!
Oh! more power to your elbow, my Jug
of Punch.

So our task ends—may each reader say to us, in the words
of Erasmus, "YOU DESERVE TO DRINK OUT OF A CUP SET
WITH JEWELS."*

ART. V.—THE PEEB AND THE POET.

Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.
Edited by the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P. Vols.
I. and II. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Long-
mans. 1853.

THIRTY-THREE years have passed since Thomas Moore and Lord John Russell journeyed together from London to Milan. The Poet was flushed with the success of *Lalla Rookh*; the Longmans had paid him a noble price for the work; the claims against him, arising from the defalcation of his deputy at Bermuda, had not yet embittered his life; he was free, happy, joyous, and revelling in the sun-shine of the world and of happiness. Lord John Russell was then a young man, just entering into life, but ignorant of those qualities which have since made him the chief of a great party, a leader of the House of Commons, and have raised him to the highest offices in the State:—he informed the Poet that he contemplated retiring from the struggle of politics, with the intention of devoting himself to other, and more congenial pursuits. Moore's quick perception enabling him to see that this expressed intention was only one of those passing fancies, which occasionally over-cloud the most brilliant and the most active

* We have omitted some songs by Curran, Lysaght, and Maginn, as they are well known. See, however, one excellent song on Whisky, from the glorious pen of Maginn, in *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol. II. p. 607.

intellects, he addressed, to his noble fellow-traveller, the following lines :—

REMONSTRANCE.

After a Conversation with Lord John Russell, in which he had intimated some Idea of giving up all Political Pursuits.

WHAT! *thou*, with thy genius, thy youth,
and thy name—

Thou, born of a Russell—whose instinct
to run

The accustom'd career of thy sires, is the
same

As the eaglet's, to soar with his eyes on
the sun!

Whose nobility comes to thee, stamp'd
with a seal,

Far, far more ennobling than monarch
e'er set;

With the blood of thy race, offer'd up for
the weal

Of a nation, that swears by that mar-
tyrdom yet!

Shalt *thou* be faint-hearted and turn from
the strife,

From the mighty arena, where all that
is grand,

And devoted, and pure, and adorning in
life,

'Tis for high-thoughted spirits like thine
to command?

Oh no, never dream it—while good men
despair

Between tyrants and traitors, and timid
men bow,

Never think, for an instant, thy country
can spare

Such a light from her darkening horizon
as thou.

With a spirit, as meek as the gentlest of
those

Who in life's sunny valley lie shelter'd
and warm;

Yet bold and heroic as ever yet rose
To the top cliffs of Fortune, and breast'd
her storm;

With an ardour for liberty, fresh as, in
youth,

It first kindles the bard and gives life to
his lyre;

Yet mellow'd, ev'n now, by that mildness
of truth

Which tempers, but chills not, the pa-
triot fire;

With an eloquence—not like those rills
from a height,

Which sparkle, and foam, and in vapour
are o'er;

But a current, that works out its way into
light

Through the filtering recesses of thought
and of lore.

Thus gifted, thou never can'st sleep in the
shade;

If the stirrings of Genius, the music of
fame,

And the charms of thy cause have not
power to persuade,

Yet think how to Freedom thou'rt
pledg'd by thy Name.

Like the boughs of that laurel, by Delphi's
decree,

Set apart for the Fane and its service
divine,

So the branches, that spring from the old
Russell tree,

Are by Liberty claim'd for the use of her
Shrine.

These lines may, or may not, have induced Lord John Russell to reconsider his determination; that he did reconsider it, all the world knows; but the "Remonstrance" is more than sufficiently soul-stirring, to affect one much less attached to his family fame than he to whom it was addressed. He feels grateful to the Poet; and we now find him, the orator, the statesman, the historian, and bearing one of the proudest names in the annals of the Nation, turning aside, from the stormy world of politics, to become the biographer of his dead friend.

We feel pleasure at meeting Lord John Russell in this character. It tells well for the advancement of literature in these kingdoms, and proves that authorship is now in a more suitable position, than in the days when great Edmund Spenser wrote in Southampton's ante-chamber, or than at the period

when Colley Cibber felt delight at being admitted to White's, even though looked upon as something between an amusing mountebank and an impudent intruder. This biography shows too, that Moore judged incorrectly, when he wrote, in his *Life of Sheridan*: "Talents in literature or science, unassisted by the advantages of birth, may lead to association with the great, but rarely to equality;—it is a passport through the well-guarded frontier, but no title to naturalisation within." We here find the noble editor expressing his pride in the fact, that the Poet was his old, and firm, and valued friend.—Great power of genius that has broken down the icy barrier of exclusiveness and conventionality—great power of genius that compels royalty to invite Landseer to grace its table—great power of genius that *drives* a Queen to visit the quiet home of Tennyson—great power of genius, that in the work before us, makes the most distinguished scion of the proud house of Bedford the biographer and editor of the son of a poor Aungier-street grocer! As we read the short, but hearty, introduction prefixed to these volumes by the editor, we recall the lines addressed by Thomas Churchyard to his patron, Sir Walter Raleigh:—

"Where friendship finds good ground to grow upon,
It takes sound root, and spreads his branches out,
Brings forth fair fruit, though spring be past and gone,
And bloometh, where no other grain will sprout :
His flow'rs are still in season all the year,
His leaves are fresh, and green as is the grass ;
His sugar'd seeds good, cheap, and nothing dear,
His goodly bark shines bright, like gold or brass :
And yet, this tree in breast must needs be shrin'd,
And lives no where, but in a noble mind."

John Foster, in his essay "On a Man's Writing a Life of Himself," after expatiating, in his usual able manner, upon the peculiar advantages to be derived from the self-examination which autobiographical composition, when honestly pursued, renders necessary, divides this species composition into that written in youth, for amusement and instruction in age, and that composed in age, from the retrospect of past-by years. We consider that the work before us cannot be classed under either of these denominations, but belongs distinctly to both.

There is a charm about biography, about literary biography in particular, which is immediately felt and acknowledged, but

autobiography is still more attractive, being the record of the heart, the feelings, and the actions of him who is the subject of his own pen.

Great old Samuel Johnson said, that if any man were to note down the facts of his daily existence, the diary *should* prove interesting, and for our parts we believe, most firmly, that he was right; we even consider that an indifferently executed autobiography is more interesting than an ordinarily compiled biography. Who would not rather read Horace's own account of his school days, of his boyhood, and of his every-day life, than the most erudite and accurate biographical sketch composed by his annotators? When he writes of himself he is before us, as in the years when he, the freed-man's son, was brought to Rome by a father, noble in the nobility of manhood, and was sent to learn all that the Roman Knight could know. We see him as when he went attended by slaves, and dressed as if his estate had been princely. When he relates the moral lessons given him by his father, and adds, to the noble born Mæcenas—

“ Nil me pœniteat sanum patris hujus,”

the old man is present before, living, breathing, and respected. When he describes his home life, that exquisite picture of Epicurean—*real* Epicurean, existence, we see him plainly, jogging upon the bob-tailed mule, or enquiring the price of bread and herbs, or loitering in the Circus, or lounging in the Forum, or listening to the fortune-tellers; and we return with him at night to the supper of onions, pulse, and pancakes, served by the three slaves; and observing the two cups, and the tumbler, upon the white stone slab, we think him a Roman “right gay fellow,” and grasping his hand, in fancy, we cry, in his own line:—

“ Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico,”

and we hear him say, as his eyes sparkle,

“ Hic me consolor victurum suavius, ac si

Quæstor avus, pater atque meus, patruusque fuisset.”

And turn now to Montaigne. Who could tell, as he himself tells, the history of his early life? Who could place so well before us his father, Pierre Eyquem, *Ecuyer*, the brave and

loyal soldier who had seen service beyond the mountains; who mixed his language with "illustrations out of modern authors, especially Spanish." The man is before us, carrying the canes loaded with lead, and with them exercising his arms for throwing the stone. We see him walking with leaden soled shoes, that he might be afterwards the lighter for leaping and running. The old man and his son are before us, when Michael writes—"of his vaulting he has left little miracles behind him; and I have seen him, when past three score, laugh at our agilities, throw himself in his furred gown into the saddle, make the tour of a table upon his thumbs, and scarce ever mount the stairs, up to his chamber, without taking three or four steps at a time."

Who could tell as well as Montaigne, the plan of education marked out for him by his father; his being, before he could articulate, committed to the care of a German, who was ignorant of French, but who spoke Latin fluently; and the scheme of education worked so well, that George Buchanan, "that great Scotch poet," who was his tutor in the College of Guienne, where Michael played the chief parts in the Latin tragedies of Buchanan, Guereute, and Muret, and where Buchanan told him that he must write a treatise upon Education, founded on the plan of that carried out by Montaigne's father, Buchanan being then tutor to that Count de Brissac, who afterwards proved so valiant and so brave a gentleman! Who but Montaigne could lead us onward, through all his charming, babbling book, where he, his habits, his errors, and fine, noble, too truthful, disposition steal out in every page, till we agree in his opinion, "*Je n'ay pas plus fait mon livre, que mon livre m'a fait,—livre consubstantiel à son auteur.*" Who but Robert Southey could tell us so charmingly of his own early life, as in the first pages of his memoirs, we read from his own pen. Boswell's inimitable work, with all its life-like sketches, is not so interesting as the few personal incidents stated by Johnson himself. Who does not wish that Sydney Smith had continued that preface to his works, which he begins with the words, "When I first went into the Church, I had a living in the middle of Salisbury Plain." In these books, the writers are our friends, their minds, their actions, their hopes and fears are before us; and when the work is biography, we like it better, the nearer it approaches to autobiography, by the insertion of the private letters of him who forms the subject.

Thus Robert Southey thought, when about to edit the poems, and to compose a memoir, of Kirke White, he wrote to Neville White;—"the most valuable materials which could be entrusted to me would be his letters,—the more could be said of him in his own words the better."—Letters give the chief charm to the biography of Byron, and of Scott.—In the Sonnets of Shakspeare, those assumed to refer to himself are the most admired, and it has been well observed of Petrarch, that "his correspondence and verses together, afford the progressive interest of a narrative in which the poet is always identified with the man."

We have stated our opinions of biography, and of autobiography, and in the Journals and Correspondence of Thomas Moore, we find every charm of De Grammont, all the open-heartedness of Southey, all the sparkling wit of Byron, and all the grace that peculiarly belonged to Moore himself. His letters are unlike the flashy correspondence of Pope, or of Horace Walpole, as they are the genuine feelings of the man; and if they are ever polished, or artificial, it is, as Macaulay wrote of Byron's letters, "a rare and admirable instance of that highest art, which cannot be distinguished from nature."

This we know is more than laudatory, yet to those who have carefully examined the work, its perfect justice must be evident. But whilst we write thus, we are quite satisfied of the fact, that, amongst the great mass of the reading public, these two volumes have produced no small portion of disappointment. They have had placed before them—from his own pen—the heart, thoughts, feelings, hopes, and opinions of a poet of whom they have ever assumed all things poetical; but in his Correspondence and Diary, they find him only a commonplace thinker and talker; a struggler against the tide of misfortune, wanting shoes and coats, and anxious to-day for the necessities of to-morrow. This is, we know, the prevailing feeling amongst those who form the chief support of the circulating library. Had the books been more artificial, had Moore made fact subservient to fiction, had he written flashy letters, piquant and slanderous, all this class of readers would have been in extacies of admiration. To those, however, who can trace the growth and virility of a mind, in the phases of opinion, changing and growing with years, these letters, written as they are presented to us by Lord John Russell, must ever prove valuable. The Diary is,

in our mind, the portion most likely to possess peculiar interest, and these two volumes before us will ever be looked upon as the least valuable of the whole.

The present issue, may be stated to contain four eras in the life of Thomas Moore. The first extending from his birth to the period of his return from London, after having arranged with Stockdale, of Piccadilly, for the publication of *Anacreon*. This forms his own continuous memoir. The second, from this period to the publication of the first number of the *Melodies*. The third, from this period to the publication of *Lalla Rookh*. The fourth, from this publication to his agreement with Murray for compiling the *Life of Sheridan*. And what a lesson these four eras present to us ! The grocer's son, born with the brand of a proscribed religion upon him ; the mother rearing him fondly, and in the practice of his faith ; and hoping, that in time, he might become an honor to her ; the first faint dawning of his brilliant genius, in his school days, and his position in the opinion of all who knew him ;* the debates between his father and mother as to permitting him to enter College as a Protestant ; his entrance there when the Penal laws were relaxed ; his life there ; his anxiety for Irish Independence ; his commencement of the translation of *Anacreon* ; his departure for London ; his life then, and the grim disappointments and wants of that period ; his friendship with Lord Moira ; his departure for Bermuda ; his quarrel with Jeffrey ; his disagreement with Byron ; his position in society ; his noble refusal of place, lest it might be considered a desertion of his old political friends ; his agreement with Power to write the immortal, glorious, *Melodies* ; his marriage, and his struggles against pecuniary difficulties ; his charming, tender love for "Bessy," so often shown and so truly expressed, that the reader at length learns to love her likewise ; his squibs against the Regent,† and his deep study of Pierce Egan's

* For some very interesting facts relating to Moore's early school days, see the paper on the Streets of Dublin in our present number. ED.

† Moore did not escape an occasional squib himself. The following, from "Anacreon in Dublin," is a very good imitation of his style—perhaps better than "The Living Lustres," in "Rejected Addresses."

ODE IX.—THE MELODIST.

<p>Oh tease me no more, pretty Rosa, I pray, For the Four Courts to change thine ex- tatic embraces ;</p>	<p>Or cast the dear Harp of my country away, For Statutes, and Pleadings, and dull musty cases !—</p>
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Life in London, that he might be well up in slang for *Tom Cribb's Epistle*; his quiet evenings with "Bessy" when he reads *Joseph Andrews* aloud for her, and they agree that it is not so good a novel as *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and agree too (very strangely indeed) that *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* is "a most extravagant and incredible story, but full of striking situations and picturesque sketches; the winding up disagreeable and unsatisfactory;"* his trips to London, and the noble generosity of the Longmans in purchasing Lalla Rookh; his gaiety and light-heartedness in all his struggles, and his difficulties in preparing the *Life of Sheridan*;—these, and the great moral that springs from them, form the charm of the book; they are the philosophy of Moore's life-history; and beautiful above them all, and through them all, is that unchanging love for his parents which shines in every letter to the old people, and which graces these volumes, like a ray of heavenly glory round the effigy of an angel. How nobly this feeling pervades the Letters and the Diary!—in weal or woe, in the proud hour of his glorious triumph, when every tongue, and every pen, were lauding Lalla Rookh; when, in every drawing-room, the Melodies were the chosen lyrics of the singer; when it was confessed that Irish genius had beaten down all the prejudices of ignorance, and had made the wrongs, the glories, the triumphs, and the sufferings of Ireland known to English ears, and in the gay, ringing strain of one Melody, had told of Irish

When Bacchus and Cupid enrapture my soul, And wave o'er the Nectar their wild wanton winglets, Shall Little for Littleton leave the loved bowl, Or spoil with a wig the fair wreath of their ringlets?	Who praises the Daughter to slander the Sire, And writes Dedications to me— <i>Credo</i> <i>Byron</i> !
Ah no, dearest Rosa! ah no, dearest girl! Such strange masquerade I can never appear in; For, since I have cut with the chivalrous Earl, Nought is mine but my Rosa, my Harp, and my Erin.	Yet cheer me, dear maid, with thy soft dimpled smile, And urge not the Counsellor's quizzical Caxon!— 'Tis sweeter to sing of the Emerald Isle, Of Bryan the Brave, and the cold-hearted Saxon.
Yea—mine is the Peer of the Misanthrope Lyre, With his head-piece of paper and bosom of iron;	My Brief is to argue how brief are the hours, No opinion but Cupid's sweet Pinion I boast; My Band is the Band that is braided with flowers, And my Bag is the Bag of the Two- penny-Post.

* How differently Byron thought of it—"Read the conclusion for the fiftieth time—grand work—Scotch Fielding, as well as great English poet—wonderful man!—I long to get drunk with him."

gladness; in the wailing cadence of another, had sighed the story of her patience and of her decline; even in this hour of success, the heart of the Poet clung to the humble kindred at home; the idol of the world of London was then, as ever, to father, to sisters, to mother, "THEIR OWN TOM."

The teaching of this book is, to aspiring poetasters, or to genuinely clever young poets, grave, solemn, and ominous. The struggles of a life, the brightest productions of genius, all that friendship could do for an honest man, left Moore, at the close of his existence, with a fortune which amounted, at the most, to little more than moderately modest competence. Whether the genius of a poet can ever more place him in so high a position, even as that held by Moore, is a problem which we confess ourselves unable to solve. Nearly eight and twenty years have elapsed since Moore observed to Sir Walter, "hardly a magazine is now published that does not contain verses which some thirty years ago would have made a reputation"—and Scott replied, "Ecod, we were in luck of it to come before those fellows; we have, like Bobadil, taught them to beat us with our own weapons." Scott was right, but Moore discovered the true secret of success when he added, referring to the opinion of Sir Walter—"In complete novelty, he seemed to think, lay the only chance for a man ambitious of high literary reputation in those days."* To those who know Moore only as a poet, and who have never studied the quiet humor, or the galling sarcasm of his prose, these two volumes must appear foreign to his manner and natural disposition. This is, however, an error springing from a habit, so common in the reading world, of attributing to authors, more particularly to poets, those qualities, and feelings, and dispositions which their works may, or are supposed to, indicate. There is not in all the novels of John Galt—there is not in all the letters of Robert Southey, a trait of heartfelt, generous, affection, more pure or unadulterated than that which is so patently perceptible in the Letters and Diary of Moore. When we look back through the historic records of the period in which he was born, our admiration is increased at the rapidity of his ascent in worldly position, and at the sterlingness of the dignity with which he held, and continued to hold, his place in the

* Lockhart's Life of Scott, p. 568. Ed. 1851.

world of fashion, of frippery, of meanness, and from which he came forth unstained, untrammelled, and unbought, to die as he had lived, a poor, honest, and respected literary man.

Looking back now, by means of these volumes, to the times of which they tell, it seems as if one were living, and moving, in all the incidents which they relate. We know that the very truthfulness of these letters, the vraisemblance by which they are pervaded, and which will in after years make them most valuable, now, from its very naturalness, renders them, in the opinion of many, tedious and prosy; but they are the qualities that, to the thinking man, make the interest and the beauty of the work. Take, for instance, the following description of his parentage and of his birth, when, after referring to his maternal grandfather, Thomas Codd, he writes:—

"It was some time in the year 1778, that Anastasia, the eldest daughter of this Thomas Codd, became the wife of my father, John Moore, and in the following year I came into the world. My mother could not have been much more than eighteen (if so old) at the time of her marriage, and my father was considerably her senior. Indeed, I have frequently heard her say to him, in her laughing moods, 'You know, Jack, you were an old bachelor when I married you.' At this period, as I always understood, my father kept a small wine store in Johnston's Court, Grafton-street, Dublin; the same court, by the way, where I afterwards went to school. On his marriage, however, having received, I rather think, some little money with my mother, he set up business in Aungier-street, No. 12, at the corner of Little Longford-street; and in that house, on the 28th of May, 1779, I was born. Immediately after this event, my mother indulged in the strange fancy of having a medal (if such it could be called) struck off, with my name and the date of the birth engraved on it. The medal was, in fact, nothing more than a large crown-piece, which she had caused to be smoothed to receive the inscription; and this record of my birth, which, from a weakness on the subject of her children's ages, she had kept always carefully concealed, she herself delivered into my hands when I last saw her, on the 16th of February, 1831; and when she evidently felt we were parting for the last time. For so unusual a mode of commemorating a child's age I can only account by the state of the laws at that period, which, not allowing of the registration of the births of Catholic children, left to parents no other mode of recording them than by some such method as this fondest of mothers devised."

Moore, however, adds, "I have, not long since, been told by my sister that there *does* exist a registration of my birth, in the book for such purposes, belonging to Townsend-street

Chapel, Dublin." His sister was correct in her statement, and through the kind attention of the Rev. Miles M'Manus, a clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Andrew, Westland-Row, we are now enabled to give the following extract, from the Parochial Register of the year 1779. We may observe that the Church of St. Andrew, Westland-Row, is that which now represents the "old Townsend-Street Chapel," to which Moore refers. The extract is official, and is as follows:—

"Church of St. Andrew, Westland-Row, Dublin, this 4th day of January, 1853. I certify that Thomas Moor,* son of John and Anastasia Moor, was Baptised according to the rite of the Roman Catholic Church, on the thirtieth day of May, A.D. 1779. Sponsors being—James Dowling and Margaret Lynch, as appears from the Baptismal Register of the United Parishes of St. Andrew, St. Mark, St. Peter, and St. Ann, kept in the Church of St. Andrew, Westland-Row, Dublin.

"MILES M'MANUS,
Clergyman in said Parishes."

When Moore entered upon the world of literature there were few competitors with whom to contend. Poetry had run to seed, and in the flowing, meaningless metres of the thousand verse writers who then passed for poets, he had little to fear from depreciation by comparison. Mrs. Piozzi, and Merry, and Greathead, and Parsons, with Della Crusca, and all the other sucklings of Parnassus who formed the glories of Este's paper, *The World*, had out-written themselves; and, crushed as they had been by Gifford, in *The Baviad*, their admirers and imitators could compose no poems worthy of a place beside the brilliant, though somewhat voluptuous, productions of the young Irishman. The fancy which breathes in *Little's Poems* gave them a meretricious charm, in keeping with the debauched taste of the age, and the vigor of thought which occasionally appears in them, and which was so unlike the bald verses of those who are *justly* mangled in *The Mæviad*, or crushed in the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, showed that the mind of a poet had conceived these verses, in which love was passion, and passion was erotic.

* So spelled in the entry. The Baptism was performed by the Rev. Terence Reynolds, as appears from the Registry.

As Moore advanced in life, as time taught him to subdue fancy within the bounds of good taste, as his poet's heart, with that instinctive appreciation of truth and beauty, which is the poet's birthright, aspired to reach a higher standard of poetic excellence, the same Muse, which at three and twenty had sung of bright-eyed maids, and rosy lips, and counted the balmy hours of sunny life by kisses, in later years, breathed all its "soul of music" into the Melodies of Ireland, swelled in the grand thoughts of the Fire Worshippers, or sighed in the cadenced rhythm of the tender and glowing fancies of the Light of the Haram.

Another instructive lesson conveyed by these volumes, and one which all young poets should remember, is, that the most brilliant poem, but one, of this age, was the result of long and lonely months of toil, and study, and anxious thought. All through his life Moore appears to have been a very regular student, at least when occasion required study, and his course of reading was general and comprehensive. Greek he learned accurately whilst preparing Anacreon; Latin, and Irish patriotism, he acquired from Donovan, the usher at Whyte's school; Italian was taught him by his friend Father Ennis, and French he learned from an emigré named La Fosse. Year by year he became more versed in these languages—year by year his fame increased, because, whilst imbued with all the inspiration of the poet, he never fancied that study was unnecessary for, or careful application beneath, him—and, as Sir Archibald Allison writes—

"In some respects he is the greatest lyric poet in the English language. Without the discursive imagination of Akenside, without the burning thoughts of Gray, without the ardent zeal of Campbell, he has written more that comes home to the hearts of the young and impassioned of both sexes, than any other author—if a few lines of the Burns are excepted—in the whole literature of Great Britain. His Irish and National melodies will be immortal; and they will be so for this reason, that they express the feelings which spring up in the heart of every successive generation at the most important and imaginative period of life. They have the delicacy of refined life without its fastidiousness—the warmth of natural feeling without its rudeness."*

* History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. Vol. I., p. 427.

From the period of Moore's success in the publication of *Little's Poems*, he seems to have determined upon devoting himself to literature as a profession. Of strong political feelings, bound closely to the Whigs by many ties, he became the pamphleteer of the party, the satirizer of the Tories, and the Magnus Apollo of the Reformers. In those days the *Edinburgh Review*, supported by Sydney Smith, and Mackintosh, and Francis Horner, and Jeffrey, was the great organ of the popular party.—To that party Moore devoted himself in heart, and soul, and intellect. Knowing this, and knowing likewise that his ability as a prose writer was of the first order, and believing that his general reading, if not profound, was, at least, most various and extensive, Jeffrey, in the year 1814, wrote thus to Samuel Rogers :—

“ My dear Sir—I have long been desirous of preferring an humble petition to your friend—and I hope I may say mine also—Mr. Moore, for some assistance on the Review, and have at last resolved to give you the trouble of making my application. I can more easily state to you than to him the terms upon which we solicit contributions ; and I am sure my application will have a far better chance of success, if you condescend to say a word or two in its favor. On my return from the other side of the world, I found the affairs of the Review in some degree of backwardness and confusion ; and feel that it would require the assistance of finer and stronger heads than my own completely to restore them. The brilliant success of some of Mr. Moore's late (reputed) works brought him very quickly to my thoughts ; and all that I have since heard of the manly and noble independence of his conduct, in circumstances of much difficulty, has increased the ambition I felt to connect myself in some way with a person of such talents and such principles. I understand that he is living without any profession, cultivating literature and domestic happiness, in a situation of retirement. I am inclined to hope, therefore, that he may, occasionally at least, have leisure enough to furnish us with an article, if he has not other and more radical objections to enrolling himself among our contributors. If he can be prevailed on to do us this honor, it will be for himself to choose the subject upon which he would like best to enlarge, though there is one sort of article which I should be tempted to suggest, both because it is one with which I should be peculiarly glad to embellish our journal, and because I know of nobody who could execute it half so well. I mean a classical, philosophical, poetical article, after the nature of that on Aristophanes in one of the late Quarterlies, in which some ancient author is taken up, and estimated, and commented, and poetically translated in fragments, and the purity of classic literature combined with a depth, boldness, and freedom of modern discussion. I have no particular author or publication in view for the subject of such an

exercise ; but if Mr. Moore was inclined to do the thing we could soon find him the occasion. And now I have only to add, that our regular allowance to contributors of the first order is about twenty guineas for every printed sheet of sixteen pages ; but that for such articles as I have now hinted at, we should never think of offering less than thirty, and probably a good deal more. I have some discretion in this matter, which I am not disposed to exercise very parsimoniously. You see I presume a great deal on your good nature, when I venture, without any apology, to trouble you with all the negotiation ; but I have already experienced so much of your kindness that I do not feel at all afraid of offending you, and cannot help having a kind of assurance that it will give you pleasure to be the means of bringing your excellent friend and me into something of a nearer connection. I hope there neither is, nor can be supposed to be, any kind of indelicacy in the proposal I have now asked you to make. Heaven forbid that you should make it if there was the shadow of a doubt on the subject ; and I rely entirely on your good sense and good feeling to proceed on it or to let it alone as you think most advisable. At all events, I must beg of you to take some means to let Moore know that I respect and esteem him, and should be sincerely gratified to have the means of doing him any service. For yourself, I have only now to assure you that I am, with the utmost respect, dear Sir, your obliged and very faithful servant, &c.,

F. JEFFREY."

The result of this application was, a consent, on Moore's part, to enrol himself amongst the brilliant staff of the *Edinburgh Review*, and he proposed to review Lord Thurlow's poems, and Boyd's *Translation of the Fathers*.

Upon their appearance he thus wrote to Leigh Hunt:—

"I suppose you recognise me (by my old pickled and preserved joke about Southey) in the *Edinburgh* article on Lord Thurlow ; but I doubt whether I was equally well known to you as the orthodox critic of the *Fathers* in the last number. Scott,* I saw, gave an extract from me, which was the only sign of life this last article has exhibited since its appearance."†

His first contribution to the *Review* was that upon Lord Thurlow's poems, of which the following extract forms the opening:—

"Our modern heroes, poetical as well as military, are endowed with a rapidity of motion and achievement which keeps gazettes

* Scott was at this period editor of the *Champion*, he was afterwards shot in a duel—see Mr. Justice Talfourd's *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*. Vol. II., p. 2.

† See Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*, Vol. III., p. 302.

and reviews continually on the alert. Indeed, so difficult do we critics find it to keep pace with the 'celeritas incredibilis' of some of our literary Cæsars, that we think it would not be amiss if each of these poetical chieftains had a Reviewer appointed expressly, *auprès de sa personne*, to give the earliest intelligence of his movements, and do justice to his multifarious enterprises. The Poems of Lord Thurlowe—whose prowess in this way is most alarmingly proved by the list prefixed to this article—come graced and recommended to notice by two or three very imposing considerations. In the first place, the rank of the writer is not without its prepossessing influence; 'a saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn,'—and we could name but one noble Bard, among either the living or the dead, whose laurels are sufficiently abundant to keep the coronet totally out of sight. Lord Thurlowe himself seems fully aware of this advantage; and we are not quite sure that he did not mean a sly allusion to it, in the following motto from Shakespeare prefixed to one of these volumes—

————— and then *my state*
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate.

In the next place, his Lordship is evidently an enthusiast in his art, and loves the Muse with a warmth which makes us regret that the passion is not mutual. Indeed, we doubt whether the shrine of Apollo ever boasted a more ardent worshipper; and if, unluckily, he but seldom feels the approaches of the god, it is not for want of invocations many and importunate. At times he even contrives, by the mere force of devotion, to work himself up into a sort of mock inspiration, like that of the young priestess Phemonoe in Lucan;* but, like her too, we fear he will fail in passing off his spurious ecstasies, upon any one at all acquainted with the true symptoms of divine afflation. Another peculiarity by which this noble author deceives us into a momentary feeling of interest about his writings, is that air of antiquity, which his study of our earlier writers enables him to throw not only over his verse but his prose. This charm, however, is of short duration. A mimicry of the diction of those mighty elders;—a resemblance, which keeps carefully wide of their beauties, and is laboriously faithful to their defects alone;—the mere mouldering form of their phraseology, without any of that life-blood of fancy which played through it—is an imposture than soon wearies, and, if his Lordship does not take especial care, will, at last, disgust. He must not be surprised, if some unlucky critic should fall into the tasteless error of Martinus Scriblerus's Maid, and, in scouring off the rust from the pretended antique shield, discover but a very indifferent modern sconce underneath it."

* ————— Deum simulans sub pectore ficta quieto
Verba refert, nullo confusæ murmure vocis
Instinctam sacro mentem testata furor.

PHARSAE Lib. 5. v. 148.

"We come next to 'Verses, in all humility dedicated to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.' These are excellent. The rising Sun is, of course, the *stock* simile upon such occasions; and his Lordship thus manages his two great luminaries:—

'As when the burning Majesty of day
The golden-hoofed steeds doth speed away
To reach the summit of the Eastern hill;
(And sweet expectance all the world doth fill;
With all his gorgeous company of clouds
(Wherein sometimes his awful face he shrouds,)
Of amber and of gold, he marcheth on,
And the pure angels sing before his throne.'

Now, really, if Lord Thurlow were not one of the last persons to be suspected of any wilful deviation into wit and humour;—if we did not know how he scorns to descend from upper air into the low region of those will-o'-the-wisp meteors, whose brilliancy is too often derived from the very grossness of that earth they illuminate;—we should swear, that by all these tawdry similitudes, this 'amber' and 'gold,' and 'golden-hoofed steeds,'—he ment something not over charitable to the illustrious person so typified. It requires, indeed, our utmost reliance upon the noble author's sublimity, not to suspect him of *some* little declension towards waggery, in the line, 'With all his gorgeous company of clouds.' This, surely, is too happy and appropriate to be the mere casual windfall of sublimity. Aristophanes had already prepared us for the allusion, by representing a 'company of Clouds' as the secret advisers of Socrates; and, in short—not to enter needlessly into particulars—we know nothing in descriptive poetry more strikingly graphical, than this motley mixture of gorgeousness and opacity, in which the Poet has enveloped his 'Majesty of day' and 'his company.'

At length we arrive at a story, which the Noble author has condescended to finish;—one of those *chef-d'œuvres* from 'the working-house of thought,' which we have already said there is such fulness of delight in contemplating. 'The Doge's Daughter' was written, as we are told in the dedication, for the laudable purpose of curing Lord Eldon of the gout:—'but I thank God,' says the dedicatory, 'your Lordship's pain lasted not so long as my labour:—'The poem, however, is here ready against any future attack; and we trust the Learned Lord will find benefit from the application. It is a conceit of Cowley, in speaking of Ovid's writings during his banishment, that 'the cold of the country had stricken through the very feet of his verses:—and we really fear that the feet of Lord Thurlow's verses are not wholly free from that malady, for which he thinks them so sovereign a cure;—they have all its visible symptoms of hobbling and inflation, and indeed are in such a state as to make us feel that it would be barbarous to handle them too roughly.'

The 'Carmen Britannicum' is admirable in its way;—and we only regret, that we have not room for abundant extracts from it. He traces the descent of the Regent in a direct line from Jupiter, through Hercules, Glaucus, the Tarquins, &c., down to Azo, son of Hugo—from Azo, the pedigree flows downward through several other

'sons of gods,' till it ends most satisfactorily in the Prince Regent. He has the hardihood, however, in one memorable line, to charge this illustrious person with a deed, of which few have ever suspected him to be capable—

'Thames, by thy victories, is set on fire!'

And now we take our leave of Lord Thurlow;—heartily wishing that, as he styles himself 'the Priest' of the Prince Regent, and seems to threaten many more such oblations at his shrine, he would, at once, assume the laurel in form, and emancipate the brows of the present wearer, whose Pegasus is much too noble an animal, to be doomed to act the part of a cream-coloured horse upon birth-days."

On receipt of this paper, Jeffrey wrote as follows to Moore:—

"My dear Sir—I have just had the pleasure of receiving your letter and your packet, which, from my being two days in the country, came to my hand together. Your castigation of Lord T. is admirable, though far more merciful than I had expected, as are also your *incartades* on a certain great personage. I suspect your heart is softer than you know of, and you look upon that as extreme severity, which to harder fibred men is mere tickling. However, nothing can be more entertaining, or more cleverly written; and if your taste for reviewing keep any proportion to your genius for it, I shall have many such packets from you. I cannot say that the task of a critic is altogether as animating as that of a poet, but there are ways of managing it that take away much of its irksomeness; and when you have acquired the freedom which a little use of your weapons will give you, I hope you will not find it very laborious, especially if you will gratify me by taking some subject on which more strength may be suitably put forth. Perhaps you will feel yourself happier in the society of the Fathers, though you will never understand what gratification this new vocation can give till you set about correcting some prevailing error, or laying down some original principle of taste or reasoning."

His next contribution to the *Review* was that on the third edition of Boyd's *Translation of the Fathers*; which, at his own request, Jeffrey had committed to him. The book contained select passages from the writings of St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and St. Basil, and afforded, it must be admitted, a most ample scope for the exhibition of that peculiar talent, and extensive knowledge, so remarkable in *The Irish Gentleman in Search of Religion*. The most able portion of this very valuable, but forgotten, or neglected paper is that which treats, critically, of the literary merit of the Fathers. It is as follows:—

"With respect to the literary merits of the Fathers, it will hardly be deemed, that to the sanctity of their subjects they owe much of

that imposing effect which they have produced upon the minds of their admirers. We have no doubt that the incoherent rhapsodies of the Pythia (whom, Strabo tells us, the ministers of the temple now and then helped to a verse) found many an orthodox critic among their hearers who preferred them to the sublimest strains of Homer and Pindar. Indeed, the very last of the Fathers, St. Gregory the Great, has at once settled the point for all critics of theological writings, by declaring that the words of Divine Wisdom are not amenable to the laws of the vulgar grammar of this world ;*—‘non debent verba cælestis originis subesse regulis Donati.’ It must surely be according to some such code of criticism that Lactantius has been ranked above Cicero, and that Erasmus himself has ventured to prefer St. Basil to Demosthenes. Even the harsh, muddy and unintelligible Tertullian, whom Salmasius gave up in despair, has found a warm admirer in Balzac, who professes himself enchanted with the ‘black lustre’ of his style, and compares his obscurity to the rich and glossy darkness of ebony. The three Greek Fathers, whom the writer before us has selected, and in general considered the most able and eloquent of any ; and of their merits our readers shall presently have an opportunity of judging, as far as a few specimens from Mr. Boyd’s translations can enable them. But, for our own parts, we confess, instead of wondering with this gentleman that his massy favorites should be ‘doomed to a temporary oblivion’—we are only surprised that such affected declaimers should ever have enjoyed a better fate ; or that even the gas of holiness with which they are inflated, could ever have enabled its coarse and gaudy vehicles to soar so high into the upper regions of reputation. It is South, we believe, who has said, that ‘in order to be pious, it is not necessary to be dull ;’ but, even dullness itself is far more decorous than the puerile conceits, the flaunting metaphors, and all that false finery of rhetorical declamation, in which these writers have tricked out their most solemn and important subjects. At the time, indeed, when they studied and wrote, the glories of ancient literature had failed ;—sophists and rhetoricians had taken the place of philosophers and orators ; nor is it wonderful that from such instructors as Libanius, they should learn to reason ill and write affectedly. But the same florid effeminacies of style, which in a love-letter of Philostratus, or an ecphrasis of Libanius, are harmless at least, if not amusing, become altogether disgusting, when applied to sacred topics ; and are little less offensive to piety and good taste, than those rude exhibitions of the old Moralities, in which Christ and his Apostles appeared dressed out in trinkets, tinsel, and embroidery. The chief advantage that a scholar can now derive from the perusal of these voluminous Doctors, is the light they throw upon the rites and tenets of the Pagans, in the exposure and refutation of which they are, as is usually the case, much more successful than in the defence and illustration of their own. In this respect Clemens Alexandrinus is one of the most valuable ; being chiefly a com-

* In the dedication of his Book of Morals.

pier of the dogmas of ancient learning, and abounding with curious notices of the religion and literature of the Gentiles. Indeed the manner in which some of the Fathers have been edited, sufficiently proves that they were considered by their commentators as merely a sort of inferior Classics, upon which to hang notes, about heathen Gods and philosophers. Ludovicus Vives, upon the 'City of God,' of St. Augustine, is an example of this class of theological annotators, whom a hint about the three Graces, or the God of Lampsacus, awakens into more activity than whole pages about the Trinity and the Resurrection. The best specimen of eloquence we have met amongst the Fathers,—at least that which we remember to have read with most pleasure,—is the *Charisteria*, or Oration of Thanks, delivered by Gregory Thaumaturgus to his instructor Origen. Though rhetorical like the rest, it is of a more manly and simple character, and does credit alike to the master and the disciple.* But, upon the whole, perhaps St. Augustine is the author whom—if ever we should be doomed, in penance for our sins, to select a Father for our private reading—we should choose, as, in our opinion, the least tiresome of the brotherhood. It is impossible not to feel interested in those struggles, between passion and principle, out of which his maturer age rose so triumphant; and there is a conscious frailty mingling with his precepts, and at times throwing its shade over the light of his piety, which gives his writings an air peculiarly refreshing, after the pompous rigidity of Chrysostom, the stoic affectations of Clemens Alexandrinus, and the antithetical trifling of Gregory Nazianzen. If it were not too, for the indelible stain which his conduct to the Donatists has left upon his memory, the philosophic mildness of his Tract against the Manichæans, and the candour with which he praises his heretical antagonist Pelagius, as '*sanctum, bonum et prædicandum virum*,' would have led us to select him as an example of that tolerating spirit, which—we grieve to say—is so very rare a virtue among the Saints.—Though Augustine, after the season of his follies was over, very sedulously avoided the society of females, yet he corresponded with most of the holy women of his time; and there is a strain of tenderness through many of his letters to them, in which his weakness for the sex rather interestingly betrays itself. It is in the consolatory Epistles, particularly, that we discover these embers of his youthful temperament;—as in the 93rd to Italica, on the death of her husband, and the 263rd, to Sapida, in return for a garment she had sent him, in the thoughts of which there is a considerable degree of fancy as well as tenderness. We cannot allude to these fair correspondents of Augustine, without remarking, that the warmest and best allies of the Fathers, in adopting their fancies and spreading their miracles, appear to have been those enthusiastic female pupils, by groupes of whom they were all

* The abstract of this Oration, which Halloix professes to give in his Defence of Origen, is so very wide of the original, that we suspect he must have received it, at second hand, from some inaccurate reporter.

constantly encircled ;*—whose imaginations required but little fuel of fact, and whose tongues would not suffer a wonder to cool in circulating. The same peculiarities of temperament, which recommended females in the Pagan world, as the fittest sex to receive the inspirations of the tripod, made them valuable agents also in the imposing machinery of miracles. At the same time, it must be confessed, that they performed services of a much higher nature ; and that to no cause whatever is Christianity more signally indebted for the impression it produced in those primitive ages, than to the pure piety, the fervid zeal, and heroic devotedness of the female converts. In the lives of these holy virgins and matrons,—in the humility of their belief and the courage of their sufferings, the Gospel found a far better illustration than in all the voluminous writings of the Fathers:—there are some of them, indeed, whose adventures are sufficiently romantic, to suggest materials to the poet and the novelist ; and Ariosto himself has condescended to borrow from the Legends † his curious story of Isabella and the Moor,—to the no small horror of the pious Cardinal Baronius, who remarks with much asperity on the sacrilege of which ‘that vulgar poet’ has been guilty, in daring to introduce this sacred story among his fictions. To the little acquaintance these women could have formed with the various dogmas of ancient philosophy, and to the unincumbered state of their minds in consequence, may be attributed much of that warmth and clearness, with which the light of Christianity shone through them:—whereas, in the learned heads of the Fathers, this illumination found a more dense and coloured medium, which turned its celestial beam astray, and tinged it with all sorts of gaudy imaginations. Even where these women indulged in theological reveries, as they did not embody their fancies into folios, posterity, at least, has been nothing the worse for them ; nor should we have known the strange notions of Saint Macrina, about the Soul and the Resurrection, if her brother, Gregory of Nyssa, had not rather officiously informed us of them, in the Dialogue he professes to have held with her on these important subjects.” ‡

* None of the Fathers, with the exception perhaps of St. Jerome, appears to have had such influence over the female mind as Origen. His correspondence with Barbara is still extant. She was shut up by her Pagan father in a tower with two windows, to which, in honour of the Trinity, we are told, she added a third. St. Jerome had to endure much scandal, in consequence of his two favorite pupils, Paula and Melania, of which he complains very bitterly in the epistle ‘Si tibi putem,’ &c. Upon the words—“Numquid me vestes sericæ, nitentes gemmæ, pictas facies, aut auri rapuit ambitio? Nulla fuit alia Romæ matronarum, quæ meam possit edomare mentem, nisi lugens atque jejunans, fletu pene cæcata”—in this epistle, Moore wrote his beautiful song “Who is the Maid my Spirit seeks?”

† From the story of the Roman Virgin Euphrasia. See also the Life of Euphrosyna (in Bergomensis de Claris Mulieribus), which, with the difference of a father and lover, resembles the latter part of the *Memoires de Comminges*.

‡ Opera, Tom. II. p. 177. Edit. Paris, 1688.

Upon the publication of this paper, Jeffrey wrote thus to Moore :—

“My dear Sir,—The affairs of the Duke of Queensbury have kept our whole bar in such a state of hurry for these last ten days, that I have been obliged to neglect many things besides my thanks and acknowledgments to you. I was a little mortified at first when I found you had repented you of the verses, and would have written a letter of remonstrance and supplication if I had thought it would have been in time. Upon receiving the article, however, I was obliged to forgive you, both omissions and commissions. The candour, and learning, and sound sense of your observations are, if possible, more delightful than their point and vivacity, especially when so combined. Notwithstanding your pamphlet on the Popery laws, which I saw some years ago with the greatest surprise and satisfaction, I own I was far from suspecting your familiarity with these recondite subjects, and am still afraid that this article has cost you more trouble than we are any way entitled to put you to. It has been printed several days, and extends, I am sorry to say, only to about thirteen pages. It is no small distinction, however, in our journal to be the author of a paper which every reader must wish longer.”

These are the only contributions to the *Edinburgh* from Moore's pen, to the year 1819, at which period the present issue of the Letters and Diary ends.

Amongst all the biographies, or autobiographies, we have ever read, there is not one more melancholy, or more suggestive in its grim moral than this now before us. Here we have a poet, brilliant and fashionable, a man of consummate and profound genius, confessed by all to rank amidst the highest spirits of his own, or of any age, and yet he was, to the day of his death—judged by his acknowledged merit—little removed from the condition of a beggar. We mean not that he was a mendicant; but there is a poverty which a man sees about him, which grows upon him year by year, and as children spring around, as daughters must be portioned, as sons must be sent to professions, or to College, that gnawing, anxious, hungry yearning of the heart, far more bitter than the hunger of the stomach, crushes hope, and weakens energy, and bows the victim to the earth, even whilst he may resolve to perish at his post of duty—to “die with harness on his back.”

This was the fate of Robert Southey—this would have been the fate of Thomas Moore, if that patronage which the Nation should have extended to him, had not been nobly risked by the Longmans. The Minister gave him a wretched Colonial

appointment—he could have secured a splendid one, had he been satisfied to desert old friends, and to prostitute the convictions of his soul for bread : when Moore's Deputy deceived him, he was hunted into exile by the Government, he refused help from his friends, by God's gift of genius, alone, would he free himself, and himself he did free.

Such, however, is the fate of literature in these kingdoms.—So far as the state is concerned—Murray, and Longman, and Blackwood, are the Cabinet to which genius must apply itself, and for that support, which should spring from the Crown and from the revenue, the literary man turns to the booksellers and the reading public. If we look through that woful life of Southey, given to us under his own hand, we find him complaining that he must write for bread, that the *Quarterly Review* is his chief dependence, and that he fears he shall never have leisure to use the vast stores of knowledge he had accumulated for historic purposes. His wife became weak-minded through her anxiety to provide for her children from their limited fortunes ; his own brain, overwrought, softened, and the terrible *coma vigil*, the demon of the scholar, clouded his last months of life—yet he had honestly, no man more so, served the Tory party. Sir Robert Peel, and for him, as a politician, as a Free Trader, we hold no love, was, judged by the spirit of our mechanical, cotton spinning, age, a greater patron of art and literature, than Leo X., valued by the spirit of his reign of genius and of intellect—to Peel Southey owed the happiest period of his life. Peel, in the year 1835, offered him a baronetcy ; this Southey refused, and let us hear, from himself, the causes of the refusal ; let us recollect, too, that he was at this time sixty-one years of age, and had served the Tory party faithfully for a period of thirty-one years. He details his services—he states his reward—he makes known his hopes—simple and humble enough, God knows :—

“ Keswick, Feb. 3, 1853.

“ Dear Sir,—No communications have ever surprised me so much as those which I have this day the honour of receiving from you. I may truly say, also, that none have ever gratified me more, though they make me feel how difficult it is to serve any one who is out of the way of fortune. An unreserved statement of my condition will be the fittest and most respectful reply. I have a pension of £200 conferred upon me through the good offices of my old friend and benefactor, Charles W. Wynn, when Lord Grenville went out of office ; and I have the Laureatship. The salary of the latter was

immediately appropriated, as far as it went, to a life insurance for £3000. This, with an earlier insurance for £1,000 is the whole provision that I have made for my family; and what remains of the pension after the annual payments are made, is the whole of my certain income. All beyond must be derived from my own industry. Writing for a livelihood, a livelihood is all that I have gained; for having also something better in view, and therefore never having courted popularity, nor written for the mere sake of gain, it has not been possible for me to lay by anything. Last year, for the first time in my life, I was provided with a year's expenditure beforehand. This exposition might suffice to show how utterly unbecoming and unwise it would be to accept the rank, which, so greatly to my honour, you have solicited for me, and which his Majesty would so graciously have conferred. But the tone of your letter encourages me to say more. My life insurances have increased in value. With these, the produce of my library, my papers, and a posthumous edition of my works, there will probably be £12,000 for my family at my decease. Good fortune, with great exertions on the part of my surviving friends, might possibly extend this to £15,000, beyond which I do not dream of any further possibility. I had bequeathed the whole to my wife, to be divided ultimately between our four children; and having thus provided for them, no man could have been more contented with his lot, nor more thankful to that Providence on whose especial blessing he knew that he was constantly, and as it were immediately, dependant for his daily bread. But the confidence which I used to feel in myself is now failing. I was young, in health and heart, on my last birth-day, when I completed my sixtieth year. Since then I have been shaken at the root. It has pleased God to visit me with the severest of all domestic afflictions, those alone excepted into which guilt enters. My wife, a true help-mate as ever man was blessed with, lost her senses a few months ago. She is now in a lunatic asylum; and broken sleep, and anxious thoughts, from which there is no escape in the night season, have made me feel how more than possible it is that a sudden stroke may deprive me of those faculties, by the exercise of which this poor family has hitherto been supported. Even in the event of my death, their condition would, by our recent calamity, be materially altered for the worse; but if I were rendered helpless, all our available means would procure only respite from actual distress. Under these circumstances, your letter, Sir, would in other times have encouraged me to ask for such an increase of pension as might relieve me from anxiety on this score. Now that lay sinecures are in fact abolished, there is no other way by which a man can be served, who has no profession wherein to be promoted, and whom any official situation would take from the only employment for which the studies and the habits of forty years have qualified him. This way, I am aware, is not now to be thought of, unless it were practicable as part of a plan for the encouragement of literature; but to such a plan perhaps these times might not be unfavourable. The length of this communication would require an apology, if its substance could have been compressed; but

on such an occasion it seemed a duty to say what I have said; nor, indeed, should I deserve the kindness which you have expressed, if I did not explicitly declare how thankful I should be to profit by it.

I have the honour to remain,

With the sincerest respect,

Your most faithful and obliged servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

We have given this letter for the purpose of showing how little these kingdoms secure to the literary man, even to him who is a warm, able, and ready supporter of a great political party; and, in reading these two volumes before us, the weary, sickening, details of Moore's life to the year 1819, we feel they are relieved, and could be supported only by the spirit of a Poet, genuine in heart and soul.

Let us consider, for a moment, his condition. He bound himself to write the *Melodies*, after the sixth number had appeared, and when he was at the full measure of his fame, for Power, in consideration of £500 a year; and yet, he was at this same time, allowing his father one hundred pounds per annum, the interest at £5 per cent, on £2,000 of the purchase money of Lalla Rookh, which, for this purpose, he had left in the Longmans' hands, the principal being secured to him by bond. He was harassed by a pending prosecution for the defalcation of his Deputy; he was so poor, he thought it necessary to state to his mother, that £40 a year was a cheap rent to pay for Sloperton Cottage, *furnished*, and on the 18th of January, 1817, he writes to Power—"Could you, in the course of a week or ten days, muster me up a few pounds (five or six), as I am almost without a shilling?" Thus he lived, and thus he died. A commission in a marching regiment, for his son, was no acknowledgment of the father's merit; a wretched pension, increased by unwilling dribblet doles, was no return for a Nation, or from a people like ours, to the man who had charmed and roused their spirits, glorified their language, and illustrated the literature of the land. In his sixtieth year he was in possession of £300 per annum; but, the glowing genius of early youth was passed; the hours when inspiration might have played around his pen were gone for ever—the twilight of fancy, like the evening of a summer day, is but dimness to those who have watched the meridian brightness; well might he have cried, with another great Irishman—

* Life and Letters of Southey, vol. vi. Longman and Co. 1851.

"Who shall repay me for the years of my buoyant youth, and cheerful manhood?"—and well may we apply to his own condition, his bitter, galling lines, and referring to his closing years, deplore the false position of such a man—

"Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art,
From the finest and best of all other men's powers;—
Who rul'd, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its show'rs.

"Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Play'd round every subject, and shone as it play'd;
Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart stain away on its blade."

The peculiar-cast of Moore's mind, as exhibited in these volumes, is extremely amiable and interesting. There is a playfulness, an almost boyish character about his letters, particularly those to the Marchioness of Donegall, and to her sister, Miss Godfrey, that reminds us of Cowper's letters to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, or George Selwyn's to Gilly Williams. The gay heart breaks out, and shines in all—and as we read, we fully agree with the Earl of Belfast, when he writes:—

"There is a passage in the cleverest work* of one of the most popular authors of the present day, expressing a sentiment that could receive no more forcible illustration than is afforded in the case of two of the most distinguished men of this century. 'The world,' says Mr. Thackeray, 'is a looking-glass, and gives forth to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it—it will in turn look sourly on you; laugh at it, and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.' If ever man smiled into the mirror of life, assuredly it was Thomas Moore; nor did the reflection deceive him: the world gave him back his cheerful gaze, and bid him hearty welcome."†

* Vanity Fair.

† See "Poets and Poetry of the 19th Century; A Course of Lectures, by the Earl of Belfast." London: Longman and Co. 1852. We are most happy to find our noble young fellow countrymen coming forward manfully upon the platform, and thus following the example set by the Earl of Carlisle, and by Lord Mahon, Lord John Manners, and the Duke of Argyll—see "The Importance of Literature to Men of Business: a Series of Addresses delivered at various Popular Institutions." London: J. J. Griffin & Co. 1852—see also "Lectures and Addresses in aid of Popular Education; including a Lecture on the Poetry of Pope," by the Right Hon. The Earl of Carlisle. London: Longman & Co., 1852. Thus it is that the Patrician should appear before the People—heading them—not upon their necks—as in the old days of violence, of blood, and of barbaric splendor. By showing the iron-fisted artisan, that the peer and he enjoy the same glowing dreams of the poet; by teaching him that his interest is the interest of the Queen and of the noble, he will learn to think more kindly of those who are placed by heaven in a higher sphere

The characteristics of his genius—brilliancy, fancy, wit, and humor, give a charm to these letters, which must have delighted his correspondents in the days when they were written, as they now delight us whilst we read them in these volumes. He describes, in a few words, better than other men could in sentences.—He writes to Power, referring to the Sacred Melodies—"I wish a design to be made for a *Mary Magdalen*, as beautiful as possible, from the words,

‘Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep;
‘Love much, and be forgiven!’

This I should like to be the chief and leading frontispiece of the work; it is such a mixture of the sacred and profane as will be most characteristic of *me*, and may be made most tasteful and interesting." Writing from Paris, he observes, of Sir John Stevenson—"Stevenson is *not* in very high force here; the ice is too cold for his stomach, and cannot get whiskey-punch for love or money—accordingly he droops." In another place he writes, and it is a hint to the female lovers of poets—Tennyson for example:—"Received from one of my female correspondents a Christmas present, consisting of a goose, a pot of pickles, another of clouted cream, and some apples. This, indeed, is a tribute of admiration more solid than I generally receive from these fair admirers of my poetry." There is a bitter humor in this—"Have got a wet-nurse for little Tommy, a woman in the neighbourhood, to come three times a day, which is better than nothing. Poor little thing! with a mother that can give him no milk, and a father that can give him no money, what business has he in the world?" In the following there is much

of life than that which he himself occupies; and in time he will learn to estimate, at their real value, the levellers who give "cheap and nasty" lectures at popular meetings, and will class them with vagabond tenant righters, strolling mesmerists, universal philanthropy mongers, and other virtuous and indignant apostles of slangwhangery. Lord Belfast says of Moore—"As to myself, if there is one heir-loom I prize more than another it is the Dedication of the Irish Melodies to an ancestress of mine, and the beautiful Letter on Music which he addressed to the same Lady Donegall." We recommend this volume of Lord Belfast's to all our readers; like his novels, it proves him to be a man of very exquisite taste; if others of his order followed the example he has set, we might soon say with the great poet—

"Thus linked the Master with the Man,
Each in his rights can each revere;
And whilst they march in Freedom's van,
Scorn the lewd rout that dogs the rear."

matter for thought: "Read, after tea, Miss Lee's comedy, 'The Chapter of Accidents,' to Bessy and Mary D—. The latter seemed to think it made a *mistress* more interesting than she ought to be: but anything that encourages toleration and tenderness does good. The world is but too inclined to the opposite extreme, particularly with respect to the frailty of woman, whose first fault might often be repaired by gentleness; instead of which they are violently sent adrift down the current, and the ruin which their own weakness begun, the cruelty of the world consummates."

Sir Walter Scott writes, in the second canto of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*—

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon light—"

but he never, himself, saw it by moonlight.—The following is in the same strain:—A friend wrote to Moore, asking whether *The Meeting of the Waters* was written under Castle Howard, or under Ballyarthur Castle. Moore observes, "The fact is, I *wrote* the song at neither place, though I believe the scene under Castle Howard was the one that suggested it to me. But all this interest shows how wise Scott was in connecting his poetry with beautiful scenery: as long as the latter blooms, so will the former."—Not so wise as Moore himself in connecting his poetry with the hearts and feelings of a Nation—in which, so long as one pulse shall beat, one aspiration shall ascend to heaven, one mind shall possess the faculty of thought, one bosom shall swell at the record of our country's history, at the sound of Moore's Melodies his name shall live, and the glory which his birth gives to Ireland shall be treasured amongst the noblest and proudest of our National honors.

We have not reviewed these volumes in the ordinary meaning of the term. We have merely written of them as our reading suggested;—the time for reviewing has not yet arrived—and as for extracts, we presume there are few men or women in these kingdoms, who are unacquainted with the contents of the Letters and Diary.

Lord John Russell has been taunted, abused, and contemned by a slashing critic in the *Times* newspaper, for the peculiar method in which he has edited the volumes before us; for our parts, we sincerely hope that he will continue to edit the succeeding volumes in precisely the same manner. Moore

kept the Diary, and preserved the Letters, with the expressed intention of publishing them ; he meant that they should tell the story of his life, and that the story should be gathered from his own recorded opinions and feelings ; therefore, the more we read from Moore's own pen, and the less from that of his editor, be that editor Lord John Russell or any other person, the better the reading public will be pleased.

Had Moore, or John Murray, thought themselves justified in publishing the *Memoirs of his Own Life*, presented by Byron to the former, it would have been precisely such a book, and edited in the same manner, as that before us. We would suggest to Lord John Russell the propriety, or, at all events, the convenience, of adding, to the succeeding volumes, by way of appendix, the few prose papers contributed by Moore to the *Edinburgh Review*. We have endeavoured to supply the omission of them in the present issue of the work, by the extracts above inserted.

We thank Lord John Russell for the manner in which he has presented these books to the nation ; hereafter he may become a Peer of Parliament—these volumes prove him to be that higher and nobler thing—the Peer of a Poet.

Since writing the foregoing remarks upon the Lectures of the Earl of Belfast, the melancholy news of his Lordship's death reached this country. He expired at Naples in the second week of February, aged twenty-five years. His worth as an Irishman, his noble love for literature, his anxiety for the good of all dependant upon him, or around him ; his true-souled anxious yearning after all that could advance the real interest of his native land ; his appreciation of all the benefits conferred upon this country by the great scheme of the National System of Education ; all these make us deplore his death as a friend, and as an advocate lost to Ireland. Men of his stamp are needed in the mind-battle, and in the clash of interests which now are, and which will yet more strongly be, waged in this country. The Noble who at five and twenty had gained for himself, in this age, an honorable name in Literature, might at five and thirty have secured for himself a reputation as a statesman and as a patriot. God had otherwise decreed it :—"Time, with his scythe, cuts down all ; happy they who are mowed down green."

ART. VI.—REMINISCENCES OF A MILESIAK.

Reminiscences of an emigrant Milesian. The Irish abroad and at home ; in the camp ; at the court. With souvenirs of ' The Brigade.' In three vols. 8vo. London : Richard Bentley, 1853.

ALTHOUGH the editor of these volumes introduces them to the public by a statement that the manuscript from which they were printed was committed to his custody by an Irish *émigré*, whom he accidentally encountered plying as a *valet de place* in Wurtzburg, we are inclined, from internal evidence, to ascribe the work to a writer who early in the present century amused our metropolis by his contributions to a noted periodical of the day, and who subsequently held for twenty years the office of principal foreign correspondent to one of the largest newspapers in the world. Apparently regardless of literary reputation, the "Emigrant Milesian" has here produced as original a number of old stories and anecdotes, which having been worn out by constant repetition, were by general consent consigned to merited oblivion. Of his offences in this line, the first and grossest is a tale entitled "A giant refreshed," purporting to be a traditional description of a ludicrous encounter between Finn Mac Cumhaill and an Irish giant, in which the former figures as a kind of pantomimic monster, although Macpherson considered him a personage sufficiently sublime to act the hero in his poem of "Fingal," while by foreign writers he is represented as a man of great talents, and the first who, in these islands, organized a standing army on the model of the Roman legions. Absurdities similar to the tale in the work before us, may amuse the illiterate and unreflecting, but the origin and animus of such productions are traceable to causes unapparent to the generality of readers. In the majority of subjugated countries, it has ever been the policy of the successful party to misrepresent and calumniate the dispoiled or resisting races and their champions, and to ridicule and obliterate, as far as practicable, their most cherished national associations. Hence, on the French conquest of England, the Normans demolished the shrines of the native saints,

and converted the name of Saxon into a term of reproach. Their descendants, pursuing a similar system towards all whom they oppressed, styled Wallace a "master of thieves," Owen Glendowr a sorcerer, and Hugh O'Neill an "arch traitor," although it is now admitted that these men were fully justified in taking up arms to regain their natural rights.

From their first settlement in Ireland, a section of the colonists found that vilification and ridicule were the most effective modes of depriving their opponents of the sympathy and justice to which they were justly entitled; the language of the Irish was consequently pronounced to be barbarous, their laws impious, their ancient history a mass of fabrications, and every effort was made to eradicate those sentiments of national pride which dignify and exalt the human character. The colonial oligarchy and the venal writers existing on the income derived from the prejudices of those classes whom they goaded into fanaticism, combined to represent the Irish as a nation of fools, blunderers, drunkards, and assassins. By thus exciting the fears of the English government, they contrived quietly to appropriate to their own uses the entire spoil of the plundered Irish, whose attempts to obtain justice or to regain their properties were always styled rebellions. Pausing at no falsehoods, however monstrous, the ascendancy faction succeeded in convincing the neighbouring country that the Irish were little better than cannibals, and so widely was this idea circulated in England in the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century, that a writer of the reign of George I. observes that: "upon the arrival of an Irishman to an English country town, I have known crowds coming about him, and wondering to see him look so much better than themselves;" while the following description of the inhabitants of Ireland written in 1738, affords a specimen of the monstrous misrepresentations propagated under the patronage of the colonial faction, despite the opposition of an enlightened and far-seeing minority of their own party:—

"The people of Ireland at this day are uncivilized, rude and barbarous, they delight in butter tempered with oatmeal, and sometimes eat flesh without bread; but which they eat raw, having first pressed the blood out of it, and pour down large draughts of usquebaugh for digestion, reserving their little corn for their horses. Their dress is no less barbarous; cows and cattle are their chief wealth; they count it no infamy to commit robberies, and violence and murder is in their opinion no way displeasing to God. They are much given to incest,

and nothing is so common among them as divorces under pretence of conscience. They pray to the wolves lest they should devour them, the country being overgrown with woods and subject to voracious animals."

Such were the representations by which the colonists laboured to inculcate that they alone were capable of maintaining the English power in Ireland, whereas if these unscrupulous intermediate traders upon national animosities had been divested of the power of retarding the progress of the country, and prevented from intercepting the administration of even-handed justice to all, the people of both islands would have become more conversant with each other, and learned mutual respect and forbearance. From this colonial policy emanated the elaborate and widely-circulated fabrications, styled "Histories of Ireland," in every portion of which the natives were depicted as ignorant and cowardly savages, having nothing in common with their fellowmen but the outward semblance of human nature.* The press being entirely under the control of the ascendancy faction, all controversy on the subject was prohibited, and the so called "History of Ireland" finally became a collection detailing nought but massacres, forays and battles between the natives and their opponents, in which the latter were falsely represented as a victorious and magnanimous people, contending against a number of rude and ignorant clans. These writings produced the desired effect of making many Irishmen ashamed of their country; and dull pedants, unable to penetrate through the mist of falsehood, were ever ready to declaim against "our melancholy history," and "our sad annals." Far different was the case in Scotland, where the history of the subjugated Highlanders—themselves descended from an Irish colony—was invested with a dignity which evoked a wise nationality, and enabled every native of that country on recurring to the struggles of his ancestors for independence, to exclaim with the Italian patriot:

"Di vostra terra sono: e sempre mai
L'ovra di voi, e gli onorati nomi
Con affezion ritrassi e ascoltai."

* Thus also in Farquhar's once popular comedy of "Love and a bottle," 1699, when "Roebuck," an Irish gentleman, announces his country to "Lucinda," she exclaims—"Oh, horrible, an Irishman! a mere wolf-dog, I protest!" For a French tourist's description of Ireland in 1734, totally different from the above, see the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II., 34.

Their own suicidal acts at length broke the power of the Irish colonial ascendancy, and their career of profligacy and oppression having finally stripped them of station and influence, the propagation of falsehood became no longer a State object. The investigations of a few dispassionate inquirers have consequently completely subverted the hitherto received history of Ireland, which is now proved to have been based upon unfounded statements and party libels. The general spread of knowledge discloses every year more fully the sinister objects of those who, still pursuing their old course, endeavour to gain emolument and advancement, by exciting the religious and political passions of classes yet sufficiently illiterate to be amenable to their influence. Antique prejudices are gradually receding before the advance of information; ignorant jibers at the country are fast falling into disrepute; and even Thackeray's Irish caricatures have become as distasteful to the public as that monstrosity—the stage Irishman—who now only finds admirers in Bæotian provincial districts. We indeed, believe, that our people are now so far advanced in national self-respect and knowledge of themselves, that any attempt to caricature the Irish character in our public theatres would encounter no better a reception than that experienced by the comedian Hudson, who was lately driven from the stage in New York, where he expected that his buffoonery would have been rewarded with plaudits equal to those bestowed by the unreflecting on his predecessor Tyrone Power, who gained a reputation by depicting Irishmen in the same style as Clement Marot* portrayed his Gascon valet:—

“Gourmand, yvrone, et asseuré menteur,
Pipeur, larron, jureur, blasphémateur.”

The compiler of the work before us appears to labor under the delusion that Ireland is still as deficient in knowledge of her history as she was at the commencement of the present century; and unacquainted with the great progress made during the last twelve years in the investigation of our monuments and records, he has revived and republished false and erroneous statements which have of late been elaborately confuted and finally set at rest. These errors and anachronisms

* “Epistre au Roy pour avoir esté desrobbé,” Rouen: 1596.

are too palpable and too numerous to require us fully to expose and detail them ; we may, however, remark, that his printer has so ignorantly metamorphosed numbers of the Irish names introduced, that even their owners would be unable to recognize them. It might be expected that a lengthened residence on the Continent would have enabled the author to furnish us with some interesting details connected with the history of the Irish in foreign services, his so-called "Souvenirs of the Brigade" can, however, be regarded as neither new nor valuable, being mainly composed of extracts from French *Mémoires* with which we were before sufficiently conversant. One of the most singular of his mistakes is that relative to a certain Johnson, whom he ranks with lord Clare and other distinguished officers, whereas no person of that name ever attained to any such eminence in the Brigade ; he also presents us with what he styles the "favourite ballad of the Irish Brigade," which is apparently a fabrication imposed upon his credulity.

The only portions of the work worthy of consideration, are those which detail the writer's own reminiscences of remarkable events, together with traditional anecdotes of interesting transactions in France and Ireland. In the latter cases, however, no effort has been made to test tradition by historic truth, nor to prune the narratives of redundancies and additions acquired by repeated oral transmission. A considerable part of these volumes is occupied by accounts of modern political events in France, introduced as episodes consequent on the observation, that the wars of the first French revolution were initiated and terminated by two Irishmen—General James O'Moran and Wellington ; and that the "officer* in command of the royal troops who fought against the Parisian insurgents in 1830, was the son of an Irishman, and he† who occupied a similar position in 1848, was the son of an Irishwoman."

Of an eccentric president of the Irish College at Paris, the author gives the following account :

"The Abbé Ferris resided in Paris at the commencement of the Revolution, and emigrated with the Princes. Subsequently he distinguished himself in the campaigns of 1792, 1793 and 1794, in the

* General Wall.

† Marshal Bugeaud, whose mother was daughter of Count Clonard.

army of Condé, not as almoner of a regiment, but as an intrepid captain of grenadiers. Thanks to the clemency of Napoleon, he was allowed some years later to return to France, and continued to reside in Paris. Here he renewed his acquaintance with a man named Somers, a native of the county of Wexford, Ireland, who, like Ferris, had been a catholic priest at the period of the Revolution, but who followed a line of conduct different from that of Ferris. He renounced his religious habit, professed himself a *sans-culotte*, and married the widow of a shoemaker; and carried on, it would seem, from his appearance and expenses, a profitable business. It will naturally be conceived that no sympathy could subsist between him and Ferris; still they continued on amicable if not intimate terms. One day in the year 1812 or 1813, a large party of Irish, some half-dozen or so, agreed to dine together at a *traiteur's*, for *restaurateurs* were not yet known at that period, to fête a friend who was to proceed to the United States. Among them were Ferris, Captain Murphy, a very popular dashing officer, and an enthusiastic Bonapartist; the late excellent and amiable Michael O'Mally, and others. The entire party had nearly assembled, but he, in whose honour the dinner was given, had not yet arrived. This was an Irishman, a captain of an American vessel, which was to sail from Havre the next day but one, and was to call at some or other of the English Channel ports. While they were chatting, waiting for the hero of the entertainment, Somers, who was not popular with his countrymen, suddenly entered the room. 'Has Captain—— arrived?' he asked. 'No,' said some of those he addressed. 'He is to sail on Thursday,' said he, 'and promised to post a letter for me at whatever English port he should touch. Here it is,' continued Somers, placing a letter on the table. 'Have the goodness to give it him. Good-by,' and he withdrew. Murphy started up. 'He shall carry no letter for you, you—— spy,' said he, and seizing the latter, threw it behind the fire, on which were blazing three oaken logs. Another of the party rushed to the chimney, seized the letter, which had not yet been even scorched, and put it into his pocket. The expected guest entered at that moment. Dinner was immediately served, and this incident forgotten; the rest of the day was spent in joviality. The party separated at eleven o'clock. At the same hour the following forenoon, Somers was shot in the Plain of Grenelle, by sentence of a court-martial, sitting at that period *en permanence* in Paris. He had been denounced at midnight as a spy, and in correspondence with the enemy. The proof of his treason was incontestable. It was contained in the letter which I have just stated had been snatched from the fire by one of his countrymen, and which being produced to him when brought to trial before the military commission, he admitted to be in his own handwriting. It was addressed to 'Mr. Smith, No. 1 Downing-street, Westminster, London.' It contained only these words: 'You will read in the journals of to-morrow, that a review of fifty thousand troops was held in the Carrousel, in front of the Tuileries, this forenoon. It is false. There were scarcely ten thousand.' The Emperor was at that moment in Russia. The exaggeration of the number of troops reviewed, which Somers predicted would appear in the

'Moniteur,' and other journals, had for its object to demonstrate that a large disposable military force still remained in Paris. The contradiction of that statement by anticipation was interpreted, and fairly so, by the court-martial, as conveying information to the enemy. The Mr. Smith, to whom the letter of Somers was addressed, was the brother-in-law and private secretary of Lord Castlereagh, then Secretary of Foreign Affairs of His Majesty George III. From the exclamation of Captain Murphy, before throwing Somers's letter behind the fire, it will be seen that the character of the latter was suspected. Murphy, and the chief portion of the Irish in France at that day bore allegiance and attachment to Napoleon, and despised and detested both the treason and the traitor in the person of Somers. After his death, his wife (through an allowance of the British Government, it was believed, and which must have been liberal) was able to give a very considerable dower with her daughter on her marriage. I have heard so large a sum as £12,000 sterling. On the Restoration, the Abbé Ferris was provided for by the place, President of the Irish College. A battalion of the Garde Royale would have been more to his taste, but to preserve discipline in the Irish College gave him some occupation, and thus the years wore on. Early in the month of March, 1815, the arrival of Napoleon at Cannes, from Elba, became known in Paris. That which alarmed all other royalists, however, had no terrors for this worthy son of Ireland, and of the church militant. He heard of the return of Napoleon to France, with as much indifference as he would have received during a campaign an order to storm a battery; but the 30th of that month came, bringing with it Napoleon himself. The approach of the Emperor was announced to the President of the Irish College in more than one form. The most significant was the ascent of two of the students (A. B. and John O'M.) to the roof of the college, and their removal of the white flag, which during a year had floated peacefully over its walls, and their substitution of the *tricolor* for it. On learning these facts, the president looked queer and decamped. After the Hundred Days, however, he returned to Paris, and found that the Rev. Paul Long had been appointed president of the Irish College in his absence. 'You must withdraw,' said the absolute Ferris, in the tone of the late Lord Canterbury, to the then incumbent. 'I won't,' said the meek Paul Long. 'I have no orders to receive from you.' 'Then I will put a padlock on the door, and keep you and your staff prisoners; or if you and they leave for a moment, you shall not re-enter.' Ultimately the Abbé Ferris became once more President of the Irish College. How he conducted the establishment up to a certain period does not appear; but at length he contrived to involve himself in some difficulties with the Minister for Public Instruction (Hely d'Oissel, himself the son of an Irishman), and who, in an order issued in his official capacity to the Irish College, had wounded the *amour propre* of the captain of grenadiers, as I have just stated, whereupon, in the French fashion, the Abbé provided himself with two seconds (both Irishmen), and caused them to deliver to the Minister a cartel with this inscription: 'My arm is the sword.' The reply was instantaneous. He directed the Abbé Ferris to re-

move sixty leagues from Paris, and to remain in a town indicated, until he was permitted to return to the capital. M. Hely d'Oissel added: 'With respect to the parties who presented your insolent message, I am in search of evidence of their identity. If they prove, as I suspect they will, other than native-born Frenchmen, they shall be forthwith expelled the French territory.' This missive troubled the Abbé Ferris considerably. The persons who had accepted the office of seconds to him, were officers who had served in the Imperial army of France, and of whose Bonapartism there was something stronger in the books than mere surmise. Their expulsion as foreigners would not be refused by government however, and would necessarily cause to them, among other inconveniences, the loss of their half-pay; for, with a becoming regard to economy, the full or half-pay of the French officer is suspended from the moment of his departure from the French soil, unless with the special permission of the government. The Abbé Ferris was therefore much concerned for the fate that awaited his witnesses. He was not a man to remain inactive under such circumstances, however, particularly when the hours of his own sojourn in Paris were numbered. He repaired, therefore, at once to General Count Daniel O'Connell (uncle of the late more celebrated man of that name), and stated the whole case, imploring his interference for their countrymen, his two seconds; 'For myself,' said he, 'I would scorn to ask indulgence of the monarchical Minister, who is only Irish by the father's side.' 'I think it would be useless, moreover,' said the veteran O'Connell. 'You must submit. Give yourself no trouble about your seconds. I and O'Mahony will represent them. I shall see the latter immediately on the subject.' Ferris, overpowered by this kindness, took his leave, and left Paris that night; and Generals O'Connell and O'Mahony intimated to M. Hely d'Oissel without delay, that if he desired to know further respecting the persons who presented the hostile message he had received, they were ready to answer him in any way he might require; and that they, Generals O'Connell and O'Mahony, assumed the entire responsibility of the act. This proceeding saved from exile two distinguished soldiers, whose banishment would have been destructive of their prospects; for, being political refugees before their entry into the French service, their resources in their native land would have been unavailable for them. The brave and respectable veterans, O'Connell and O'Mahony, received their acknowledgments in the manner that may be conceived; adding, however, that, 'in fact, they ran no risk, being unassailable by M. Hely d'Oissel;' but that 'had it been otherwise, they would not have hesitated to devote themselves for fellow-countrymen, even though there existed between them no political sympathy.' Here the matter dropped. The Abbé Ferris returned to the Irish College, but did not evince so much generosity as Generals O'Connell and O'Mahony, for he opposed the re-admission to the college of the two students who had in the Second Restoration been expelled, for hoisting the *tricolor* flag on the college in March, 1815. Generals Counts O'Connell and O'Mahony both lived to an advanced age. I remember meeting the former in Dublin in the year 1816 or 1817. He was,

like all the senior members of his family who I have seen, a man of large stature; and was, moreover, as much distinguished for urbanity as bravery. General O'Connell was a superior officer previously to the Revolution of 1789. He was selected to prepare a code of regulations for the entire French infantry, similar to that composed by General Dundas for the British service, and which was maintained by Napoleon. After his removal from the Presidency of the Irish College, the Abbé Ferris conceived and entered upon a new line of occupation. He became a lawyer; and in the management of British claims with regard to the seven hundred millions of francs in which France was amerced by the Allied Powers, he displayed shrewdness and talent, and realised large profits. He died in the year 1829. He and Somers will possibly be held to have done little credit to their country or their sacred calling, Somers especially. The direction of the establishment which Ferris had in some sort usurped, has since been placed into able and worthy hands, and has consequently been eminently successful. In Somers, treason was fitly punished by treachery."

Of the Abbé Edgeworth, and of the less known Abbé Kearney, successor to Ferris, we are given the following interesting particulars:

"For the honour of Ireland, two of her sons, the celebrated Abbé Edgeworth and this simple retiring individual (Kearney) were in attendance on the unfortunate King Louis XVI. of France, at the moment of his execution. History mentions the Abbé Edgeworth only, but the second, the Abbé Kearney, was also present; not officially, for the powers which then ruled would have rejected a demand for a plurality of confessors or chaplains, and would probably have refused permission for even one to approach their august victim. The Abbé Kearney's presence was therefore voluntary; but I recollect his saying that if not desired by, it was known to the King that he wished to attend on that heart-rendering occasion. The conduct of the Abbé Edgeworth on that melancholy occasion, is well known. He united the most ardent zeal of a minister of religion, to courage and devotion to his royal patron in the presence of almost certain death. These, together with his other claims on respect, are inseparably connected with an event, the history of which ensures immortality to him, and sheds lustre on his country. Respecting the execution of the unhappy monarch Louis XVI., I spoke to the Abbé Kearney more than once. His replies were brief, and were accompanied by evidence that the subject caused him much pain. The following simple narrative is all that I could obtain from him. 'I arrived,' said he, 'in the Place de la Révolution before the King, and managed to reach the scaffold just as the carriage in which he sat with the Abbé Edgeworth and two gendarmes approached from the Rue Royale. The front ranks of the crowd which surrounded the scaffold were principally *sans-culottes*, who evinced the most savage joy in anticipation of the impending tragedy. The scaffold was so situated as to provide for the royal sufferer a pang to which less distinguished victims were insensible. It stood between the

pedestal on which had been erected a statue of Louis XV., overthrown early in the Revolution,* and the issue from the garden of the Tuileries, called the Pont Tournant. Midway between those two points, a hideous statue of Liberty raised her Gorgon head. This situation was chosen in order to realise a conception characteristic of the epoch and the frantic fiends who figured in it. It ensured that the unhappy persons on being placed on the *bascule* of the guillotine, should, in their descent from the perpendicular to the horizontal when pushed home to receive the fatal stroke, make an obeisance to the goddess! Yes, even to that frivolity in a matter so appalling did the monsters directing those butcheries resort. For the King this position of the guillotine was therefore peculiarly painful, for, looking beyond the statue of Liberty the Palace of the Tuileries appeared at the end of the grand avenue, and upon it his last glance in this world must have rested. Scarcely had the King descended, when Samson, the executioner, and his aids approached him to make his toilette,† as the preparation of the victim for death was termed. He had a large head of hair, confined by a ribbon according to the fashion of the day. Upon this Samson seized with one hand, brandishing a pair of huge scissors in the other. The King, whose hands were yet free, opposed the attempt of Samson to cut off his hair, a precaution necessary, however, to ensure the operation of the axe. The executioner's assistants rushed upon him. He struggled with them violently and long, but was at length overcome and bound. His hair was cut off in a mass and thrown upon the ground. It was picked up by an Englishman who was in front of the scaffold, and who put it in his pocket, to the scandal of the *sans-culottes*, who like him were in the first rank of spectators. As we never heard more about the circumstance I suppose this person was murdered. When the bustle occasioned by this incident was over, the King ascended the scaffold. All that followed with regard to him is well known. 'Is it not true, Abbé?' said I, 'that the Abbé Edgeworth uttered, as the king was mounting the short flight of steps leading to the scaffold, those sublime words of encouragement: *'Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel!'* 'No,' he replied; 'but while the King was struggling with the executioner and his men, as I have just described, the Abbé Edgeworth recommended resignation to him, adding (and these words suggested possibly the phrase ascribed to him): *'You have only one sacrifice more to make in this life before you enjoy life eternal—submit to it.'* The execution over, the Abbé Edgeworth and I were advised to withdraw as quickly as possible. I suppose the illustrious Malesherbes was present to take a last farewell of his royal master and client, for the cloak of his coachman was obtained and cast round Edgeworth, under favour of which he retired. Nevertheless he must have been pursued, for

* "The site of the obelisk brought from Thebes, which was placed on it in 1836."

† "Another of the horrible gaieties of the time. The guillotine itself was called 'the national window.'"

he found it necessary to take refuge in a little milliner's shop, in the Rue du Bac, whence by a back door he made his escape.' 'And you?' 'I reached home safely, but was subsequently arrested, and passed three years in the Temple.' This account of the execution of Louis XVI. is perfectly consistent with all those published on the subject, except that it demolishes the memorable exclamation attributed to the Abbé Edgeworth, which, had I not reliance upon the veracity of the Abbé Kearney, there appear many reasons for believing was not uttered."

"After his release from the Temple, the Abbé Kearney appears to have been an object of suspicion for every government of France which followed to the period of the Restoration. On the occurrence of every *émeute*, or the discovery of every conspiracy, he was taken into custody as a matter of course. On the explosion of the Infernal Machine—that incident so fatal to many innocent persons, and so disgraceful to the partizans of the Bourbon dynasty—the Abbé Kearney was one of the first of the many suspected persons who were arrested. 'I was on my way to my old quarters in the Temple,' said he to me, 'accompanied by two police agents in coloured clothes, who allowed me to walk before them free. On crossing the Pont Neuf, I saw approaching a former friend and pupil, Mathieu de Montmorency. He drew up, and as I passed close to him said, in an under-tone, in English (a language I had taught him): 'Unhappy man! I know whither you are going. Will they never allow you to be quiet?' Now I had no knowledge of—nothing whatever to do with—the Infernal Machine.' The Abbé Kearney did not remain long in prison on this charge. The real authors of the atrocious deed were discovered, and several of them met the just punishment of their crime. The man who actually fired the match by which it was made to explode, however, escaped. I found him one day, in the year 1835, at the house of the late Mr. Lewis Goldsmith, in Paris, who introduced him to me. He was a rather shrewd-looking man, of apparently a low class in society. The Abbé Kearney died in Paris, in the year 1827, and was buried in the cemetery of Mont Parnasse. The Abbé Edgeworth remained concealed in Paris after the slaughter of his original penitent the admirable Princess Elizabeth, the purest victim offered on the revolutionary scaffold, to whom he owed his introduction to her brother the King. During the sixteen months which elapsed between the execution of her brother and her own death, the Abbé Edgeworth contrived to correspond with and console her. His mission being, as he considered, terminated with her sacrifice, on the 10th of May, 1794, he retired into Germany, and continued attached to the Princes and the French soldiers who fought under them during twelve or thirteen years. He died at Mittau, the capital of Courland, of a fever caught while attending some wounded French soldiers."

The following notices of the once famous "Waterloo Kelly," a member of the Kildare family known as "the Kellys of the Curragh," may also interest our readers:

"In the afternoon of Saturday, 17th of June, 1815, the British army was in full movement towards the position intended to be occupied by the Duke of Wellington, and was pressed severely by the light cavalry of the corps of Marshal Ney. A long line of horsemen occupied the road, and of these Kelly was the last man; his troop of the Life Guards closing the column. The 7th Hussars (Lord Uxbridge's own regiment) were skirmishing in the rear and on the wings. Suddenly a louder hurrah! than usual struck Kelly's ear. He turned, and saw Lord Uxbridge, now the Marquis of Anglesey, alone in the middle of the road, using gestures of anger, as Kelly thought, and vociferating at the top of his voice. The hussars, borne down by superior force, were retreating. In the distance a large body, an entire regiment at least of lancers, were concentrating, with the obvious intention of attacking the rear-guard of the British army. Perceiving the danger that threatened Lord Uxbridge in the first instance, and the rear of the English army in the second, Kelly galloped back, and on arriving nearer his Lordship, said: 'My Lord, there is not a moment to be lost. The regiment of lancers yonder is forming, and will be upon us presently. Retire with me, and I will halt the Life Guards and charge under your Lordship's own orders.' 'Do so, my good fellow,' said the Earl. Kelly jumped his horse over a drain which skirted the road, and which here formed an angle, and galloped diagonally across the distance which separated him from his troop. On arriving, he called 'halt!' in a loud voice, and the regiment instinctively obeyed. 'Who cries 'halt?' asked Major B——, who commanded the rear squadron of the Life Guards. 'I,' said Kelly. 'Look! Lord Uxbridge awaits our coming up, in order to charge that body of lancers now, at this moment, in close column.' 'The Life Guards must continue their march. The hussars are to cover the retreat—not we.' 'But observe the danger to all, if those fellows come upon us unbroken!' 'That is not our affair.' 'The eyes of both armies are upon us. The safety of our own army depends upon us.' 'I repeat that is no business of ours. Forward!' Kelly, fully impressed with the importance of the crisis which threatened, indignant at the unseasonable prudence of his superior officer, and feeling for the reputation of the regiment, called out once more, 'Life Guards, halt!' A second time he was obeyed. Rising himself in his stirrups, and holding his sword at the utmost stretch upwards, and then brandishing it, he cried in a voice of thunder: 'Men, will you follow me?' A cheer and a wheel round responded to his appeal. He formed them, and galloped up to Lord Uxbridge, who was still alone, with the exception of his staff, on the spot where he had left him. This was perhaps the decisive moment of the fate of both armies; for by this time the mass of the enemy's heavy cavalry were struggling into sight. The lancer regiment already mentioned was now in charging form: The Life Guards made a similar disposition. Lord Uxbridge and Kelly placed themselves in front. 'Charge!' was uttered by both, and at it they went. In this encounter the Colonel of the lancers fell by Kelly's own hand. The charge succeeded completely. The lancers were broken, overthrown,

and dispersed; and the Life Guards receiving the thanks, and Kelly a warm shake of the hand of Lord Uxbridge, resumed their place at the rear of the still retiring English army. In this fashion, unmolested during the remainder of the day, they reached the position at Mont St. Jean by their immortal chief. Next day the 'cheesemongers' gained further and perennial laurels. In the charge against the lancers I have just spoken of, Kelly escaped death by a strange circumstance. When about to mount his horse that morning, he found that his cartridge-box was out of order. Knowing that a brother officer (Perrott) was too ill to march, Kelly entered his quarters, and asked the loan of his cartridge-box. He received it of course, and throwing it over his shoulder hurriedly, shook hands with Perrott, and dashed out of the room in consequence of another summons from the trumpet. Perrott was a man hardly of the middle size; Kelly stood nearly six feet high. This difference caused the cartridge-box of Perrott to hang scarcely below Kelly's shoulder-blade. The hurry of the march, and the incidents of the day, prevented Kelly's recollecting this circumstance. After cutting down the Colonel of the lancers Kelly was in another second attacked by a lancer. With a blow from his vigorous arm, which parried and at the same time shattered the lance,† Kelly raised his sabre anew, and cut at the lancer; but he was too late. As in the case of Frederick Ponsonby, this personal rencontre took place while Kelly and his antagonist were respectively in rapid motion; and as in the former case too, the Pole was too active for his foe. Dropping the remnant of his lance, he with the rapidity of lightning drew his sabre, and cut at Kelly as they passed. The well-aimed blow fell upon the cartridge-box of Kelly, which, according to the regimental regulation, was of massive silver. It was completely cut through, but Kelly escaped without a scar."

"In the course of our journey from Bangor to Holyhead, I asked Kelly, naturally, many questions about Waterloo, for it was almost the only topic of conversation in 1816. Amongst other things, I inquired whether all that was said of Shaw (the pugilist and Life-guardsmen) was true? 'I have no doubt of it,' replied Kelly; 'but every man did his duty on that day, and none more bravely than my orderly, Paddy Halpin.'‡ 'What! were there Irishmen in the Life-

* "This was a friendly *soubriquet*, and not a term of contempt. The gallant 50th were thus called 'the dirty half hundred.' The 101st 'the hundred and worst,' &c."

† "Kelly was on that day mounted on a powerful black mare. When the lancer gave point, Kelly threw up her head, and to that movement possibly owed his life. The lance intended for him struck the mare's nose, and cut open her head until it passed between her ears. This fine animal, like her rider, survived the action, and was, for some years afterwards, an object of interest to the visitors of the Life Guards' stables."

‡ "John Shaw was well known among the pugilistic corps of London before the battle of Waterloo. Paddy Halpin afterwards figured in the same circle, but not in the ring; only with the gloves, I think."

guards?' 'Yes, but not many.'—Our conversation next turned on the Peninsular war, and then on the qualities of the English, Irish, and Scotch soldiers. 'They are all equally brave,' said he; 'but they differ much in character. In Spain, when going my rounds as officer of the night, I found an enemy upon an English regiment, the men fast and confidently asleep. On arriving at a regiment of Highlanders, they, too, would seem sound asleep, but I observed that they were closely observing me. I would go further; from a hovel I could hear the sound of a fiddle. On entering, I should find the soldiers of an Irish regiment engaged in a country dance. On remonstrating, and telling them that possibly we should have an action next day, and that they ought therefore to seek repose, 'Let it come, Sir!' they would reply, 'were we ever backward?' Poor Kelly! He accompanied that distinguished cavalry officer, Lord Combermere, to India, as chief of his staff; for in Spain, Kelly's gallantry had become known to his Lordship. Change of climate, advancing years, hard campaigning, but, above all, the untimely death of his only son, a young officer of much promise, broke up his iron frame. He never raised his head after his son's death; and died during the Burmese campaign, lamented by all who knew him. Connected with this sad event was a circumstance that may have interest for some of my readers. Before intelligence of his death reached Europe, I happened to meet, at the Hôtel Quillac, in Calais, a number of Indian officers, who had just arrived, on their return home. On my way I inquired of them for 'Ned Kelly'; they said that 'he was pretty well, but much grieved in consequence of his bereavement.' A gentleman at another table asked: 'Is he in low spirits?' 'Very!' 'Then,' said the gentleman, an old soldier, 'I am sorry to say he is ordered to join. I lament this, for he was a noble fellow. I have served seven-and-twenty years in India, and have never known a desponding invalid recover, nor a man mentally depressed to live long in that country.' This prediction was verified. The next mail brought an account of the death of Edward Kelly—'Waterloo Kelly.'"

The foregoing extracts sufficiently demonstrate that had the writer of these volumes confined himself to the narration of his own reminiscences, he might have produced an interesting and instructive work; his ambition to become an historian, without the necessary research and investigation, having led him from the path which he should have pursued, obliges us, in justice, to class him among those too numerous authors whose productions possess neither the authenticity of history nor the attractions of romance.

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ART. I.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

*Memoires d'Alexandre Dumas. Tomes 1—13. Bruxelles :
Meline, Cans, et Compagnie. 1852—1853.*

Who has not heard of Alexander Dumas? Who has not laughed at his heroes; wondered at his Monte Christo; been charmed by his descriptions of French life, and who, above all, has not been astonished by his Briarean facility of penmanship? He has laid the historic annals of every nation under contribution, and the records of crime have, in his works, been familiarized to the general reader. But, amusing as he has ever been, no novel issuing from his scriptorium, which is only a manufactory wherein romantic fiction is forged, ever possessed so many strange, odd, and striking incidents as are presented in the work before us.

In selecting this autobiography, thirteen volumes of which have appeared, for consideration in the present paper, our choice has not resulted from any intrinsic interest in either the matter or spirit of the work, but from the quantity of anecdotic gossip concerning Dumas' cotemporaries, who have made for themselves a name in literature, in diplomacy, or in warfare. Valuable pearls are sometimes strung on a very valueless cord, and a fine "take" of delicious trout, with emerald, ruby, and opal tinted scales, is frequently fastened on a common sallow twig, and borne home by a vulgar little boy. If we were safe in sketching a man's character from the tone of his writings, we would pronounce our author's to be a compound of self-esteem, ostentatious profusion, great perseverance and industry, varied with an occasional outbreak of prodigality and idleness—

an indifference to Religion—no particular eagerness for forbidden subjects as materials for his stories, but an equal carelessness as to their avoidance. It scarcely tells well for his paternal care to find his son already remarkable for the very objectionable matter and treatment of most of his productions. When we assert that the self conceit of Dumas almost approaches the sublime, and can scarcely be paralleled, excepting by that of Sir Godfrey Kneller,* we hope our readers will take several passages and traits sketched of his father and himself with a very large pinch of salt indeed. The only thing to which we are disposed to give implicit credence, is his affection for his mother. There is a truthful and loving spirit in all his reminiscences connected with her, which hides, from our eyes, many of his sins against good taste.

If in a sketch of his works, however slight, his deep rooted dislike to all of regal race were omitted, it would be an inexcusable omission. If we trace his various outlines of all the royal personages who have figured on his canvas, we can scarcely meet with any qualities better than intense selfishness, indifference to the weal or happiness of their subjects, self-indulgence carried to excess, and domestic as well as political despotism. If they are devout it is a sour uncharitable bigotry; and if the lives of any are known from history to be irreproachable, they are sure to be cold, ill-natured, and disagreeable to all round them. As poor Louis XVI. did not gratify him by many moral blots, he is content to exhibit him as a prototype of Jerry Sneak.

The only noted men who seem to have obtained his regard are, first, the Regent Philip, his sensuality and thorough exemption from any kind of religious feeling notwithstanding; second, Louis XV. who never voluntarily did hurt to a human being, but was somewhat fonder of other men's wives than a philosopher should be, and rather subject to laziness.

We can recall the name of only one ecclesiastic made

* Dumas is always the hero of his own good stories; he forgets, however, the following. When Dujarrier was killed in a duel with Beauvallon in the year 1845, about a worthless woman, Alexander was the chief witness on the trial of Beauvallon at Rouen, the birth place of Corneille; the following bit of fun took place during Dumas' examination, and the quickness of the President was worthy of the late Chief Justice Doherty. *President.* Votre nom? *Dumas.* Alexandre Dumas. *P.* Votre profession? *D.* Je dirais, auteur dramatique, si je n'étais pas dans la patrie de Corneille. *P.* Monsieur, il y a des degrés à tous.

prominent by our author for any good, moral, or pious qualities.

There is a strong propensity in many French writers for the flamboyant or gorgeous style, and for what they suppose to be the sublime, but which to our more sober taste, appears both profane and ridiculous. Several passages in Dumas' Memoirs, as well as in his other works, show marks of this taint. And now, having written quite enough in disparagement of our hero, we will strive to get into good humour with him as we proceed. His enthusiastic reverence and love for the memory of his parents will interest our readers' sympathy as they glean it from his narrative.

Alexander Dumas was born the 24th July, 1802, at Villers Côtérêts, on the route from Paris to Laon, in a house which the present proprietor reserves for Alexander when about to die, in order that "he may enter into the night of the future, in the very apartment where he stepped into this sphere from the night of the past." Many ill-natured people, wishing to contest our author's legitimacy, he supplies the Baptismal Certificate in full, "to shew the rogues they lied;" and adds, that had he been born with a legal blemish, he would have labored like other illustrious bastards to win fame by mental or bodily exertions: "but what will you have, gentlemen: as I happen to be born in wedlock, the public may as well learn patience, and resign itself to my legitimacy." His grandfather, Marquis Antoine-Alexander Davy de la Pailleterie, Colonel and Commissary General of Artillery, sold his property, and settled in the west of St. Domingo, about 1760. His father, Thomas Alexander Dumas Davy de la Pailleterie, was there born the 25th March, 1762, and at ten years' old, was nearly caught and eaten by a cayman, but was saved by attending to the directions of a Negro, and flying in a zig-zag direction, as the cayman runs or jumps only in a straight line. Father and son returned to France in 1780, the latter being then eighteen years of age.

He was, at that period, a handsome young man, dark of course as being a Mulatto, with hands and feet small as a lady's, skilled to perfection in the management of the sword, and meeting strange adventures, in one of which figures the Duke of Richelieu, the hero of so many of our author's *true* histories.

Richelieu, it is worth remembering, was the grandson of a lute-player named Vignerot, by a niece of the great Cardinal's. In vain did the Duke change his final *t* into a *d*, and pass it off as an English name: the beagles of the heralds' College unearthed the deceit. At the siege of Philipsburgh in 1738, Richelieu, who had not been prevented by his grandfather's low birth, from espousing Mademoiselle de Guise, and thus connecting himself with the imperial house of Hapsburg, killed in a duel the Prince of Lixen, one of his wife's cousins; and in this encounter, our hero's grandfather acted as the second of the Duke. Dumas' father, in the year 1784, then the handsome, gallant, Mulatto, twenty-two years' old, being in a box at the theatre with a fair Creole, and being also in undress, sat towards the back; a young Mousquetaire walking into the box, sat in front by the side of the lady, who gave him a tacit rebuke by pointing to her companion, but the officer excused his little breach of good manners by observing that he mistook him for her footman: and in a second he was launched, all fours, into the pit on the heads of the affrighted groundlings.

The Duke of Richelieu, at this epoch, was the senior Marechal of France, and had been named President of the Court of Honor in 1781, being then eighty-five years' old. A constable of this Court of Honor now waited on our hero in the saloon of the theatre, and attached himself to his person till the quarrel between himself and the Mousquetaire should come to issue. On meeting Dumas, Richelieu recognised the son of his second in the duel of forty-seven years ago, espoused his cause and acted as his second in the present quarrel, in which the Mousquetaire came off with a sword thrust in his shoulder.

Richelieu and Dumas' grandfather now resumed their old relations, and talked over their former exploits, and a brilliant military career seemed open to the son.

"About this time my grandfather took, as his second wife, Maria Frances Retou, his housekeeper, he being then at the mature age of seventy-four, and this marriage brought a coolness between father and son. My grandfather now kept his purse-strings tighter than ever; and my father soon found that life in Paris without money is a very bad life indeed. He sought the old gentleman and announced his intention of enlisting as a common soldier. 'Very well,' replied my grandfather, 'but as I still bear my title of Marquis de la Pailleterie, and Colonel of Artillery, I do not intend that you should

drag these titles at the heels of the rank and file ; so you shall take service under a *Nom de Guerre*.' 'That is but reasonable,' said my father, 'I will take service under the name of Dumas (this name he inherited from his mother), and so he did.' He joined the regiment of the Queen's Dragoons in 1786, taking the No. 429. As for the old gentleman, he died in a fortnight after, as well became an old royalist who did not wish to live to witness the taking of the Bastille, and by this death the last link which bound my father to the aristocracy was broken."

A few of the father's qualifications and exploits are subjoined. At twenty-four years of age he was one of the handsomest men you could see : he had the bronzed complexion, the dark brown eyes, and the straight nose, which distinguish the mixed Indian and Caucasian race ; his teeth were pearly white, his neck nicely fitted to his strong built shoulders, and despite his powerful frame, his hands and feet were those of a woman. His free open-air life in youth had well developed his powers ; and as a horseman, he was a veritable Gaucho. He often, when mounted, caught hold of a beam over head, in the riding house, and raised the horse from the ground by the force of the muscles of his legs. When general of a division he was once passing by a watch-fire where a soldier, thrusting his middle finger into the barrel of a musket, was astonishing his comrades by holding it out at arms length. Very well, said the general, throwing aside his mantle ; meantime hand me four muskets ; and inserting his four fingers into the four barrels he held them out horizontally with as little effort as the soldier used with one.

"Father Moulin, a stout muscular man who served under my father in Italy, at a time when the men were strictly forbidden to walk abroad without their sabres, as assassinations were frequent, related to me that he was surprised by the general in the street without sword or any other weapon. He took flight on recognizing my father, hoping to escape by a side passage, but his chief setting spurs to his horse, and shouting, 'Oh you rogue, do you want to be killed,' soon came up, and seizing him by the collar, trussed him as a hawk would a lark, and held him so suspended, till he was passing a guard-house ; then pitching him in, he shouted, 'forty-eight hours confinement for this *bougre*.' The early events of the Revolution occurred without any concurrence on my father's part. The National Assembly was appointed, the Bastille fell, Mirabeau waxed great, harangued, and died, while my father, as common soldier or brigadier, did duty in the provincial garrisons. About the year 1790 he became acquainted with my mother at Villers Côtterêts, and they were married the 29th November, 1792. The 27th of August, 1791,

four days after the first insurrection of the Negroes in St. Domingo, Leopold I. of Austria, and Frederic William II. of Prussia, meeting at Pilnitz, signified their resolution of assisting Louis in bringing his rebellious subjects to order. The lines then written kindled at Quievrain a conflagration which was not extinguished till Waterloo."

The troops being now ordered to the frontier, Brigadier Dumas, under General Beurnonville, took an opportunity of capturing, single handed, thirteen Tyrolese, who, with their corporal, had entrenched themselves in a meadow with a special wide ditch in front. Dumas leaving three comrades at the other side, sprung over this ditch, captured his prisoners, who were paralyzed by his audacity, laid their thirteen rifles across his saddle, marched them out of their place of strength, and brought them, with the help of his comrades, in triumph to the camp!!* Afterwards, when Dumas was on guard, the general was accustomed to say, "This night I will sleep soundly; Dumas keeps the watch!!" Soon after he sees, in an unexpected rencounter, the barrel of a musket, on the point of being fired, gaping full in his face: quick as thought he discharges the contents of a pistol into the dangerous tube, smashes the weapon and stuns the unlucky owner: the broken barrel was long in the possession of Alexander, but was lost one fine morning in a change of residence.

Here is a trifling specimen of the grandiloquent style so much in favor with some French writers:

"This was the time of voluntary enrolments, and France presented to the world a spectacle which might pass for an example. Never was a nation so near its fall as France in 1792, unless France in 1428. Two miracles saved this well beloved daughter of God: in 1428 the Lord raised up a virgin to save her country by her death. In 1792 he roused a whole people; he inspired a whole nation with the breath of his mouth. France felt the hand of death stretched over her, and by a powerful and terrible contraction, while her feet were enveloped in the grave shroud, she sprung forth from the tomb."

Dumas being sent to command the army of the Pyrenees, finds his authority contested by the local powers. The lodgings of himself and staff are in front of the place of execution, and as the windows are kept closed during the exercises of the guillotine, the enlightened populace raise a clamor in front of his house, crying out, "Oh, Monsieur de l'Humanité, to the

* Old Dumas' exploits remind us of Micky Frec, and Charles Waterton.

windows, to the windows!" Notwithstanding his real danger, he remains indifferent to the soft impeachment, and is, in consequence, known by no other name than Monsieur de l'Humanité, and the son now adds proudly,—

"Gentlemen, you may dispute my name of Davy de la Pailleterie; but what you cannot dispute is, that I am son of the man whom they called Horatius Cœles in presence of the enemy, and Monsieur de l'Humanité in presence of the scaffold."

He is afterwards sent to command La Vendée and its neighbours, but he writes to the Committee of Public Safety in such honest and plain terms concerning the insubordination, cruelty, love of plunder, and general ill conduct of the Republicans stationed there, and the impossibility of doing any good till a reform should be effected in their morals, that he is again removed, and appointed General of the Army of the Alps. The chiefs of this unlucky detachment had been rewarded for their services thus: Montesquieu, proscribed by the Convention, fled into Switzerland for safety; Anselmo lost his head for taking Nice; Biron replaced him in command, and succeeded also to his block on the scaffold; Kellermann, for his great services and victories, was summoned before the Convention; and to fill his place, while on this pleasing excursion, General Dumas was ordered to the mountains.

He takes the formidable post of Mount Cenis by conducting three hundred men, their shoes provided with snow irons, up the face of a precipice, not considered in want of further defence than a palisade. Having arrived at the base of the palisade, he takes each man by the collar and waistband, and flings him over; the guard is put to the sword, and the passage into Savoy opened.*

"My father had now reached the point when the successful generals were recalled to Paris to be guillotined. He was awaiting this recompense, and so was not much surprised by the receipt of this letter:

'CITIZEN-GENERAL. '6 Messidor, An. 11.

'You are directed to quit the army of the Alps forthwith, and to present yourself in Paris to give answer to allegations laid to your charge.

'COLLOT D'HERBOIS.'

* Bobadil is nothing to this—and Sir Charles Napier at Acre got "a leg over" from his men in scaling the walls.

Dumas had entered the town of St. Maurice on a very cold day, just as the guillotine was about to do duty on four state criminals. He directed the instrument to be taken and converted into firewood, and as the executioner was embarrassed with his patients, the general gave him a receipt for them, and hinted to the poor wretches the expediency of making the nearest way to the hill, an advice which he had no need to repeat: and this was the head and front of his offence. For a wonder Dumas did not give his own head in exchange for these four, and his nickname became more appropriate than ever. He was really a lucky as well as a humane man.

The following summary of a year of blood is recommended to the admirers of the French, and other sanguinary revolutions:

On the 20th January, 1793, Louis XVI. was beheaded; 31st May, the Girondins were proscribed; 13th June, Marat slain by Charlotte Corday; 5th September, the Christian Era abolished; 16th, Marie Antoinette guillotined; 31st October, the Girondins executed; 6th November, Philip Egalité met his deserved end; 1st December, 4130 prisoners in Paris; 1st March, 1794, 6000; 27th April, 7200; 5th April, Danton, Chabot, Bazire, Iacroy, Camille Desmoulins, Héroult de Séchelles, and Fabre de Eglantine, executed; 22nd April, Mallesherbes, the defender of Louis XVI., with his daughter, his sister, his son-in-law, his grand daughter, and her husband, were immolated together; 1st May, 8000 prisoners; 8th, Lavoisier and 27 other farmers general put to death; 10th, the Princess Elizabeth mounted the scaffold—her handkerchief having slipped she said to the executioner, ‘for your mother’s sake, monsieur, cover my bosom’—she died as she had lived, a Christian, a saint, and a martyr; 8th June, Robespierre celebrated the Festival of the Supreme Being—this worthy high priest, raised on a platform, pronounced a discourse in which he condescended to recognize the existence of a Deity, and the immortality of the soul—he concluded the rite by burning Atheism and Fanaticism in effigy. There were now 32 prisons in Paris confining 11,400 souls, and a guillotine with nine blades was in requisition, as formerly they could only execute 135 in one day. At last, on the 26th July, the two Robespierres, Couthon, St. Just, Lebas, Henriot and 17 other Jacobins, met their deserved reward.

Towards these latter days, such was the profusion of blood

round the scaffold, that an epidemic spread in the neighbourhood of the Fauborg St. Antoine, and a child happening to slip into the trench at the Place de la Revolution, was drowned in the gore.

After recounting these and other horrors, our author winds up the chapter, à la Thomas Carlyle, in these words :—

“ Oh yes, you have been the hammer of God, and have forged the sword that has given freedom to the world, Oh terrible heroes of the convention. Let then a sombre and sad worship be paid you, O formidable Titans, who from 1793 to 1795 heaped June on August, September on January, Prairial on Thermidor, and who from the height of the ruins of the monarchy of Olympus, have darted your thunders on the nations of Europe.”

For the other exploits of Dumas Père we have small space. He served under Buonaparte in Italy and Egypt ; gave offence to the great chief in the latter place, by saying that if Napoleon separated his interests from those of France, he (Dumas) would know which to prefer—was the chief instrument in suppressing the revolt at Cairo—was supposed by the Turks, when he dashed into their Mosque on his tremendous charger, to be Azrael, the angel of death—got leave to return home—was obliged to put in at Taranto—was confined by the Neapolitan government, and half poisoned—was exchanged for the Austrian general Mack—returned home, and afterwards applied, in vain, to Buonaparte, and the other consuls, for a remuneration adequate to his services. Receiving no answer, and his constitution being enfeebled by the effects of the Neapolitan poison, his last days were passed in a sort of lethargy. Notwithstanding several applications from his poor widow, and interference on the parts of his old companions in arms, Napoleon would never hearken to any request, and at last positively forbade any reference to the subject. Alexander mentions an extravagant occurrence or two connected with his father's death, such as his spirit appearing to himself, then a child of three years or so, and taking a sorrowful leave, in in the style of Hamlet's fether.

The childhood of our hero was spent among the forests and parks adjoining Villers Côtterêts, an appanage of the house of Orleans. † He states a good deal of the father of Philip Egalité, of Philip himself, of his son the late king of France, and of Madam de Genlis, and gives many genealogical details connected with these great people. His mother being left

poorly provided, several efforts are made to obtain some regular pension for her support, but in vain. The chief friends of the widow and child were a certain rough relation, M. Deviolaine, an inspector of the forest, a regular bear in manners but having a kind heart,—a M. Collard, who lived about three leagues away,—and the good Abbé Gregoire, who superintended Alexander's education. He learns to read from a large edition of Buffon with plates; fenced, and rode like a centaur; becomes a proficient in writing in every ornamental style, but, boy or man, never masters short division. He is within the breadth of an ink horn of being sent to college to be educated for the church: we write ink horn advisedly, as it is a ridiculous circumstance connected with the purchase of one which causes the disappointment, and sends him away for three days to catch birds *a la Pipée*. We devote a few lines to the description of this species of fowling: A tree is stripped of its boughs, and twigs anointed with bird-lime are inserted into its stem at intervals; an owl or a jay is tied to this tree, and the fowler lies snugly in a little bower at its base. The owl or the jay hooting or screaming, by way of lamenting their bondage, all the birds of the forest crowd to rejoice in their mishap, but reckon without the bird-lime, and the rogue underneath fills his game bag. He learns, that is he fails to learn, to play on the violin from a Mr. Hiraux, whose youthful pranks in a convent, would make a good chapter in De Faublas. He also lends to an old lady a volume of the Arabian Nights, containing the story of Aladdin; on finishing it she asks for the next, but he returns her the same, and she reads it again with equal delight, and after the fourth or fifth perusal she begins to find it odd that the author should have but one name (Aladdin) for all his young heroes. We refer our readers to the Memoirs for the young romancer's adventures with dogs, horses, and guns in Villers Côtérêts, and its vicinity, and thence to Paris. A volume made out of the first six of those before us, would form a most amusing book for young people: such diverting domestic animals, especially the dogs, were never before seen or heard of, and his own juvenile escapades are related in the most agreeable manner. The Abbé Gregoire is one of the best of men; he does his utmost to infuse a religious spirit into the youth, but, in our opinion, his success is very doubtful. Dumas seems never to have troubled his confessor after his first Communion, in fact he does not feel the necessity—he says, when he is about

to receive the last sacraments of his church, he is sure of having no sin of consequence on his mind to trouble his conscience. This was a peculiarity of his father also, as with the exception of a natural feeling of resentment against Buonaparte, his soul was a sheet of white vellum. He also tells us confidentially, that he seldom enters a church, but when he does, he retires into the most obscure angle and there remains in rapt communion with the All-Knowing. His lips breathe no prayer : what is the need, he says, under his peculiarly favored condition. Well, surely the matter might be worse. He says he ever was, and is still, incapable of spite or envy, and we are inclined to believe him, as excepting the old dead kings and priests, and his father's old enemy, Napoleon, his pen sheds the ink of good nature on all creation. A peculiarity of his constitution is a dread of looking downwards from the slightest elevations. After relating these facts, he tells us that his mother at last obtains a licence to sell snuff and salt, and they struggle on as best they can.

He procures employment as a clerk in two notary offices in succession, but gives them up after a short trial. When a boy he met with four or five terrible accidents, two of which we will glance at. Playing before a grocer's door, he fell backwards into a cask of honey, and seeing the grocer, sword (*spatula*) in hand, running at him in all haste, he did not stop to divest himself of his spoils, but took the nearest road with all his might ; the grocer brandishing his blade, gave the view halloo, and ran him down after a very pretty chase ; he used his victory with moderation however—instead of cutting off the fugitive's head, he laid him across his knees, and scraped the precious liquid off his rear ; then setting him on his limbs, and giving him a back slap with the flat of his blade, he returned home rejoicing in the recovery of his property.

Another time falling into a pond, and being nearly lost, his companions cry out, "Dumas is drowning," but he grasps some tufts by the edge, and keeps himself from sinking till he is pulled out. It being Twelfth Day, and having got the royal bean, he cried out on coming to land, you ninnyhammers, why did you say Dumas was drowning, when you should have shouted "*The King Drinks.*"

At the period of the invasion of France in 1814, the little town experiences the unwelcome attention of the Cossacks,

and a large cavern in the neighbourhood to which the helpless inhabitants had recourse, did not save them from the outrages of the miscreants.

He sees Buonaparte in his coach, on the route to Waterloo, when stopping for a relay in the village, and sees him again at his return, and takes occasion to make some few observations connected with his fate and conduct. Some remarks on the habits of the foresters are worthy of insertion.

"I have lived much among Forest rangers and sailors, and have remarked a great analogy between these two races of men. Both are, in general, of cold, dreamy, and religious characters. The sailor or the woodman will remain by the side of his best friend, one sailing forty or fifty knots on the ocean, the other passing eight or ten leagues through the forest, without exchanging a single word, without appearing to remark a single object, or hear a sound, and yet not the slightest noise will disturb the air that their ears will not drink; not a movement will agitate the surface of the water or the mass of leaves without impressing their sight. Then, as the two entertain the same train of ideas, a similar science, an analogous tone of feeling, as their silence has been no more than a long tacit communion with nature, you will be astonished to find, that at the proper moment, they have need to exchange only a word, a gesture, or a glance, and they will have communicated more to each other by this word, this gesture or glance of the eye, than others could have done in a long discourse. Then, while they converse in the evening round their sylvan bivouac, or their cottage fires, how minute and picturesque the description they give, the one of their forest courses, and the other of their storms. How simple and full of pictures their language, borrowed from the poetry shed on them from the summit of the lofty trees or the crests of the sea waves; and how grand and clear their speech. We are aware of the presence of a pupil of nature and solitude, who has unlearned the language of men to utter that of the winds, the trees, the torrents, the tempests and the ocean."

The events of the Restoration, the assassination of the Duke of Berri on the 13th February, 1820, and the spread of Carbonarism in 1821, are recorded by our author in juxtaposition with his own private fortunes. His friend, M. Deviolaine, is named keeper of the forests, and comes up to reside in Paris. He could have helped Alexander, but has latterly conceived an ill opinion of his assiduity, and, besides, he has forfeited his good opinion in other respects by a piece of imprudence. He engages as clerk with a notary, but this notary, absenting himself occasionally for three or four days, Dumas and a brother clerk start for Paris to see a play; support themselves by

game which they shoot on the journey, and get free quarters for the residue at an old-fashioned hotel in the city. He seeks out a young man of his acquaintance, a M. De Leuyn, and they wait on the great Talma (De Leuyn being a personal acquaintance) for tickets to see him in Sylla.

"Talma was short sighted. He was washing his breast when we entered; his hair seemed as if he had lately shaved his head, and this confused me a little, as I had often heard that in Hamlet his hair used to stand upright at the sight of the ghost. I must allow that there was but little of poetry about Talma, at his toilet. Nevertheless, when he stood upright, when with naked bust, his lower extremities enveloped in a large white mantle, he drew a corner of this over one shoulder, there was something imperial in the movement which impressed me with awe. At this epoch I was merely the son of General Dumas, it was something, however. He stretched out his hand which I would have kissed with great pleasure: our hands touched. Oh, Talma, would you had then been twenty years younger, or I twenty years older! I had all the honour; I knew the past, you could not divine the future. If you had known that the hand you touched would afterwards write sixty or eighty dramas, among which you who were ever in search of suitable characters, would have found some one or other of which you would have made a world's wonder, would you then have let off so easily the poor young man so proud to have seen you and merely touched your hand! We went in the evening to see the Sylla of M. de Jouy represented. When I saw Talma enter on the scene I gave a cry of surprise. Oh, it was the sombre masque of the man whom I had seen pass in his carriage, his head drooping on his breast, eight days before Ligny, and whom I saw return the day after Waterloo. Many have since attempted, by means of the green uniform, the grey outer coat, and the little hat, to reproduce this antique medal, this bronze, half Greek half Roman; but none, O Talma! had your dark flashing eyes, or your calm and serene countenance, on which the loss of a throne and the death of 25,000 men could not imprint a regret, nor leave a trace of remorse. He who has not seen Talma cannot conceive what Talma was: he combined in himself three supreme qualities which I have never seen since united in the same man, namely—simplicity, power, and ideality. It was impossible to possess the beauty of an actor in greater perfection, not the personal beauty of the man, but that which appertains to the character; melancholy in Orestes, terrible in Nero, hideous in Gloster: he had a tone, a look, a gesture, for each person. Mademoiselle Mars was the perfection of prettiness; Mademoiselle Rachel the perfection of the beautiful; Talma was the ideal of the grand."

He is again introduced to Talma in his dressing-room after the play, where he sees M. de Jouy, and marks his great height, his white hair, and his spirituel and good-natured look, and admires Talma in his white gown, after divesting himself of his purple robe

and diadem. He kindly receives the future dramatist's bashful congratulations, and baptizes him poet in the names of Corneille, Schiller and Shakspeare, exhorts him to resume his clerkship, and prophesies that if he has a genuine vocation, the spirit of poetry will find him even at a notary's desk, and, if needful, "even lift him by the hair of his head and transport him to his appointed sphere."

It may be interesting to some readers to know the prices which the costumes of a few of Talma's characters brought on the retirement of the great tragedian.

Charles VI. and his peruke, 205 francs; the Cid, 62; Mithridates, 100; Richard III., 120; Nero's two dresses, 412; his crown, 132; Othello, as once played, 131; Leicester, 321; the Misanthrope, 400; Sylla, 160; Hamlet, including his poignard, 236.

"The mention of Nero's two dresses requires an explanation; it will show Talma's conscientiousness in the selection of his wardrobe. One day he found in Suetonius, that Nero entered the Senate house in a blue robe embroidered with golden stars, and immediately he got made a dress in harmony with this description, and appeared soon after on the stage as Nero, in this new costume. Next day, however, some wiseacre of a critic, who had never taken the trouble of reading Suetonius, and who considered the change as arising out of a freak of the actor, said in his feuilleton that he looked very like Night in the prologue of *Amphytrion*; and this made Talma lay aside his starry mantle. Another time being to represent Othello on occasion of a benefit, he reflected that the Moor having become a Venetian general, ought to lay aside his Oriental trappings, and assume the costume of his adopted country, so he got a dress made in the most exact Venetian fashion of the 15th century. But, with the turban, the shawl girdle, and the wide embroidered trousers, a pretty share of the picturesque of the character had vanished; this last quality Talma, with all his talent, was not able to replace; and so being dissatisfied with himself, and thinking that the change of costume had had an unlucky influence on his acting, he resumed the original dress in his succeeding representations, and abandoned the other for ever."

Our readers and ourselves would be better qualified to sympathize with Dumas's enthusiasm for the English actors and the plays of Shakspeare, if we had previously gone through the long regimen of the meagre, unpicturesque, plots, the dreamy verse, the jolting rhythm, and the long-winded orations of the great French tragedy writers. For obvious reasons we introduce the ensuing matter here, though referring to a later era in the Memoirs:—

"About 1822 or 1823, if I remember rightly, an English company had attempted to give some specimens of their art at the Port St. Martin, but they were received with such a storm of hisses and cries, and apples and oranges, that the unhappy artists were forced to retire under a shower of projectiles. This was a sample of national feeling in 1822; we thought it derogatory to us that a theatre where, we will not say Corneille and Moliere, but even Caignez and Pixerecourt were played, should give asylum to such a barbarian as Shakespeare, and the *unclean works* that followed in his train. Five years had only elapsed since then; and Paris was now all curiosity to see an English company perform at the Second Theatre Français. An initiatory example of courtesy had just been given by our neighbours: Mademoiselle Georges had succeeded in obtaining what the great Talma, in spite of his Anglo-French parentage could not, namely—a public appearance. On the 28th June, 1827, and under the special patronage of the Duke of Devonshire, she appeared in Semiramis, and obtained unbounded applause: £800 were taken at the doors. She played in a few days in Merope with equal success, and this double triumph induced the director of the Odeon to bring over an English company. From a thorough neglect of English literature, we had passed at this time to a state of enthusiastic admiration. M. Guizot who did not then know a word of the language, though he knows it well enough now, had translated Shakespeare by the help of Letourneur: Scott, Cooper and Byron were in every body's hands; M. Lemercier had made a tragedy out of Richard III.; M. Liadiere one out of Jane Shore; Kenilworth was played at the Port St. Martin; Quentin Durward at the Theatre Français; Macbeth at the Opera. People spoke of Soulié's Juliet, of De Vigny's Othello. The wind was decidedly in the west point, and wafted across the channel a complete literary revolution. The English artists found the Parisian public waiting for them with open arms. There are phases in society when everything is tranquil except the imagination; as the body is in no danger, the mind covets imaginary perils; human pity must have some object to expand itself on; twelve years of calm made every one pant for emotion; ten years of smiles made them long for a few tears. Through our unquiet and adventurous spirit, we cannot dispense with the drama, we must either witness it on the stage or in society, and in 1827 it was all at the theatre. The English company gave their first representation on the 7th of September: Abbot spoke a prologue in very correct French, and they played the Rivals of poor Sheridan (Sheridan who found it so difficult to get leave to be buried), and Fortune's Frolic by Allingham. The comedians bore away the honors on the first evening, but though great notice was taken of Liston and Miss Smithson, every one felt that the great object of attraction was yet to be looked for. They played Hamlet, which, having by heart, I was in no want of the libretto, but followed the actors, translating it word for word, as it was pronounced. I own that the impression received vastly exceeded the expectation: Kemble was wonderful in the part of Hamlet, Miss Smithson adorable in that of Ophelia. The scenes of the platform, of the screen, of the assumed madness, of the portraits, and of the

grave-yard, struck me with amazement: from this moment I began to understand what a drama really was, and from the ruins of my former notions and conceptions, all shattered by the shock now received, I began to hope that I could construct a new ideal world. It was my first time of seeing at the theatre real passions animating real living men and women. I began, from that time, to sympathize with the laments of Talma at every new part he created: I began to understand his never-ceasing longing for a literature which would allow him to be a man and a hero at the same time: I then understood his grief at dying without being able to bring before the world a part of the genius that, in consequence, perished in him and with him. The present generation can scarcely appreciate these matters: their youthful studies have made them as familiar with Scott as with Le Sage, with Shakspeare as with Moliere: our discerning age can hardly believe now that an actor was groaned for being an Englishman, and a play hissed because it was written by Shakspeare."

When we recollect the reception which Monte Christo, and the French actors who performed in it, received a few years since in London, we must acknowledge that Dumas' memory is very short, or that he treats the discriminating London public with more forbearance than they merit at his hands.

"The performances succeeded each other with increasing success. Juliet followed Hamlet, then came Othello, then in turn all the master-pieces of the English drama: Kemble and Miss Smithson received the enthusiastic plaudits of all. I find it impossible to describe the impression made on me by the melancholy madness of Ophelia, Juliet's adieux, in the balcony, the scene at the tomb, and the death of Desdemona, as represented by these great artists. Abbot filled some parts in a very charming manner; he made the rôle of Mercutio particularly an occasion of deserved triumph."

He pays a second visit to Paris in 1823, and by a series of laughable but annoying adventures, he is obliged to pay for a place at the orchestre, after disbursing twice to the parterre, and the cut of his hair and clothes not being to the taste of his company, he is subjected to some indignities, which are pleasanter in the telling than the enduring; but at last he gets into a safe harbor beside a middle-aged man, with a black cravat, a chamois waistcoat, and grey trousers: this gentleman is absorbed in the perusal of an Elzevir (Dumas did not know at the time what an Elzevir meant); and this Elzevir was a mere book of cookery, but printed by Louis and Daniel Elzevir, Amsterdam, 1633, and the rarest of all Elzevirs.

"At this moment the polite gentleman let his book drop on his knee, and raising his eyes to the top of the curtain, fell into a fit of profound abstraction. He was about 45 years of age; his countenance was very mild in expression, benevolent and sympathetic; he had black hair, dark grey eyes, a slight twist to the left in the nose; and humour and wit lurked in the corners of his finely-formed mouth. Encouraged by the good humour in his face, I ventured to commence a conversation: 'Monsieur,' I said, 'pardon my question if indiscreet, but pray are you fond of eggs?' 'Why should I be fond of eggs?' said he, apparently waking from his reverie, and speaking with a strong Franc-comptoise accent? 'Sir, excuse my freedom, but my eyes fell involuntarily on this little book in your hand, where it professes to teach sixty methods of cooking eggs.' 'Ah, sure enough. Sir, I have an uncle a great hunter and feeder, and who undertook to eat 100 eggs for dinner one day: he knew but of 18 or 20 ways to cook them: oh, ay, twenty was the number, as he eat them five by five: now if he had known 60 methods, zounds, he would have eaten two hundred eggs instead of one.' My neighbour looked at me as if he were weighing in his mind whether I was a wag or a fool. 'And now, sir, if I could procure this book for my uncle, I would be sure of his lasting gratitude.' 'Indeed, I fear your uncle must go without it, on account of its rarity as being an Elzevir: you know what is meant by an Elzevir?' 'No, sir, but will be glad to learn. Since I came to Paris I've found a multitude of things about which I know nothing, and am determined to get a higher and better master than Voltaire, and that they say is 'the world,' 'Sir,' said my neighbour, looking at me with some attention, 'you are right; you have selected a capital teacher, and if you profit by its lessons, you will not only be a great savant but a great philosopher: but to return to our Elzevir: an Elzevir in particular is this little volume; in general it is all the books issued from the press of Louis Elzevir and his successors, publishers at Amsterdam. But do you know what a bibliomaniac is?' 'Monsieur, I do not know Greek.' 'You know that you know nothing; well, that is a good sign. The bibliomaniac (*βιβλίον* book, *μανία* madness) is a variety of the human race, and this animal on two feet, and unprovided with feathers, saunters commonly along the quays and the boulevards, stopping at all the book stalls and handling all the old books. His ordinary dress is a surtout, too long, and a trousers too short; his feet are adorned with shoes down at the heel; he has a greasy hat, and his waistcoat is fastened with strings. One of the sure signs by which you will recognise him is, that his hands are never clean. What this animal is searching for among the old books, for every animal is always in search of something, is an Elzevir.'

For curious information connected with the Elzevirs and their works, and the various editions, we must refer our English bibliomaniacs to the Memoirs.* The specimen in question is the most rare of the Elzevirs: hav-

* Vol. VII., p. 142.

ing been chiefly in the possession of cooks and confectioners, the copies were all used out, the particular one in Dumas' neighbour's hand was valued at 300 francs. The performance of the Vampire interrupts the discourse; this poor drama is severely criticised by our new acquaintance, and between the acts he tells Dumas of an extraordinary animal he once discovered in a little wet sand placed on the stage of a microscope. Instead of ordinary feet, it was provided with wheels on each side of its body, which served as paddles when it moved through liquids, and as ordinary carriage-wheels when on dry ground. A peculiarity of this animal was, that it died when the sand around was dry, and came to life in a year, or a month, or any time you pleased to moisten its clay. It was, unhappily, blown away by a blast of wind one day, and its owner, who turns out afterwards to be Charles Nodier, was never able to light on another, and nothing but the name he gave it will reach posterity; this name was the significant one of *Rotifer*.

"Charles Nodier at this time was superintendent of the library of the arsenal. An admirable man was Nodier: I have never seen or known one so learned, so artistic in his tastes, and so indulgent at the same time, excepting perhaps Mery: without vice but full of defects, those charming defects which make up the originality of the man of genius. Nodier was extravagant, careless, a flaneur, and one who really enjoyed a stroll as well as ever Figaro enjoyed idleness. Perhaps it might be objected that he loved every one too much, but he did it through laziness, as it saved him the necessity of drawing distinctions. Nodier was in particular the man of learning, he knew every thing and something in addition: he had, besides, the privilege of all men of genius, where his knowledge ended, his invention began; and it must be owned that what he did invent seemed more probable, better colored, more poetic, more ingenious, and, I will add, more true than the reality itself. He was ever inventing paradoxes for his own amusement. When I was once asked how a dinner passed off at a minister's where I was a guest, pretty well was my answer; but if Alexander Dumas had not been there, I would have been very tired. So Nodier invented paradoxes, as I relate stories, for fear of ennui. In the morning, after Nodier had covered twelve or fourteen pages of letter-paper with clear legible writing, he considered his morning's work as at an end, and out he went, sometimes along the boulevards, sometimes along the quays. Whatever route he took, three things occupied his attention, the old book stalls, the libraries, and the book-binders' workshops. These promenades, beginning at noon, ended mostly at from three to four, with Crozet or Techener, where were now assembled the chief book collectors of Paris, the Marquis de Ganay, the Marquis of Chateaugiron, the Marquis of Chabre, Berard (Nodier's rival in the search for Elzevirs), and, finally, *Le Bibliophile Jacob* (Monsieur Lacroix) president in Nodier's absence,

vice-president when he arrived. Then and there, all sat down and chatted about things in general. At five o'clock, Nodier returned home by the quays, if he had set out by the boulevards, and vice versa: at six he dined with his family, and enjoyed his coffee after it, like a thorough Sybarite. He afterwards wrote till nine or ten o'clock, and then set out once more, and dropped into the pit of the Port St. Martin, the Ambigu, or the Funambules; at the first of these, as before described, I had the happiness of making his acquaintance. Nodier had seen '*the Mad Ox*' acted nearly 100 times: at the first performance, having waited to the end without seeing the animal in question, he approached the *box openeress*, and begged to be informed why they had called the piece just performed, '*the Mad Ox.*' '*Monsieur,*' answered she, '*they have called it so because that is its title;*' and he retired grateful for the information. On Sundays Nodier went out at nine o'clock to breakfast with his friend Gilbert de Pixerecourt, and at six o'clock p.m., he returned to dine with his family, and his Sunday guests, ordinary and extraordinary. His family consisted of his wife, his daughter, his sister, and his niece; his ordinary guests were De Cailleux, the director of the museum, Baron Tailor, Francis Wey and Dauzats: the chance guests were Bixio, St. Valery and myself. St. Valery was a librarian like Nodier, he was a man of information but no talent: it was of him that Mery said, referring to his great height,

'He stoops down, and catches a bird in the clouds.'

He never used a ladder, for by stretching out his long arm, elongating his long body, and standing on tiptoe, he could reach the highest shelf in the library. He could not bear patiently any jests on his longitude: I once offended him mortally on the occasion of his complaining of a cold in his head, by asking him if it had not been in his feet he had had the cold last year. If a thirteenth guest ever happened to arrive, he was obliged to take his dinner at the side table.——From eight to ten was devoted to chat; from ten to one in the morning we danced. After dinner and coffee we entered the drawing-room, Nodier always leaning on the arm of Bixio or some other guest, for though only about 40 years of age at that time, he felt the need of leaning on some one, like those climbing plants that cover the whole face of a wall with their leaves and flowers. Among the drawing-room guests were frequently found Fontanay, Alfred and Tony Johannot, Barye, Boulanger, Michel, De Vigny, De Musset, and, finally, Hugo and Lamartine, the affectionate Eteocles and Polynices of Art, one of them bearing the Sceptre and the other the Crown of the Ode and the Elegy. If Nodier stretched himself on the sofa on one side of the fire, we knew that he wished (Sybarite that he was) to enjoy the reveries caused by the fumes of the coffee. If, on the contrary, he leaned against the mantel-piece, the backs of his legs to the fire, and his back to the glass, a story was expected. Then we smiled in anticipation of the recital about to issue from that mouth, with its fine, spirituel, and sarcastic outlines; then, in the midst of deep silence, out came one of these delightful histories of his youth, so like a romance of Boccaccio or an idyl of Theocritus. He was at once Walter

Scott and Perrault, the Savant contending with the Poet, the Memory with the Imagination. Not only was Nodier amusing to listen to, he was pleasant to look on; his long slender body, his long thin arms, his long white hands, and his long visage, full of a serene melancholy, all harmonized and blended with his rather slow Franche compeish speech; and whether Nodier introduced a love story, a battle in the plains of La Vendee, a terrible incident on the Place de la Revolution, or a conspiracy of Cadoudal or D'Oudet, you listened without drawing a breath, so well did the admirable skill of the narrator extract the interesting and picturesque out of every thing. Those who entered kept silent, made a salute with the hand, and quietly sat down or stood up against the wainscot, and the story always ended too soon. It ended no one knew why, for all felt that Nodier could draw for ever on that Fortunatus's purse, his imagination. The audience never applauded; no one claps hands for the murmur of a river, the song of a bird, the perfume of a flower, but when the murmur ceases, the song is at an end, or the odor departed, we still listen, we still wait, we still long for more.—But Nodier now lets himself sink from the mantel-piece into his sofa, he smiles, and, turning to Hugo or Lamartine, says, 'enough of prose, now for some verse—proceed,' and without need of pressing one or other poet, as he sat with his hands on the back of a fauteuil, or his shoulders resting against the wainscot, poured out a flood of poetry, harmonious and abundant. And then all heads turned to the new fountain, taking a new direction, all followed the soaring flight of poetic thought which, borne on eagle's wing, floated and played, now in the obscurity of the clouds, now among the flashes of the tempest, and now in the mild sunlight, and this time the full rounds of applause fell on the gratified ears of the poets. During the dancing, Nodier, who had nearly disappeared among the cards, now disappeared altogether. He went to bed early, or rather he was put to bed. It was Mme. Nodier who had charge to put the large child to bed. She first left the room to prepare the dormitory; then, in the winter, a warming pan was brought in to the fire-place, its wide jaws opening, received the glowing coals, and thus prepared the *bassinoire* was borne to the bed-chamber. Nodier followed it out soon after, and we saw him no more. Such was the daily life of this excellent man. One day we found him humiliated, embarrassed, ashamed; the author of *The King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles* had just been made an academician: he asked pardon humbly of Hugo and myself, and we pardoned him. After being five times rejected, Hugo was admitted in his turn: he did not ask my pardon on the occasion, and he was right, I would not have given it."

The history of our author, so far as he has yet communicated it, may be compressed in a few words. At the instance of General Foy, his father's old friend, he obtains an appointment as copying clerk in one of the departments of Louis Philip's household, where he distinguished himself by his fine penmanship and assiduity. He is summoned, on one occasion,

to copy a statement in the handwriting of his august master ; he thus gives his first impressions of the future King.

"The prince was in his 49th year ; he was still a fine man, a little encumbered by his embonpoint, which had been improving for the last ten years : he had an open countenance ; an eye lively and sparkling, but without firmness or depth ; and a great affability, which still never prevented the presence of aristocracy to be felt underneath, unless he wished to recommend himself to some bourgeois foible ; his voice was agreeable, and had almost always a kind tone ; and when he was in a humor for talking, you would hear him at a distance, chanting, in a very false key, some of the music of the mass—I have since heard him chant the Marsellaise just as much out of tune. He always had the good sense to acknowledge publicly the ties of left-handed relationship ; he kept his two natural uncles, the Abbes St. Phar and St. Aubin, about him at the Palais Royal, and never made any distinction between them and his other relatives."

The document given to Dumas was an exposure of the pretensions of a certain Maria Stella Petronilla, daughter of an Italian gaoler, with whom and his wife, Philip Egalité and his duchess had sojourned a while, about fifty years before. The duchess, according to the statement, Petronilla was brought to bed of her, and the gaoler's wife of Louis Philip at the same time. An exchange of babies was made, and hence the child of low birth was now Duke of Orleans, and the real heiress, simple M. S. Petronilla. She was now moving courts, and palace, and every available means, to secure the recognition of her assumed rights.

In the intervals of his fixed hours of duty, Dumas studies Shakspeare, and Schiller, and in conjunction with Mr. Adolphe de Leuven, and a literary scamp named Rousseau (more of whom anon), he composes a vaudeville named '*La Chasse et L'Amour*,' which proves successful. A person named Porcher lends him money on the tickets to which he is entitled while the piece runs. He gets a volume of tales published, four copies only of which are sold. He brings his mother up to Paris, and shews her all the affection and attention of a good son ; produces his first successful drama of Henry III., but has not the satisfaction of its being seen by his mother, who had been struck by paralysis ; and his salary is diminished at the Palais Royal on account of his literary occupation.

In those early literary struggles, Alexander forms acquaintance with two literary vagabonds, Romieu and Rousseau, of course not Jean Jacques.

"Rousseau was of the famous school of Favart, Radet, Collé

Désaugiers, Armand Gouffé, and company, who were never able to compose, except by the light of blazing punch bowls, and to the music of shooting corks. Among these great men, Rousseau enjoyed a seat of high consideration, but to his great regret he was obliged to resign a moiety to his illustrious collaborateur Romieu. So Romieu was, in 1825, the collaborateur of Rousseau, but the produce of their joint labours was nothing but a series of adventures, one still more pleasant than the other, which furnished the staple of conversation at the Café du Roi and the Café des Variétés. I held these worthies in the highest respect, for their perfect self-possession in very trying circumstances. There were but few nights on which Rousseau, deserted by his traitorous friend, was not picked up by the patrol, and brought before a police magistrate for some nocturnal exploit; but Rousseau was as well off as those children whom their friends teach to remember a name and address for fear of their being lost. Rousseau had encrusted on the hardest plate of his memory, the name of a certain friend of his who happened to be a commissary of police, and the cement was so strong, that neither wine, nor eau-de-vie, nor rum, nor punch, could efface it. Rousseau's legs might be powerless; Rousseau's speech unintelligible; Rousseau might be jolly—drunk—dead drunk; might forget the name, and abode, of his own mother; the name and abode of Romieu, even his own name and abode, but Rousseau never forgot the name and address of his friend the commissary of police. And as it would be unjust to refuse a man, however drunk he might be, the privilege of being brought before a magistrate, they conducted Rousseau to his friend who first gave him a sound rating, but always ended by setting him at liberty. Once on a time, however, the sermon was sharper than ordinary; Rousseau listened with an air of profound contrition, and his patron reproached him for thus rousing him from his sleep every night. 'What you say is quite correct,' said Rousseau, 'and I'll give you leave to call me an ungrateful ass, if I don't trouble some other commissary, once at least, in every three nights.' He honestly kept his word, but the other commissaries were not so indulgent: the first who received his visit sent him to the Salle St. Martin, where he enjoyed a fast of 48 hours, and this restored him again to his normal system. But the porters and grocers were in very bad odour, indeed, with Rousseau and Romieu. Rousseau introduces his head through the open casement of a porter's lodge. 'Good day, my friend.' 'Good day, sir.' 'Will you please to tell me the name of this nice bird in your window.' 'A linnet with a black head, sir.' 'But why do you prefer a linnet with a black head?' 'Because it sings so well. Listen;' and the porter with hand on hip, face all radiant, and head humoring the time, enjoyed the song of his favorite. 'Ah, very nice, indeed; you are a married man, I suppose.' 'Yes, sir, my third darling is alive.' 'And where is this darling wife of yours?' 'You mean to say my spouse, I hope, sir.' 'Oh, certainly, your spouse, by all means.' 'Sir, she is above with our lodger of the fifth floor.' 'Ah ha, and what business has she with your fifth-floor lodger?' 'Putting his rooms in order.' 'Is he young or old, this fifth floor tenant?' 'Middle aged, sir.'

'Very good; and where are your children?' 'Sir, I have none.' 'And what have you been about, all the time of your three marriages?' 'I beg pardon, sir; are you looking for any one here?' 'Not one.' 'Is there any thing I can do to oblige you?' 'Nothing whatever.' 'But you have been heaping questions on me these fifteen minutes.' 'Yes, to be sure.' 'And to what were these questions apropos?' 'Apropos to nothing at all.' 'And why, then, does Monsieur do me the honor?'—'Oh, it is quite simple: I am passing, I read over your window—*Speak to the Porter*,' and I do so.' Romieu pays a visit to a grocer: 'Good day, sir.' 'Sir, I am your humble servant.' 'Have you candles, eight to the pound?' 'Certainly, sir, it is a good selling article, as in this city of ours, the little purses much exceed the big ones in number.' 'Sir, that remark of yours smacks more of profound observation than of the mere shop.' 'Sir, you do me honor.' Romieu and the grocer salute. 'Monsieur was saying that he wanted?' 'One candle, eight to the pound.' 'One only?' 'One to begin with, we will then see about the rest.' 'Here it is, sir.' 'Please cut it in two; I hate to touch a candle.' 'No wonder, sir, the smell is not pleasant; here is the candle cut.' 'Ah, by the way, will you have the kindness to divide each half into four parts?' 'Into four?' 'Precisely, I want eight pieces for a certain purpose.' 'Very well sir, here are the eight.' 'I am really too troublesome, but will you oblige me by clearing the wicks of all?' 'The whole eight?' 'The whole seven: one piece has the wick already prepared.' 'True enough.' 'Now be so good as to set them in a straight line on the counter, three inches apart.' 'But what the deuce is that for?' 'You shall soon see: please hand me a match.' And Romieu gravely lighted the eight candle ends. 'What in the world are you doing, sir?' 'Sir, I am executing a practical joke.' 'And then?' 'Then as the joke is at an end, I beg to take my leave, with thanks for your civility.' Romieu saluted the grocer, and walked out. 'And are you going away without even paying for the candle? at all events pay for the candle.' Romieu turned round. 'And if I did, where would be the joke, let me ask you?' And Romieu held on his tranquil course, regardless of the cries of his victim. Now and then, Romieu soared in his art, and put some high branch of commerce to confusion. Passing one evening along the Rue de Seine at the corner of the Rue de Bussy, about half-past twelve, just as they were closing the emporium of *The Two Baboons* which was commonly done at half-past eleven, Romieu dashed head foremost into the shop. 'Where is the proprietor of the establishment?' 'He is in bed, long since.' 'But he sleeps in the house I hope.' 'Certainly.' 'Conduct me to him at once, I must see him this instant.' 'Your business must be very urgent then.' 'I tremble with anxiety for fear of being too late.' 'Well sir, as you assure me'—'Oh, go on, go on.' The shopman did not take time even to close the street door, but ushered Romieu to the chamber where Mr. P. was snoring like a bass viol. 'Mr. P. Mr. P.,' cried out the man. 'Eh, Eh, whats that?' 'Go to Halifax: (Halifax was not precisely the place indicated, but I respect my readers' nerves,) what do you want?' 'Sir, it isn't me.' 'Eh, who then?' 'A gen-

tleman who wishes to say two words to you.' 'And at this hour.' 'Sir, he says he can't help it.' 'And where is this gentleman?' 'He is at the door. Come in, sir, come in.' Romieu entered on tiptoe, his hat in hand, and his face one smile. 'I beg a thousand pardons, sir, for the trouble I am giving.' 'Don't mention it, I beg: what can I do to oblige you?' 'Sir, I wish to speak to your partner.' 'To my partner? I have no partner.' 'No partner?' 'None.' 'And pray sir, why have you put on your sign board *'The Two Baboons'*—it is a shameless imposition on the public.' But sometimes it occurred that the joker's face was known, and then the tables were turned.—One day Rousseau entered the shop of a watchmaker. 'Monsieur, I wish to see a real good watch.' 'Here is the very article you want.' 'What maker?' 'Leroy.' 'And who is Leroy?' 'One of our most celebrated workmen.' 'Then you engage it.' 'Certainly I engage it.' 'How often in the week must it be wound?' 'Once a week.' 'Evening or morning?' 'Just as you please, but perhaps you had better wind it in the morning.' 'Why so?' 'People are generally drunk at night and so there might be danger of breaking the spring.' This time Rousseau was really sold; but he had a great mind: out of respect for the artizan's wit, he withheld his intended patronage. Romieu having become sous prefect, and then prefect, could not continue these pleasantries; but they say that the old man returned on him at times, so hard is it to overcome a strong natural bias. Thus they relate that Romieu returning home after a supper in town—Ah, when Romieu supped abroad in Paris, he never came home till next day: but alas, every one knows that Paris and a country town are different things. Mr. Sous Prefect coming home as I said, at eleven o'clock, perceived three or four gamins of the locality aiming with stones at the lamp lighted in front of the prefectorial abode. This was in the province however, not in Paris, and the youths, in their provincial awkwardness, had already fired five rounds without hitting the mark. The sous prefect who looked on without being perceived, shrugged his shoulders; but at last not being able to contain himself in the presence of such detestable want of skill, he approached, took his stand among the astonished young gentlemen, picked up a stone, discharged the missile, and in a trice the glimmer of the luminary was quenched."

But poor Rousseau might sing with true feeling, "I have a silent sorrow here," after the departure of his friend: worse than that, he felt wronged to the core, and the cause was as follows:—

"Romieu being appointed sous prefect, Rousseau leaped for joy, though he could not but take it in bad part, that no one thought of conferring an office of some kind on himself. He looked in on Romieu. 'Well, my friend, I wish you joy; you have thought of me, I hope.' 'Why should I have thought of you?' 'Surely you will need a secretary; that's the very thing for me, twelve hundred francs, diet and lodging, and your company to boot: I'll be as happy as a king.' 'Well, well, we will see, look in on me to-morrow; and

if the thing is possible ——' 'Possible! why where the deuce is the difficulty?' Rousseau returns next day. 'Well, it's all right I hope.' 'Ah, my friend, I am very much concerned indeed; it is impossible for me to bring you.' 'How! am I awake—impossible do you say?' 'Ah, yes, dear Rousseau; before giving you this charge, I felt it my duty to make some needful enquiries about your habits, and I have learned to my regret, that you are too fond of the bottle.' Rousseau departed, and this time he returned not again. Poor Rousseau! three months before his death he related, with the tears in his eyes, this anecdote to myself and my son. 'Romieu will come to a bad end,' sighed he, with the tragic tone of Calchas; 'he is an ingrate.' "

And the reader will surely sympathise with the wrongs of Rousseau, after reading this episode of their former life.

"He had come out in company with Romieu after a good supper, moderately drunk, as a body may say of him; after a few steps the outward air had its usual effect, and he was really drunk; after moving a hundred paces—he was as drunk as Bacchus. Romieu had made incredible exertions to bring him as near home as possible; but having been brought low by his helpless friend for the second time, he was forced to leave him to his destiny, using, however, all possible precautions for his safety. At about thirty paces from his lodging, feeling the impossibility of getting him farther, he laid him down gently at the door of a green-grocer, on a comfortable couch of cabbage and carrot leaves, propped his head snugly by the jamb, and then going across to a grocer's shop, he got the door opened by dint of kicks and thumps. Entering, he purchased a little lamp, lighted it, and placed it beside his comrade, and took leave of him with this benediction: 'Now sleep tranquilly, O son of Epicurus, the passers by will not trample thee.' Rousseau passed the night in the undisturbed sleep of the innocent, thanks to the protecting lamp; and on awaking found a few sous in his hand. Some charitable souls had dropped the alms, judging him to be a poor respectable person ashamed to beg. But as it was his own neighbourhood, he was recognised by the huxter and grocer as the shops were opened, and the cup of his humiliation was full."

The novelist, Frederick Soulié, was one of Dumas's early literary acquaintances; there seems to have been an odd sort of relation between them, varying from attraction to repulsion. According to our author, Soulié was all kindness and patronage, while Dumas was in obscurity or in any difficulty, but with every one of his literary successes came a dislike or coldness on the part of his friend. The truth seems to be that Soulié was annoyed at finding the first prize, in romance and the drama, always carried off from him by his young friend, whose debut he had witnessed so very few months before.

"Soulé has died young; he has not only died in the flush of his

powers, but died before he produced an irreproachable and complete work, which he assuredly would have done one day or other, if he had not been cut off so early. There was something incongruous and obscure in Soulié's brain; his mind was, so to speak, enlightened like our globe, on one side only—the antipodes of the side enlightened by the sun was irrevocably plunged in darkness. Soulié could not easily commence a drama or romance; the drift of the plot made its appearance by chance, sometimes at the first, sometimes at the last act, if it was a drama; and indifferently in the first or third volume of the romance—and the plot entered on timidly, was developed painfully. It might be said, that like those birds of night that have need of darkness for the complete exercise of their faculties, Soulié was not entirely at his ease, except in the twilight. This was the greater pity, as when the object was once full in sight, no one had such vigor—no one had such creative power. Soulié was, when I first knew him, a stout, robust, young man, of middle size, but admirably well made; his forehead was prominent; his hair, eyebrows, and beard, black, his eyes grey, and his nose well formed. He had tried a little of everything, and retained a part of each; after receiving an excellent provincial education, he passed his law examination at Rhemes, hence his admirable picture of student life, in one of his novels. He was, at once, very liberal and very aristocratic, two qualities which, at that time, were often united in the same individual; he was brave without being quarrelsome—he had all the susceptibility of a Southern student, and was a proficient in manly exercises. Soulié had a real passion for gold as mere metal: he loved to look on it, and to handle it. Towards the end of his life, when his yearly income amounted to 40 or 50 thousand francs, he often had to meet bills at the end of the month, and from the 15th or 20th day he would have the two or three thousand francs ready in his bureau. Then in order to have the full enjoyment which he received from the sight of gold, he would have his five-franc pieces or notes changed for Napoleons, making a point to procure the newest and most brilliant coins that could be got, and by this process suffering a loss of four or five sous on every piece, for Soulié had not the advantage of living in this happy gold-depreciating era which we now enjoy. Then when the pay day arrived, though he had the sum ready, he never handed it over to the collector, but preferred to incur an expense of 20, 30, 50, or 100 francs for the pleasure of retaining his beloved treasure under his eyes for a few days longer. And yet Soulié was one of the most generous, largest hearted, and even most prodigal of men. He loved gold not as misers, for its own sake, but for the luxury, the enjoyment of life, and for the power it confers; and on this account he held the romance of *Monté Cristo* in particular estimation. Let me be pardoned for dwelling so much on Soulié's character, his was one of the most energetic organizations I ever knew; and I say of him, as Michelet once said of myself,—‘*He was one of the great powers of nature!*’ I could have better fancied Soulié as a hunter in the American forests, a pirate in the Indian seas or the Arctic Ocean, or an explorer of the shores of Lake Tchad, than as a romance writer or dramatic author. Hence he was superb in the middle of his hundred workmen (in a

sawing manufactory) whom he directed with a nod or a wave of his hand, and ruled with a voice at once gentle and firm, good natured and commanding."

The following extract, though not harmonizing so well as could be desired with what goes before and follows, is selected, as it gives the author an opportunity of writing well of Royalty, an opportunity of which he rarely avails himself.

"About this time, 1827, the hopes of the country seemed centered in the Child of Miracle, as the young Duke of Bourdeaux was called, and on the first of January, M. de Barbe-Marbois, President of the Court of Exchequer, addressed him in this beautiful little discourse, so well in harmony with the age and intelligence of the young prince: 'Monseigneur, you are receiving to-day New Year Gifts according to custom; ours shall be a little history. One day the prince, your namesake, being about your own age, returned, after an absence of some months, to the Court of Navarre. He was still on horseback when he saw himself surrounded by the children of the country, who shouted out in their joy to see him, '*Caye nostre Henry*,' which in their patois meant, 'Oh, see our Henry,' as if the young prince belonged exclusively to them. Queen Jeanne, his mother, an excellent princess, who had seen and heard all this, from a balcony of the palace, was much pleased with this reception of the young prince, and thus addressed him: 'My son, these children have just given you the sweetest lesson you can ever receive. In calling you 'Our Henry,' they remind you that princes belong as much to their subjects as to their own proper family.' The prince recollected this lesson, and hence it is, that for two centuries, the French nation call him still 'Our Henry,' and will ever continue to call him so.' M. Le Duc de Bourdeaux, after listening attentively, answered, 'I will not forget.' Already, the year preceding, the same speaker had said, 'and you Monseigneur, you now so young, and on whose head depends the future weal of France, always bear in mind that this beautiful kingdom requires not only a good king, and one who loves the truth, but also a king who is willing that the truth should be told him; a king who loves not flattery, and will remove from about his person all those who find it their interest to deceive him.'"

Readers of Mery's romances will not be sorry to learn some particulars concerning him. He is a Marsellaise: his first debut was a residence in prison for a satire on M. Eliga Gallay, Inspector of the University. Mery, having no resources in Marseilles, as hating commerce as much as he loved poetry and draughts, came to Paris, where he studied Geology under Cuvier, and literally supported himself by playing at draughts, at the Café Manoury. By playing at six sous the game, never more, he won ten francs per day for an entire year, and never lost a lecture on Geology.

Madam Caldaïron, who adored him, laid out a match for him with a young milliner, then much in vogue, whose business brought her twenty-five or thirty thousand francs yearly. So poor Mery was revelling in anticipation of his future Elysium of rice straw and ribbons of all hues, when his intended caught a cold, one sharp February evening, passing the Pont des Arts on his arm, as they could not pick up a Fiacre all along the Quay de Voltaire and Rue de Jacob, and died in three days—leaving him, as one may say, a young widower.

He distinguished himself by one or two satirical poems against the Government, written in concert with Barthelemy, and became a French Theodore Hook, in all but conservatism.

“Mery knows almost every thing within the compass of man’s knowledge; he knows Greek as well as Plato, Rome as well as Vitruvius, India like Herodotus, he speaks Latin as well as Cicero could, Italian as Dante, and English equal to Lord Palmerston. A Melomaniac of the first rank, he once said to Rossini, ‘Let me alone, you know nothing of music,’ and Rossini meekly answered, ‘That is true, indeed.’ The man of the finest talent or genius has his good and bad days, his lights and shades of imagination, but Mery is never fatigued; Mery is never exhausted. If he is not speaking, it is not because he is weary, he is simply listening: do you wish Mery to talk, touch him with a match, and he is on flame, he explodes: let him alone, give no hindrance, and, whether the subject be morals, literature, political economy, or a simple voyage; whether it be a question concerning Socrates or M. Cousin, Homer or M. Viennet, Napoleon the Great or Little, you will get the most surprising improvisation you have ever enjoyed. And then, incredible as it may seem, with all this, you will never hear a sharp or bitter remark, never an ill word of a friend. If Mery touches you with his finger point, your whole person is sacred to him ever after. In effect, what renders a man wicked? Envy: but who could be an object of envy to Mery? He is as learned as Nodier was; and the whole of us rolled into one could not come up to his poetical powers: he is as lazy as Figaro, and as witty as—as—Mery himself:—I can find no other parallel. The facility of Mery has become proverbial. One evening we gave him twenty bouts rimés (end words of rhymed verses) and in less time than we took to find the words he supplied the rest of every line, and all making good sense and poetry seasoned with wit. I also know that he has composed an act of a play in verse, consisting of about 500 lines in part of a day. It was in the garden of the Luxembourg that I first saw Mery: we were introduced, and each proved as attractive to the other as the loadstone to the iron. I do not know which is the magnet, which the metal, but the result is the same, we have ever since been inseparable.”

Now let us devote some pages to the author of *Marion Delorme*, *Notre Dame de Paris*, and *the Orientals*.

Victor Hugo was born the 26th March, 1803, at Besançon: his father was Joseph Leopold Sigisbert Hugo, of Lorraine. (Hugo, in old German, means spirit, soul, inspiration, &c.) He took up the musquet in 1791, was lieutenant in 1795, and made Charette prisoner in La Vendée: when colonel under Joseph Buonaparte, King of Sicily, he took Fra Diavolo prisoner, and, under the same Joseph, when King of Spain, he took Juan Martin, called the Empecinado, on the banks of the Tagus. His rank at this time was Grandee of Spain. Hugo's mother was of Breton descent: she had two peers in her family, Count de Chasseboeuf, whose works, under the nom-de-plume Volney, are well known; and Count Cornet (Paper Twist), whose name Victor would not afterwards assume, even to gain a patrimony. Victor was so feeble for a long time after his birth, that he could not keep his head from falling forward continually on his breast, and it was only a mother's love and endurance that preserved his little spark of life. Some months after he was born the family removed to Elba, and the only trait recorded of his residence there is, that the third word he ever pronounced (the first two, of course, being papa and mamma) was *Cattiva* (bad) which he applied to his nurse.

In 1806, Joseph Buonaparte, being appointed King of Sicily, invited Colonel Hugo to attach himself to his fortunes in Naples, and after some time the mother, and Hugo, and his two brothers, set out to join the head of the family, in his province of Avellino. The children, on the journey, took great delight in holding out little crosses made of straw through the coach window, and seeing the peasants kneel down by the road sides to pay them reverence. Seeing the heads of malefactors empaled at particular spots, they at first took them for the wooden images or signs of barbers, but were shocked on approaching one of them to find their mistake. They were installed in a marble palace, which, during an earthquake, had been cracked from roof to base. The future poet could see the surrounding landscape through this crack in his sleeping room, and he and his brothers employed their hours of leisure in scrambling up and down the precipice, on which the house stood, and climbing the hazel trees for the large nuts called *avellines*. Dumas records it as characteristic of the future author, that Hugo never could, in after times, recal

images of the celebrated places of Italy, unconnected with the accidental circumstances of storm and of sunshine, under which he first beheld them.

Fra Diavolo escaped the hands of Colonel Hugo about this time under the following circumstances: the valley in which he had taken refuge being completely invested, his Lieutenant with 250 followers, passing themselves off as peasantry, presented themselves to the French Chief, who was seeking him, delivered up Fra Diavolo, bound on a horse, a la Mazeppa, and demanded the reward, 20,000 ducats. Hugo not having the money, sent them to head quarters, giving them 100 soldiers for a guard; but it is needless to say, that they forgot to arrive punctually at their destination, and the dead bodies of the 100 soldiers were discovered next day.

Joseph being called to the throne of Madrid, heaped titles on the head of Colonel Hugo. He objected, however, to the title of Marquis; the king observed that it was not yet abolished in Spain; but he answered, that Moliere had extinguished it throughout the world: however, he was Marquisised in spite of himself, and Major-Domoed into the bargain.

Madam Hugo, on returning to Paris, had taken the old convent of the Feuillantines, knowing from the experience of her Italian sojourn, the importance of free air and exercise to the health of her offspring. The great garden of this convent, with its abundant shade and cheering sun-shine, left an indelible impression on the spirit of the poet. He there, under the care of an old Oratorian, became a good Latin and an indifferent Greek scholar. Madame Hugo lived in this retreat from 1808 to 1811, when she was summoned to Madrid by her husband.

Dumas sketches the character of Joseph Buonaparte as being of a spirit rather mild than lofty, and more inclined to calm existence than to adventure: like his brother Louis, his brother Lucien, and even Napoleon, he was subject to the mania of literature. The others wrote Memoirs, Comedies, and Epic Poems, he wrote Romances.

His Spanish subjects being either in open war against him, or secretly hostile, a quarterly convoy containing necessary funds, was regularly dispatched from Bayonne to Madrid, guarded by two or three thousand men, and as all whose business led them to the Spanish capital, availed themselves of these opportunities for the safety of their lives and protection of their

property, the Hugo family left Bayonne, in company with the guard, in a large sort of caravan, bullet-proof, and protected by a friendly band of Flemings. The guard, indeed, was necessary, there was among the Guerillados at the time, such a hatred of the French, united with an ardent desire of the treasure they conveyed, that the transit was not always made in safety.

Our young poet had nearly closed his career on the route, from falling into a cavity while playing at storming a breach with his young associates. Another time they met a regiment consisting entirely of disabled French soldiers, making their way back to France.

The wonders of architecture and of painting witnessed by Victor in the great cathedrals, advance his poetical education. He and his brothers, preparatory to becoming the king's pages, are put to college, where, owing to the impoverished state of court and country, they are nearly starved with cold and hunger in the winter: such was the distress, that King Joseph used nothing better than the poor, coarse bread of the common soldiers.

Madame Hugo and two of the children are sent back to France at the end of 1812, while the eldest son Abel, acted as his father's Aide-de-Camp in the disastrous evacuation of the Peninsula. Eugene and Victor are sent to the seminary of the Abbé Cordier, Rue St. Marguerite, No. 41; and here Dumas expresses the gratitude he would feel to any cotemporary of Shakspeare, Dante, or Corneille, who would give him the details of the lives of these great men, such as twenty years acquaintance enables him to give of Victor Hugo.

In the full tide of the Restoration, Hugo sent in a paper to the Academy on the annual subject proposed, which then happened to be, '*The happiness arising from Study in every state of life.*' He would have obtained the prize but that he gave his age (fourteen years)—the ruling powers of the Academy thought he was thereby quizzing them. In 1818 and 1819, he obtained three prizes—two Satires, and an Ode, since published, brought him, for a wonder, 800 francs. His studies had conducted him now to the threshold of the Polytechnic School, but he resigned everything, poetry and romance excepted, and his allowance was stopped by his father. On his 800 francs* he lived thirteen months, during which

* Thirty-two pounds sterling.

time he wrote his *Hans of Iceland*: this strange work was the debut of a young, fresh-colored, fair-haired youth of nineteen years. The death of his beloved mother, during its composition, sensibly darkened the tints of his performance.

He married Mademoiselle Foucher; she was then fifteen years old, she is now the devoted wife that has followed him into exile. *Hans of Iceland* sold for 1000 francs, this was the marriage dowry. His next volume of poems brought 900 francs; and out of this sum, he purchased a beautiful shawl for his bride. The first volume of Lamartine's *Meditations* appeared in 1820, and achieved the greatest success. The two poets were rivals in art, but devoted friends, and so have ever since continued. Nodier had read *Hans* and was astonished; he said that Byron and Maturin* had been surpassed in the race, and that this author, alone, had succeeded in obtaining the Ideal of the nightmare: and Nodier, who subsequently wrote *Smarra*, was the man who said this.

"Hans being anonymous, Nodier made a point to find out the author's name, and soon succeeded as was his wont; but who was Victor Hugo? what Timon, what Diogenes, what weeping Democritus could he be? He lifted the veil and found the young, fair complexioned man of twenty, who looked no more than sixteen. He recoiled with wonder; where he expected to find the grimacing visage of an old Pessimist, he found the youthful, innocent, and happy smile of the Budding Poet, and a friendship was formed which could end only with life. The second edition of *Hans* was now sold for 10,000 francs; and Count Cornet made the offer before mentioned."

In 1824, was born his daughter Leopoldine, who was afterwards drowned, with her husband, in face of the Chateau de Villequier. Victor's Odes and Poems were all tinged with a strong attachment to the Royal family: his loyalty was drawn from his Breton mother, who, with the greater part of the women of the time, disliked Buonaparte as being the prime cause of the loss or absence of their husbands or sons. The acclaim which saluted Louis XVIII., in 1814, arose from the joyful shouts of mothers.

A pension of 1200 livres was conferred on him, and he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor before he was twenty-three years old. He and Lamartine assisted at the coronation at Rheims, and each acknowledged the hospitality of the king;

* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II., p. 141.

Lamartine by his *Chant du Sacre*, Hugo by his *Ode to Charles X*. In 1826 *Bug Jargal* appeared, though it had been written before *Hans of Iceland*. In 1827, the Austrian ambassador gave a large party, at which Marshal Soult, though he gave his title to the lackey, as Duke of Dalmatia, was announced by his early title only. The Duke of Treviso found himself reduced to Marshal Mortier; and the Duke of Ragusa hardly recognised himself in Marshal Marmont: in fact all the marshals of the Empire found themselves miserably docked this evening. The poet, however, revenged their wrongs in his ode to the Column, in which appeared the first germs of his opposition to the Bourbons. *Cromwell* was published in 1827; *The Orientals*, and the *Last Days of a Condemned*, in 1828; Dumas' Drama, *Henry III.* was first acted 16th February, 1829: and this being the earliest triumph of the Romantic School, Victor Hugo wrote, in imitation, his *Marion Delorme*, between the 1st and 27th of June. It was read and approved by the actors, but the royal licenser entered his veto against its performance: all means were used to obtain permission for the representation of the piece; the author was even granted a personal interview with the king, but could not induce him to countermand the order against the play.

Hugo, on obtaining the interview with Royalty, gets a sight of that dauphin for whom, in his ode, he desired the Arch of Triumph to be raised still higher, '*that the giant of our glory might pass without stooping*,' and—

"He saw something like an ape, minus his grace, a sort of mummy, his face tormented with a never-ceasing twitching, crossing the hall, and answering the bows, the wishes, and the homages of the company by a sort of low growl, in which a single word could not be distinguished. This was the conqueror of Trocadero, the pacificator of Spain."

We find, however, that the day after the refusal, the poet's pension was raised, by way of amends, from 2,400 francs to 6,000 livres, but he refused this additional stipend. The chief cause of the rejection of *Marion Delorme* was the unflattering sketch of Louis XIII. presented in the piece. No whit dismayed, the poet now fell to work on *Hernani*, which turned out the second successful drama of the Romantic School. A specimen of the embarrassments of a dramatist is subjoined, premising that Mademoiselle Mars and the other artists, being habituated to the classic dramas of Racine, Corneille, and

Voltaire, had little welcome for the invasion of the barbarians, as the writers of the new school were called :

"I have said that Mademoiselle Mars had no sympathy with our literature, but I must add, that as she was one of the most honorable artists in the world, once the performance began, once the burst of applause or censure saluted the standard under which she fought, even if she were privately adverse to it, she would have perished rather than recoil a step ; she would suffer martyrdom before denying (I will not say her faith, our school was not her faith) but her oath. However, to arrive at this the author had to pass through fifty or sixty rehearsals ; and all the rough remarks, the disdainful grimaces, and the pin-pricks, he had to endure in this purgatory, were incalculable. Note, that in the theatre, the conference between actor and author took place across the foot-lights, so that not a word was missed by the thirty or forty artists, musicians, directors, stragglers, messengers, lamp-lighters, and firemen. The presence of this audience, glad enough at all times of a little relaxation from the ennui of the rehearsal which would be afforded by a lively discussion, contributed a great deal to disturb the good humor of the high contracting parties, and to instil a certain acerbity into these telephonic communings of the stage and the orchestre. The lady stopped in the middle of a speech addressed to Firmin, Michelot or Joanny, requested leave to speak a word to the author, advanced to the edge of the orchestre, shaded her eyes with her hand, and pretended to look out for Victor, though she knew well enough where he was. 'M. Hugo, is Monsieur Hugo there?' 'Here I am, Madame, at your service.' 'Mr. Hugo, am I to repeat this line, *Vous êtes mon Lion superbe et généreux*?' 'Certainly, Madame.' 'And is it that you approve the phrase, 'You are my Lion?' 'I thought it would do, Madame, or I would not have written it.' 'Then you are determined not to do without your Lion?' 'I do, but do you, Madame, find me a better word and I will substitute it.' 'It is not my part but the author's to provide the text. Still it appears so strange to call Mr. Firmin there, '*My Lion*.' 'Ah, that is because in playing Dona Sol you still wish to remain Mademoiselle Mars. Had you been really the ward of Don Ruy Gomez de Sylva, a noble Castilian dame of the 16th century, you would not be conscious of Mr. Firmin in Hernani : you would see a terrible outlaw chief, who made Charles V. tremble, even in his capital : you would then feel that such a woman might call such a man, 'her Lion,' and then the expression would seem less droll.' 'Very well, as you are decided about your *Lion*, let it remain ; my part is to speak what is written : *My Lion* is in the manuscript ; I will say *My Lion* ; it is all one to me : proceed, Firmin, '*Vous êtes mon Lion, superbe et généreux* ;' and the rehearsal went on. Next day at the same passage, Mademoiselle Mars approached the footlights, looked out for the author, and a second portion of the conference of the day before took place, with some slight variations. Then came on the scene of the portraits, a dialogue of sixty-six verses between Charles V. and Ruy Gomez, which Dona Sol listens to, mute and motionless as a statue, but

takes no part, till the king calls his guards to arrest the duke, and then, flinging off her veil, and throwing herself between the duke and the guards, she cries, '*Roi Don Carlos, vous êtes—Un Mauvais Roi.*' This long silence and immobility had always annoyed Mademoiselle Mars. Accustomed to the traditions of the comedy of Moliere, or the tragedy of Corneille, she was extremely averse to the stage business of the modern drama, and, in general, was not sensible to the ardour of movement, nor the poetry of stillness. The result was, that poor Dona did not know what to do with herself during these weary sixty-six verses. Her manoeuvres as to the approach, shading her eyes, looking out for her victim, being assumed, 'M. Hugo, what am I to do while Messrs. Michelot and Joanny are talking?' 'You are to listen, Madame.' 'Ah, but it is very long: could you not cut off twenty verses of their twaddle?' 'Madame, I have already shortened it by twenty verses.' 'At least contrive that I may have something to do.' 'Your presence, Madame, is the only thing necessary: the discourse you listen to, affects the life or death of your lover; the situation is surely strong enough to make you wait, impatiently without doubt, but still silently, to the end.' 'Well, certainly, it is very long: the audience will naturally ask—What is Mademoiselle Mars doing there so long, with her hand on her bosom? it is not worth while to make her stand still, with her veil down, and not speak a word during the full half of an act.' 'Madame, the audience will say that under the hand, not of Mademoiselle Mars, but of Dona Sol, her heart is throbbing;—that under the veil, not of Mademoiselle Mars, but of Dona Sol, her cheeks glow with hope, or blanch with fear: that during the silence, not of Mademoiselle Mars, but Dona Sol, a storm is gathering which will burst on the king in these words, very strange in the mouth of a subject to her sovereign, '*Roi, Don Carlos, vous êtes—Un Mauvais Roi.*' and believe me, Madame, this will satisfy the public.' 'Well, well, let it be so, but I am a fool to perplex myself about it; if the audience hiss, it will not be me, as I will not be saying a word: well, Michelot, well Joanny, let us continue, *Roi Don Carlos, &c.* I hope you are satisfied, Mr. Hugo.' 'Quite content, Madame;' and with imperturbable serenity, down sat the baited poet."

Still Victor had not the patience of Job; he was an author not a saint, so taking a quiet opportunity, he represented to the lady that this teasing operation, so often renewed, was not worthy of artist or of author; that if Mademoiselle Mars was an artist of genius, Victor Hugo was an author of genius, and that he was obliged, unwillingly, to demand formally her part. This proposition took her by surprise. She no longer objected, and filled the rôle to the enthusiastic admiration of every one. But the great Alexander, who forms our present subject, is too long behind the scenes.

If we can believe his own assertions, Mesmer, or Balzamo

are unfit to compete with him, when he exercises his magnetic powers. Some pages in his twelfth volume are taken up with his exploits in this way. They are not worth inserting here, as being of the ordinary type so familiar to the world. One only will we mention, and that in the abstract—the clairvoyant being a young girl of eleven years, daughter of Mons. D. of Auxerre, and the following is the substance of the revelation, which is given in answer to appropriate questions.—

We live under a Republic: a republic is a participation of equal rights among the people, without distinction of rank, birth, or fortune. These subjects are above my ordinary comprehension, but God permits me (now) to understand them. Our present government will hold some years. Neither Lamartine nor Ledru Rollin will be able to consolidate it. We shall have a President. Then Henry V. will return with the general acclaim of the people.—(By the way, the Seeress entirely forgot about the intervening empire.) He will come from Italy into Dauphiny, and one day the people will say, "Henry V. is in Grenoble." There is a citadel in Grenoble on an eminence, and the town is at its base. There are two rivers in Grenoble, the water of one, greenish, of the other whitish. The king is of the middle height, and somewhat corpulent—has a brown complexion, and his hair is cut in the fashion of the angels in Mademoiselle Marie Dumas' sketches. He halts in walking. He passes from Grenoble to Lyons. Some shots are fired in his progress from Lyons to Paris. He enters Paris by the Faubourg St. Martin. The Queen shall die of consumption. Then, as he came to the throne by the voice of the people, he will marry a daughter of the people. "Search me out," he will say, "a young girl living at 42 Faubourg St. Martin; I saw her standing on a step; she wore a white gown, and waved a green branch to welcome me." The future queen is daughter of an upholsterer, her name is Leontine. Two sons will be born. The eldest shall be neither Henry nor Charles (these being unlucky names in French history)—he will be named Leon. Henry V. will reign ten or twelve years, and will die of a pleurisy, caught by drinking cold water at a spring while hunting in the forest of St. Germain. Alexander Dumas the younger will have warned him of this prophesy, and his consequent danger before hand, but in vain. (The elder Alexander is a republican in his tastes, but the younger a staunch royalist.) Leon the first will succeed—and I am too fatigued to tell you any more.

Having brought his *Memoirs* up to the eve of the Revolution of 1830, he leaves us waiting for a still more exciting period of literature and of politics. Our task is concluded by absolute want of space; indeed, these thirteen volumes would furnish materials for a political and chronological history of Europe, from before the first French revolution to the year 1829; an anecdotal chronicle of the great people of her courts and camps; an abstract of French literature, with biography of French writers; essays on the comparative merits of German, French, and English dramatic and romantic productions, and particularly as forming comparisons between the classic and romantic schools; and, to conclude, a delightful volume of Dumas' experiences when a boy, of French country and forest life. Some specimens of the grandiloquent appear in odd places in our extracts, but we must add, that in their English dress their full and perfect proportions are sometimes lost; and little bits of profanity which occur in the original have been omitted. Our readers will have perceived that our hero is so much exalted (in his own mind at least) in personal and mental gifts, above the vulgar crowd, that these expressions in his mouth are only a natural product and emanation of his psychology. He has arrived at so sublime a point in self-estimation, that he is a thorough believer in the reality of his own inventions.

We have been forced into a more cordial feeling for the subject of our paper as we proceeded in our task, chiefly by the evidence of the good nature, and deficiency of personal spite or envy in Dumas' disposition. Besides, if we take into account the incessant and brain-wearing labor of the man who has, with some assistance, produced by his own account, seven or eight hundred volumes, and also the entertainment, harmless in general, which he has thus afforded to the listless multitude of romance readers who, if they had not such excitement, would surely have had recourse to excitement of a worse kind—if we take these into account, we repeat, let us shew indulgence to his foibles; earnestly hope that he may mitigate the painful intensity of his dramatic situations; acquire a habit of saying morning and evening prayers, and finally recollect that, though he is the first of living French romance writers, he is but a man after all, and as such, merely dust and ashes. Then will we wish, with honest Hajji Baba, that his shadow may hold its own, and that he may live a hundred years. We shall return to the future volumes of this autobiography as they appear.

ART. II.—BARRY, THE HISTORICAL PAINTER.

DURING the summer of the year 1848 the paintings and sketches of William Mulready were exhibited in the rooms of the Society of Arts, and as we gazed upon the walls whereon James Barry portrayed those noble conceptions of his glorious genius—devoting six years to the labor of love, dressed in poor, mean clothes, and supporting life upon a beggar's food—as we saw the pictures of the living painter hanging beneath those of the greater dead, even whilst proud of our two fellow-countrymen, we thought bitterly of the fate of each, and fancied that mediocrity, with its skipping smartness, is a better gift than genius with its leviathan, but sometimes erratic sweep. Men have gone down, broken in heart and blasted in reputation, to the drunkard's grave—men who might have been kings of minds, witching the nation by the spell of fancy, or ruling it by the sceptre of thought, have passed from the world with fame unmade, bartering the glory of the future for a wanton's smile—the soul of genius soaring to the skies, yet restrained by the soft white arm of a woman, more binding than chains, more firm than iron—men have squandered existence round the gambler's board, and the mind which might have been but second to Newton's, has been wasted in calculations upon the rolling of a die, or the turning of a card—yet all those minds were fraught with genius, glowing with fancy, gleaming with intelligence, and their loss is the loss of the world,—

“ Who shall tell what schemes majestic
Perish in the active brain?
What humanity is robbed of,
Ne'er to be restored again?”

Too truly, the loss is ours; and, amongst all the bright intelligences clouded by death, there is not one whose powers were so completely squandered as those of James Barry—squandered through the arrogance of his own genius. It has been said that the glutton “digs his grave with his teeth;” as truly might it be written that Barry murdered his genius by his pride. Better for him had the god been weaker in his nature; better for him if, like Smollett's Pallet, he had “strutted in a gay summer dress of the Parisian cut, with a bag to his own gray hair, and a red feather in his hat:” thereby he would have escaped that spirit of emulation, fermenting

into envy, which Saint Cyprian calls "a moth of the soul, a consumption, to make another man's happiness his misery, to torture, crucify, and execute himself, to eat his own heart."

James Barry was born in the city of Cork, on the eleventh day of October, 1741. His mother, Juliana O'Reardon, was of good, but poor, stock, and his father, John Barry, is stated to have been a scion of the Barrymore family. Time and its changes had, however, dimmed the ancient lustre of their fortunes, and when John Barry married Juliana O'Reardon, he was only the poor commander of a small coasting vessel, in which occupation he continued till the period of his death. He was a plain man, with few hopes and no ambitions, and at the time when James was old enough to bear the buffeting of the winds, he was brought on board the little vessel, and was made to understand that in her, and by her, he was to live and earn his bread. Thus, at the outset of life, he formed another instance of that strange fate of genius—so often designed for a pursuit in life the opposite to that for which it has been ordained by heaven. Thus Barry, the ship-boy, becomes the painter of *Pandora*, the decorator of the assembly house of the Society of Arts. Giovanni Cimabue, named for the church, becomes the "Father of Modern Painting,"—one in youth a goat-herd becomes, in age, the head of the Roman Catholic Church, at a time when kings were the vassals of the Pope, and thrones but foot-stools to the Papal chair. Richard Arkwright, the Preston barber, becomes the great benefactor of commerce, and a millionaire amongst a race of merchant princes. John Liston fancies himself made for tragedy, and delights the world as a comedian; and Charles Mathews, who, with his father, "sat under" George Whitfield, and William Huntingdon, "The Sinner Saved," becomes the Momus of his age, and the creator of Maw-worm.* With all these, however hampered by circumstances, the strong bent of fancy would force its own way, so Barry, though the ship-boy, was still the painter, and when decks should be swept, or cabins should be cared, he was found chalking figures upon the cuddy top, or designing flower patterns by the hatchway. His father, as a matter of course, despised these tastes, and lamented their strong development; but in James Barry, as in Benjamin West, the

* Mathews was the first actor who played Maw-worm as we now have it; he wrote the "I'll wear a spencer" speech. See his Memoirs, Vol. II., p. 108.

spirit of the painter was strong in the soul, and it would burst forth, however roughly smothered.

Barry's father found that all attempts to make the boy a sailor were vain, and after he had twice run away from the vessel and its, to him, revolting duties, he was sent back to Cork, and under the care of his mother was permitted, although his father occasionally grumbled his disgust, to follow the natural course of his artistic fancy. His chief store of learning was acquired after he had been suffered to abandon the sea-faring life selected for him by his father. He was remarkable at school for his solitary habits, for his studious tastes, and for his constant practice of drawing and sketching whenever he could steal a few minutes from his tasks. Thus the time passed, and when he had reached his seventeenth year he painted very correctly, although uninstructed by a master, and unaided by a model. About the year 1759 he received some slight assistance in his art from a teacher, and between this period, and the year 1763, he painted, in oils, *A Dead Christ—Susanna and the Elders—Eneas Escaping from the Burning of Troy—Abraham's Sacrifice* and *Daniel in the Lions' Den*. These were finished pictures, but his sketches were innumerable. From childhood he had been a painter, and had he lived in a remote country he would, like Benjamin West, have plundered his mother's blue bag for colors, and like him would have plucked the cat's tail bare of hair for brushes. All his money he expended in buying candles; these the servants sometimes stole from him, and at length, vexed by their interference with his solitary night studies, he locked his bed-room door, and refused to permit them to enter. He seldom slept in his bed, and always made it himself, as his chief anxiety was, that it might be as hard as possible; thus early accustoming himself to these habits of solitude and meditation, relieved by efforts after what he considered perfection in painting, which, in later life, distinguished him. He could, however, be gay and joyous as other youths when the fancy seized him, and, at this period, he was not unlike Beattie's Edwin,—

“ Silent when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;

And now his look was most demurely sad ;

And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.

The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet blessed the lad :

Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.”

Barry was, in heart and soul, an artist, and might have apostrophized Painting in Wordsworth's lines—

“ There was a youth whom I had loved so long,
That when I loved him not I cannot say.”

But from this great love there sprung up the ardor and passion which spur men on to aim at greatness ; which make youth, in pursuit of fame, turn old while life is young ; which dim the bright flashing eyes ; which raise the soul to a fancied throne, more proud than monarch ever pressed, and which in want and poverty find nothing for repining, dwelling ever in the golden, sunny visions of the glowing future.

Thus supported by the conviction of his own merit, Barry, in the year 1763, resolved to try his fortune in the world, and came to Dublin, bringing with him the pictures above mentioned, and also one which he prized still more highly—*The Baptism of the King of Cashel*. These were all his valuables, painted at odd hours of day, and through the long watches of the night, by the light of candle ends bought or stolen from his mother. He selected the year 1763 as that in which he should first make his appearance in Dublin, because the Society for Improving Husbandry, Manufactures, and other Useful Arts,* had announced their intention of then holding an exhibition of paintings, and had invited the co-operation of the native artists. Barry determined that his picture of *Saint Patrick Baptizing the King of Cashel* should introduce him to the notice of the public, and he accordingly sent in the work, which fortunately pleased the committee, and it was hung in an advantageous position. The subject selected was a happy one, and suggested by a story told in Keating's *History of Ireland*. The King is stated to have been anxious for baptism after having heard a sermon from Saint Patrick, who ordered water to be brought, and whilst pouring it upon the head of the monarch, the Saint unintentionally allowed the pointed end of his crosier to fall upon the foot of the royal convert, and the weight of the crosier forced it through the flesh. The guards rush forward to seize the supposed offender, and this is the

* For an account of this, and the earlier Philosophical Society, from which the present Royal Dublin Society has sprung, see IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, VOL. II. pp. 503-514.

point selected by Barry for his subject—the king appears entirely unconscious of pain, the saint seems lost in the contemplation of the great mystery he is performing—one of the guards is advancing with upraised axe to slay the saint, but is held back by some others of the band; and the women kneel, half in horror, half in awe, and as the blood flows from the royal foot, perceiving the unchanged features of king and saint, they fancy the wound some painful, but necessary part of the ceremony.

The picture attracted considerable notice, and, day after day, there might be seen, as he described himself—"a pock-pitted, hard-featured little fellow," prowling amongst the crowd who stood before the painting, and listening with a yearning, eager, hungry ear to the praises bestowed upon the work, designed in poverty, and painted with trembling anxiety.

He was, all through his life, highly sensitive of praise; and in youth, with his quick fancy, and panting love of fame, it was natural that he should feel great elation at the laudations which his picture so justly drew from the spectators. One day, during the exhibition, these praises were so warm and so flattering, that in a moment of transport, upon some person in the crowd around the work, saying, "Who can be the painter?" Barry exclaimed, "I am." The on-lookers laughed, and jeered, and would not believe him, then the reaction of feeling became so powerful and bitter in his breast, that, bursting into tears, he rushed from the room.*

Barry brought with him to Dublin a letter of introduction to Edmund Burke, who was then residing here, and acting as the secretary of William Gerard Hamilton, from Joseph Fenn Sleight, a physician in Cork, who had been a steady and judicious friend to the young artist. Burke was pleased with the young man, he admired his pictures, and judged rightly of his ability. Through his influence Barry was received as a pupil of the Drawing School of the Society at whose exhibition his

* In the *European Magazine* for April, 1806—in the long sketch of Barry's life prefixed to the collected edition of his works (1809), and, strangest of all, in the late edition of Bryan's *Dictionary of Painters*, this picture is absurdly called *St. Patrick Baptizing the King*, on his arrival at the *sea coast* of Cashel. Most of our reader must be aware that Cashel is forty miles from the sea.

picture had been shown, and during eight months he worked ardently and steadily under the tuition of Jacob Ennis, who had been a pupil of the older West, of Dublin, and had studied in the Vatican with Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

Burke, who never neglected a friend, or suffered his interest in a deserving man to slacken, but loved ever to

“ Help young merit into fame,”

considering that a change from Dublin to London might prove advantageous to Barry's interest, it was resolved that he should leave this country at the first convenient opportunity, and as Richard Burke, the brother of his friend, was about to leave for London, Barry joined him, and arrived in the metropolis early in the year 1765. His life in Dublin, owing to Burke's kindness, had been happy and peaceful, but still the old spirit of argumentativeness and oddity, would break out. On one occasion, he believed that by frequenting a tavern he had mispent his time, and being determined to deprive himself of the means of repeating his offence, he threw his purse, containing the very few pounds of which he was master, into the Liffey, and then shutting himself up, devoted all his hours to painting and to study. His early acquaintance with Edmund Burke was marked by a circumstance not less characteristic. They spoke of some subject connected with art, and the conversation soon became an argument. Barry, in support of his views, quoted an anonymous work entitled *An Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, but Burke refused to submit his views to the ruling of a book so slight and unsubstantial as that named. “ Do you,” Barry cried, “ call that slight which is conceived in the spirit of nature and truth. I could not afford to buy the book, Sir, but I transcribed every word of it with my own hand.” Burke acknowledged, with a smile, that he was the author ;—“ Are you ?” cried Barry, with an oath, as he took from his pocket the copy he had made of the treatise.

The friendship of Doctor Sleight had continued unabated, and his advice to Barry was, that he should take the earliest possible means of going to Rome, he also suggested a course of reading, and adds :—

“ Since I have had the pleasure of knowing you, I have often

* For an account of the rise and progress of the Drawing School of the Royal Dublin Society, and for a sketch of its most distinguished teachers and pupils, see IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II., pp. 507-513.

lamented that you did not pursue your classical studies farther, as you are now deprived of many noble subjects for painting you would otherwise have had. You may remember, that to Homer's description contained in two or three lines, Phidias acknowledged himself indebted for the so much celebrated statue of the Olympian Jove. It must, indeed, be confessed, that there is a large field for the exercise of your art in the descriptions of our three great English poets, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, not to mention the number of excellent subjects in the Scriptures."

Thus instructed he commenced his London life, and after having studied there for a year, he was advised by Sir Joshua Reynolds to pay a visit to Rome, for the purpose of viewing the specimens of the old masters there preserved, particularly the paintings of the Sistine Chapel. The journey to Rome could not be undertaken without considerable expense, and Burke, knowing the poverty of Barry's condition, offered to pay his travelling charges to that city, and promised to settle the sum of fifty pounds per annum upon him during his continuance there as a student. His route to Rome lay through France, and he passed onward by the smiling, pleasant land of sunny Burgundy, with clustering vines, and cattle-covered steepes; he copied some pictures in the Paris galleries, and sent to Burke a very clever painting of *Alexander drinking the Potion*, after the great picture of La Sueur.

His life in Rome, like his life at all other places, was one continued battle with his superiors and with his fellow pupils. Reynolds advised him to study those subjects which could not fail to elevate his style, and imbue his mind with noble conceptions of art and of its objects. These were suggestions worthy of the great President writing upon his own profession; and Burke, in cautioning Barry against the too ardent employment of his fancy and of his intellect, thus counsels him:—

"You whose letter would be the best direction in the world to any other painter, want none yourself from me, who know little of the matter. But as you were always indulgent enough to bear my humour under the name of advice, you will permit me now, my dear Barry, once more to wish you, in the beginning at least, to contract the circle of your studies. The extent and rapidity of your mind carries you to too great a diversity of things, and to the completion of a whole, before you are quite master of the parts, in a degree equal to the dignity of your ideas. This disposition arises from a generous impatience, which is a fault almost characteristic of great genius. But it is a fault, nevertheless, and one which, I am sure, you will correct—when you consider that there is a great deal of mechanic in

your profession, in which, however, the distinctive part of the art consists, and without which the first ideas can only make a good critic—not a painter.”

Rome was to Barry, as it is to all genuine artists, a sacred depository of every production of genius, at the imitation of which he strives as the great object of his life. The spirit which, in after years, distinguished Barry, was very evident even at this early period. The contempt of all authority, the dislike to all the dogmatism of older professors, the hatred of academies, all the wild, odd peculiarities of his disposition, were the causes of anxiety and of dissatisfaction to his friends; and whilst exciting their compassion or their anger, he appears, himself, to have been entirely unconscious of his position. He wrote most feelingly of the fate of a brother artist who had been, in many points of conduct, most similar to himself. Burke, who dreaded the injury which might spring from this most unhappy, because unnoticed infirmity of character, watched every phase of Barry's mind, and endeavoured, by his advice, to guard him from the evils by which he was surrounded. With this intention he wrote to him frequently, and in one of his letters the following noble passages appear :—

“Until very lately, I had never heard anything of your proceedings from others; and when I did, it was much less than I had known from yourself—that you had been upon ill terms with the artists and virtuosi in Rome without much mention of cause or consequence. If you have improved these unfortunate quarrels to your advancement in your art, you have turned a very disagreeable circumstance to a very capital advantage. However you may have succeeded in this uncommon attempt, permit me to suggest to you, with that friendly liberty which you have always had the goodness to bear from me, that you cannot possibly have always the same success, either with regard to your fortune, or your reputation. Depend upon it, that you will find the same competitions, the same jealousies, the same arts and cabals, the emulations of interest and of fame, and the same agitations and passions here, that you have experienced in Italy; and if they have the same effect on your temper, they will have just the same effects on your interest—and be your merit what it will, you will never be employed to paint a picture. It will be the same in London as at home, and the same in Paris as in London; for the world is pretty nearly alike in all its parts: nay, though it would perhaps be a little inconvenient to me, I had a thousand times rather you should fix your residence in Rome than here, as I should not then have the mortification of seeing with my own eyes a genius of the first rank lost to the world, himself, and his friends—as I certainly must if you do not assume a manner of acting and thinking here totally different from what your letters from Rome have described to me. That you

have had just subjects of indignation always, and of anger often, I do no ways doubt. Who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? But believe me, my dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities with which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves,—which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble kind; and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations—in snarling and scuffling with every one about us. Again and again, my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species—if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own. Think what my feelings must be, from my unfeigned regard to you, and from my wishes that your talents might be of use, when I see what the inevitable consequence must be of your persevering in what has hitherto been your course ever since I knew you, and which you will permit me to trace out to you before-hand. You will come here, you will observe what the artists are doing, and you will sometimes speak a disapprobation in plain words, and sometimes in a no less expressive silence. By degrees you will produce some of your own works. They will be variously criticised; you will defend them; you will abuse those that have attacked you; expostulations, discussions, letters, possibly challenges, will go forward; you will shun your brethren—they will shun you. In the mean time, gentlemen will shun your friendship for fear of being engaged in your quarrels; you will fall into distresses which will only aggravate your disposition for farther quarrels; you will be obliged, for maintenance, to do any thing for any body; your very talents will depart for want of hope and encouragement; and you will go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined.”

Amongst his brother artists he was neither popular nor unpopular, but in Smith's gossiping *Life of Nollekens* the following story is told:—

“Barry the historical painter, who was extremely intimate with Nollekens at Rome, took the liberty one night, when they were about to leave the English Coffee House, to exchange hats with him. Barry's hat was edged with lace, and Nollekens' was a very shabby plain one. Upon his returning the hat next morning, he was requested by Nollekens to let him know why he left him his gold laced hat.—‘Why, to tell you the truth, my dear Joey,’ answered Barry, ‘I fully expected assassination last night, and I was to have been known by my gold laced hat.’ This villainous transaction, which might have proved fatal to Nollekens, I have often heard him relate, and he generally added, ‘Its what the Old Bailey people would call a true bill against Jem.’”*

* Smyth's *Life of Nollekens*, Vol. I., p. 8.

This story, in our mind, is little better than a gross and unfounded falsehood, entirely opposed to all Barry's habits, and representing him in a most shameful and degrading position.

In the month of April, 1770, our painter, having completed his studies, left Rome for England, and visited all the galleries of note or reputation upon his route. At Turin he was disappointed in the Guidos, and "Rubens, Rembrandt, Teniers, and Vandyke were without the pales of his church." At Milan, he went to see Da Vinci's *Last Supper*, but found the picture in the process of cleaning and repainting. This, as a matter of course, roused Barry's anger, and he argued with, and lectured the monks for their barbarism.

He arrived safely in London, and as his time had been fully employed in Rome, he found the advantages which spring from the cultivation of literature in connection with art. He had written a very able treatise upon Gothic architecture, and had prepared notes of great value upon the artistic skill of the ancients; from the latter he afterwards derived those arguments which he employed in refuting the theories of Winkelmann. He had, during these five years, done very little perceptible, or likely to add, in the opinion of the world, to his reputation, but, in the quiet hours of his own peculiar and brooding thoughtfulness, he had laid up the seeds of those grand harvests of genius, in after years to flourish so gloriously. There was not a beauty in any famous picture or piece of sculpture unnoticed by him; he copied, in out-line, all the great statues of Rome, and so intent was he upon his studies that he painted only two pictures in oils during his five years of pupilage—*Philoctetes* and *Adam and Eve*. Thus, in the slow and toilsome progress of his early studies, he curbed his fancy, and in the "ever-living Art," his soul acknowledged a superior in the might of dead genius, breathing again in its own bright creations; amidst the galleries of Rome he learned to worship at the shrine of ancient art, and measuring his cotemporaries by the standard of the antique, he despised their noblest efforts. With him the ancient masters were gods, their pictures and their statues were alone worthy of his regard, he would be their high priest, and that feeling which, in the breasts of other men, would have been but admiration, became, in his fervid soul, extaticism and idolatry.

Thus formed in mind he arrived in England; Burke was still his friend, as firm and genial as ever; and to prove that

his life in Rome had not been mispent, Barry prepared to startle the world with a picture, as ambitious and grand in its subject, as a young painter could possibly select. He was resolved that his work should exhibit all the graces of form, all the charms of beauty, all the clever combinations of sky, and water, and, sun-light, and, daring to match himself with the mightiest masters of antiquity, he painted *Venus Rising from the Sea*.

His next picture was *Jupiter and Juno*; but, in the year 1773, the artistic knowledge of the English people was as uncultivated and as unrefined as their taste in dress or in gastronomy. Manchester, and Liverpool, and Bristol, and Edinburgh, and Dublin, possess now their annual exhibitions of Painting and of Sculpture; Art-Unions, Mechanics Institutes, and popular Literary Associations, have refined the minds of our people; and that which was, eighty years ago, but a wonder, "the effect," as Johnson said, "of novelty upon ignorance," is now an object of attraction and of honest laudable gratification to the minds of our intelligent mechanics. The causes of this change are so many and so various, that it is impossible to specify them; but the importation of foreign works of art, the progress which the popular mind and free education ever make in a free country, are the chief sources whence springs the advancement in public taste. That Barry lived before his time, none who know the history of his life-struggle can doubt. His views of art differed from those of the leading painters of his age; his unbending, unconciliating, disposition, repelled many amateurs who might have agreed with his theory in part, but he was then as dogmatic in requiring credence for all his theories of painting, as in after years he became when demanding belief for all the teachings of his religion.

His painting of *Adam and Eve*, which he had commenced in Italy, but finished in England, was equally unlucky with his two earlier paintings in suiting the public taste; and when some few years afterwards he painted his *Death of General Wolfe*, all the world stared, at the fancy of representing a general and soldiers of the time of George the Third contending naked against the enemy. Had Barry been less original, or had he, like Robert Southey, been content that his productions should live in the minds of some half dozen men of his own time, whilst hoping, nay believing, that the next generation would fully appreciate his objects and his merits,

he would have been a happy man. But Barry was not of this cast of mind, he loved the applause of the crowd, and aiming at the brightest conceptions of beauty and of grace, matching his mind and hand against the grandest of those mighty princes of art who had lived in the ages when the gift of genius was richer than the birth-right of a principality, when fancy was more powerful in securing interest with the great than the gold of the king or the sword of the warrior; and as the untaught, unused, tasteless public turned from Barry's pictures silently or disparagingly, he snarled at the success, and at the practices of his brother artists, who were more wise in their appreciation of that which brought patrons to their studios, even whilst condemning the taste of their supporters.

Reynolds was the chief painter of the day; every man whose influence in the world of fashion, or in the world of literature could advance his pretensions, or could back his quarrel, was his friend. Johnson, and Garrick, and Goldsmith, and Beauclerk, and Burke, were his constant guests, and yet with one so powerful as this, Barry could contend bitterly and fiercely. Living alone; absorbed in the practice of his art; dreaming of what his position might be could he but restore the grand style of painting which his heart so worshipped; fancying in his lonely hours that some Egeria whispered of fame, and in the dim vista of some far-off future pointed to a wreath more splendid than that of Michael Angelo, or more brilliant than that of Rubens, he looked with contempt upon Reynolds's productions, and sneered at him as "a man who painted faces." Barry was not ungrateful, but his pride in his art blinded him to his own interests, and even to the dictates of friendship. Doctor Brocklesby, who was his sincere admirer, perceived that the line of conduct which he pursued, must eventually injure both his fame and his chances of advancement; he knew that portrait painting was the most lucrative branch of art to which Barry could in that age apply himself, and seeing the painter's unwillingness to devote himself to the more money-making pursuit of his profession, he induced Burke to sit to Barry for his portrait. But although Burke readily and good-naturedly consented, the painter would see some slight in the manner of his attendance at the sittings. Burke frequently went to Barry's house, and though he always found him at home, he was too

much engaged to devote himself to the portrait of his best friend, and most illustrious sitter, stating that it was impossible for him to take a sitting without a previous notice of twenty-four hours. After many calls, Burke grew weary of dangling in the studio of the man whom he had served, and accordingly wrote to him, stating that he had offered to sit at the request of Doctor Brocklesby, and had called at the hours he thought most suitable to Barry's convenience, and most adapted to his own leisure. To this letter Barry sent the following characteristic reply :—

"Sir—It is some time since I have found it necessary to train myself in such dispositions and habits of mind as were in my judgment best calculated to carry me with quiet and ease through a situation every way encompassed with thorns and difficulties : and I did flatter myself with the hopes of being able by this time to meet any attack upon my quiet with a proportionable degree of patience and serenity of mind. But I have been mistaken : for your letter has vexed me, it has exceedingly vexed me. There are passages in it which, perhaps, you can explain, and which I wish you would ; indeed, the whole cast and ironical air of it seemed to be meant as an—— but I am not (I thank God for it) in any misfortune, and if I was, it is with difficulty I can bring myself to believe that you would be inclined to add anything to the weight of it ; and yet you tell me 'that, knowing you had no title to flatter yourself with the vanity of being painted by so eminent an artist as I am,' you mention 'my being particularly knowing in the value and duties of friendship,' and you talk of 'your very sincere, though unlearned homage to my great talents and acquirements.'—What am I to understand from all this ? If it is the language of contempt and anger, why it is so, and how comes it of all people in the world to be addressed to me ? Surely there must be something in your mind ; what is it ? I should be glad to know it in its full extent, and permit me to say that I ought not to be left in ignorance of any matter that is likely to make a breach between us. As to Dr. Brocklesby's picture, it is a miserable subject to be made the ground of a quarrel with me. I will paint it, as I always was earnestly inclined to do, when I can get a sitting upon the terms that are granted to all other painters ; I only begged the notice of a day before-hand, and you well know that much more is required by others, and from the very nature of the thing, it must be evident that this business cannot be carried on without it. If this should not be found convenient, I am sorry for it ; but there is no reason of complaint on any side, as I am resolved not to spoil what I have done.

I am, Sir, with great respect,
Your obliged humble servant,

JAMES BARRY.

July 11, 1774."

In answer to this piece of folly Burke wrote as follows :—

“ Sir—I have been honored with a letter from you, written in a style which, from most of my acquaintances, I should have thought a little singular. In return to an apology of mine for an unseasonable intrusion, couched in language the most respectful I could employ, you tell me that I attack you, and endeavour to make a quarrel with you. You will judge of the propriety of this matter, and of this mode of expression. When I took the liberty of offering myself to sit for my picture on Saturday last, I could not possibly mean to offend you. When you declined the offer in the manner in which you declined offers of the same kind several times before, I confess I felt that such importunity on my part, and on such a subject, must make me look rather little in the eyes of others, as it certainly did in my own. The desire of being painted is one of the modes in which vanity sometimes displays itself. I am, however, mistaken, if it be one of the fashions of that weakness in me. I thought it necessary, on being dismissed by you so often, to make you at length some apology for the frequent trouble I had given you. I assured you that my desire of sitting solely arose from my wish to comply with the polite and friendly request of Doctor Brocklesby. I thought I should be the more readily excused on that account by you, who, as you are a man informed much more than is common, must know, that some attention to the wishes of our friend even in trifles, is an essential among the duties of friendship: I had too much value for Doctor Brocklesby’s to neglect him even in this trivial article. Such was my apology. You find fault with it, and I should certainly ask your pardon, if I were sensible that it did or could convey anything offensive. When I speak in high terms of your merit and your skill in your art, you are pleased to treat my commendation as irony. How justly the warm (though unlearned and ineffectual) testimony I have borne to that merit and that skill upon all occasions, calls for such a reflexion, I must submit to your own equity upon a sober consideration. Those who have heard me speak upon that subject have not imagined my tone to be ironical; whatever other blame it may have merited. I have always thought and I always spoke of you as a man of uncommon genius, and I am sorry that my expression of this sentiment has not had the good fortune to meet with your approbation. In future, however, I hope you will at least think more favorably of my sincerity; for if my commendation and my censure have not that quality, I am conscious they have nothing else to recommend them. In the latter part of your letter you refuse to paint the picture except upon certain terms. These terms, you tell me, are granted to all other painters. They who are of importance enough to grant terms to gentlemen of your profession, may enter into a discussion of their reality or their reasonableness. But I never thought my portrait a business of consequence. It was the shame of appearing to think so by my *importunity* that gave you the trouble of my apology. But that I may not seem to sin without excuse, because with knowledge, I must answer to your charging me, that ‘I well know that much more is required by others,’ that you think far too highly of my

knowledge in this particular. I know no such thing by any experience of my own. I have been painted in my life five times ; twice in little and three times in large. The late Mr. Spencer, and the late Mr. Sisson painted the miniatures. Mr. Worlidge and Sir Joshua Reynolds painted the rest. I assure you, upon my honor, I never gave any of these gentlemen any regular previous notice whatsoever. They condescended to live with me without ceremony ; and they painted me, when my friends desired it, at such times as I casually went to admire their performances, and, just as it mutually suited us. A picture of me is now painting for Mr. Thrale by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and in this manner, and this only. I will not presume to say, that the condescension of some men forms a rule for others. I know that extraordinary civility cannot be claimed as a matter of strict justice. In that view, probably, you may be right. It is not for me to dispute with you. I have ever looked up with reverence to merit of all kinds ; and have learned to yield submission even to the caprices of men of great parts. I shall certainly obey your commands ; and send you a regular notice whenever I am able. I have done so at times ; but having been, with great mortification to myself, obliged once or twice to disappoint you, and having been as often disappointed by your engagements, it was to prevent this, that I have offered you (I may freely say) every leisure hour that I have had sure and in my own possession, for near two years past. I think a person possessed of the indulgent weakness of a friend, would have given credit to the *irregularity* of the calls of my little occupations, on my assuring him so frequently of the fact. There are expressions in your letter of so very extraordinary a nature, with regard to your being free from any misfortune, that I think it better to pass them over in silence. I do not mean to quarrel with you, Mr. Barry ; I do not quarrel with my friends. You say a picture is a miserable subject for it ; and you say right. But if any one should have a difference with a painter, some conduct relative to a picture is as probable a matter for it as any other. Your demanding an explanation of a letter, which was itself an explanation, has given you the trouble of this long letter. I am always ready to give an account of my conduct. I am sorry the former account I gave you should have offended. If this should not be more successful let the business end there. I could only repeat again my admiration of your talents, my wishes for your success, my sorrow for any misfortune that should befall you, and my shame, if ever so trifling a thing as a business of mine should break in upon any order you have established in an employment to which your parts give a high degree of importance. I am, with the greatest truth and respect, Sir,

Your most obedient

And most humble servant,

EDMUND BURKE."

This letter, so kind and so considerate, convinced Barry of the error into which he had fallen, and the portrait was painted, close in resemblance, able and artistic in execution.

Continuing still to adhere to his old design of reviving the great school of historic painting, he next produced *Mercury Inventing the Lyre*, and *Narcissus Admiring Himself in the Water*. Whilst engaged upon the former work, Burke said to him, "What are you now painting?" Oh! but this little slight thing," said Barry, pointing to the picture, "it is young Mercury inventing the Lyre. The God, you know, found a tortoise-shell at break of day on the sea-shore, and fashioned it into a fine instrument of music." "I know the story," replied Burke, "such were the fruits of early rising—he is an industrious deity and an example to man. I will give you a companion to it: Narcissus wasting time looking at himself in the fountain, an image of idleness and vanity." The Narcissus was painted upon this hint, but is lost to the world; Mercury is still considered one of Barry's best productions, the god stands upon the shore with the tortoise-shell in his hand; he strikes one of the fibres still remaining extended across it, and bending to catch the sound, which his own fingers have awakened, he designs the Lyre; Cupid, who had stolen behind, at the same moment forming the like conception, presents him with another chord—his own bowstring.

In the year 1775 Barry published his *Inquiry into the Real and Imaginary Obstructions to the Progress of Art in England*, one of the most able essays which had to that period appeared upon the subject of painting in these kingdoms. Its origin, like that of most of Barry's writings, was wounded pride and disappointed ambition. From the time when Barry had gazed upon the wonders and the glories of Sistine Chapel, he had longed with all the ardor of his soul for some happy opportunity of transmitting a noble record of his genius and of his ability to the future. In the year 1773 the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's had agreed to leave the ornamenting of their Cathedral to the Royal Academy, to which body they had also committed the power of selecting such painters as they should think qualified to execute historical pictures of a size from fifteen to twenty feet high. It was also intended to erect some monuments within the church—one, in particular, to Pope was mentioned, and the sculptor was to be paid by subscription, and by a benefit from Drury-lane Theatre: Barry, it should be observed, was the person who proposed this plan to the Academy some short time after he had been admitted an Associate. He writes:—"I had long set my heart upon it, as the only means for establish-

ing a solid manly taste for real art, in place of our contemptible passion for the daubing of inconsequential things, portraits of dogs, landscapes, &c.—things which the mind, which is the soul of art, having no concern in them, have hitherto served to disgrace us over all Europe.” This project of adorning the Cathedral of St. Paul’s at the expense of the Royal Academicians was not carried out, as it was met by the strenuous opposition of the Bishop of London; but we may mention that the subject chosen by Barry, for his own painting, was Christ rejected by the Jews when Pilate begged his release.

Distracted as his mind must necessarily have been whilst this proposed adornment of St. Paul’s was under consideration, he was forced, working as he did for bread, to paint his *Chiron and Achilles* at the rate of twenty guineas per figure. The picture was painted for a Mr. Palmer, at the above mentioned price, as Barry wrote to the Duke of Richmond when about to paint a picture for his Grace.

But, although the Bishop of London was not willing to permit the decoration of St. Paul’s, either gratuitously or for money, yet the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, were quite prepared to submit their rooms in the Adelphi to the pencil and to the brush of those artists who had been anxious to display their ability in the adornment of the Cathedral. These intentions, however, were not at that particular period carried out, and it was whilst disappointed by the Bishop of London, whilst neglected, as he fancied, by Burke, whilst slighted and harassed by his brother Academicians, that Barry wrote his *Inquiry into the Real and Imaginary Obstructions to the Progress of Art in England*, to which we have referred. In this work his chief objects were the overturning the visionary theories of Montesquieu and of Winkelmann, and the vindication of his own views of Art. He proved that climate and race, so far as England is concerned, have in no respect injured either the poetic faculty or the full development of artistic genius. And he was right—England does not possess, and probably never may possess, a Rubens, a Michael Angelo, a Paul Veronese, or a Guido, but, to say that her race or her climate are devoid of, or inimical to, genius or fancy, is simply to forget the grandeur of Milton, the magic of Spenser, and the immortality of Shakspeare. Whether we consider Barry’s essay as a defence of the position of Art in England, or

as the chief contribution of the Royal Academy to the literature of the Fine Arts, it is, in all respects, worthy of its author, and of the society of which he was an Associate.

At length the Society of Arts agreed to accept his offer of decorating their room; he agreed to fulfil his promise at his own expense, they giving him only full and free scope for his judgment, free admission at all times to his work—the Society to furnish him, free of charge, with the necessary models.

When he made this offer he possessed in all the world but sixteen shillings; he had grown cool and formal with Edmund Burke, and thus circumstanced he commenced his six years' labor on the Adelphi rooms. Of these pictures the following accurate description has been given :—

“The subject which he selected for illustration was Human Improvement—presenting a succession of varied pictures of society. He divided the whole into six compartments. ‘We begin,’ said the artist, describing his own conceptions, ‘with man in a savage state, full of inconvenience, imperfection and misery, and we follow him through several gradations of culture and happiness, which, after our probationary state here, are finally attended with beatitude or misery. The first is the story of Orpheus; the second, a Harvest-home or Thanksgiving to Ceres and Bacchus; the third, the Victors at Olympia; the fourth, Navigation, or the Triumph of the Thames; the fifth, the Distribution of Premiums in the Society of Arts; and the sixth, Elysium, or the State of Final Retribution. Three of these subjects are poetical; the others historical.’ He commenced these works in 1777, and finished them in 1783. A short description may not be unacceptable. The first picture represents Orpheus as the founder of Grecian civilization, uniting in one character the legislator, divine, philosopher, poet, and musician. He stands in a wild and savage country, surrounded by people as uncultivated as their soil, to whom, as messenger of the gods, he is pouring out his song of instruction, accompanied by the music of the lyre. The hearers of this celestial delegate are armed with clubs, and clad in the skins of wild beasts; they have courage and strength, by which they subdue lions and tigers: but they want wisdom for their own protection and for that of their offspring. In illustration of this, a matron is seen, at a little distance from the door of her hut, milking her goat, while her children are about to become the prey of a lion; two horses are run down by a tiger; and a damsel, carrying a dead fawn, leans on the shoulder of her male companion. ‘I wished to glance,’ said the painter, ‘at a matter often observed by travellers, which is, that the value and estimation of women increase according to the growth and cultivation of society, and that among savage nations they are in a condition little better than the beasts of burden.’ In the distance, Ceres descends on the world, and by the side of Orpheus lie paper, an egg, a bound lamb, and materials for sacrifice. The second piece exhibits a dance

of youths and maidens round the terminal figure of Pan. On one side appears the father of the harvest feast, with a white staff or rustic sceptre in his hand, accompanied by his wife; on the other is a group of peasants, carousing amid rakes and ploughs, and fruits and flowers; while behind the whole, two oxen are seen drawing a load of corn to the threshing-floor. Ceres, Bacchus, and Pan, overlook from the clouds this scene of innocent festivity. A farm-house, with all its in-door and out-door economy, is there. Love, too, and marriage mingle in the scene: children abound; rustic games are not forgotten; and aged men repose on the ground, applauding sports in which they can no longer participate. The third picture, the crowning of the victors in the Olympian games, shows the judges seated on a throne, bearing the likenesses of Solon, Lycurgus, and other legislators, and trophies of Salamis, Marathon, and Thermopylæ. Before them pass the victors crowned; people are crowding to look on them. The heroes, poets, sages, and philosophers of Greece are present. Pindar leads the chorus: Hiero, of Syracuse, follows in his chariot: Diagoras, the Rhodian, is borne round the stadium on the shoulders of his victorious sons: Pericles is seen speaking to Cimon; while Socrates, Anaxagoras, and Euripides listen, and Aristophanes laughs and scoffs. The fourth piece descends to modern times, and the scene is laid at home. The Thames triumphs in the presence of Drake, Raleigh, Cabot, and Cooke. Mercury, as Commerce, accompanies them; and Nereïds are carrying articles of manufacture and industry. Some of these demi-celestial porters are more sportive than laborious, and others still more wanton than sportive. As music is connected closely with all matters of joy and triumph Burney, the composer, accompanies Drake and Raleigh, and cheers them with his instrument.* The fifth picture is a meeting of the members of the Society of Arts, discoursing on the manufactures, commerce, and liberal pursuits of the country, and distributing the annual premiums. It is an assemblage of the chief promoters of the institution, male and female, with the gratuitous addition of Johnson and Burke. The sixth picture is a view of Elysium. Mental Culture conducts to Piety and Virtue, and Piety and Virtue are rewarded by Immortal Happiness. In a picture forty-two feet long, the artist had room for the admission of many of the great and the good of all nations. Greece and Rome, France, Italy, and England, supplied him largely; and he has endeavoured to bring together the chief of their distinguished sons in one connected group, over which a splendor is shed from between the wings of angels."

Whilst these pictures were being painted, Barry's feelings had become softened; and, happy in the exhibition of his genius, he had begun to learn that friends are worthy of kind words and of kind thoughts. It was when the painter had thus grown reasonable that Burke proposed to him they should

* Referring to this introduction of Dr. Burney amongst the Nymphs, a Dowager said to the painter—"Mr. Barry, I don't like to see Dr. Burney dabbling amongst a group of naked girls in a horse-pond."

dine together, and Barry consented, provided that the statesman would dine at his house. Burke argued, and joined him at his residence, number 36 Castle-street. It was a poor place, but in the dining room there hung the sketches of the Adelphi pictures, and the unfinished painting of *Pandora*. The walls and ceiling were damp and cracked, the look of poverty was upon all the house, but the beefsteak had been bought, and brought home from Oxford Market by Barry himself, and, putting into Burke's hands a tongs, he requested the orator to "look to the steaks" whilst he went to fetch the porter. These were sad and poor phases in the life of a great genius—it is easy to excite laughter by recounting them; it requires no great wisdom to understand that Burke may have stepped *down* from his path to visit Barry's humble house; but Barry was content to be a poor man, to paint small pictures, such as *Lear*, the *Birth of Venus*, *Job*, the *Death of Chatham*; to labor at slight and hurried engravings, that he might pay for bread to support existence whilst completing the Adelphi pictures gratuitously.

At length they were finished, and exposed to the public criticism. He had prepared an exposition of his views, and a defence of the manner in which he had embodied those views in the paintings thus exhibited, and he published it upon the same day that the Adelphi rooms were opened. The best, the wisest, and the most critical men of the age thronged the chambers; so much curiosity had been excited, so many hopes and fears had been raised, that all the London world of taste was impatient for a view. Reynolds came and looked—

"——shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

Jonas Hanway came, and having, on entering, paid a shilling, laid down a guinea when leaving the room. Lord Aldborough wrote that the painter had grasped "all the perfections, combined all the qualities of Raphael, Titian, Guido, and the most celebrated artists of the Grecian and Roman schools." Boswell was enraptured and fancied himself a painter, because he was a friend of Barry; and the great old Samuel, having shambled and rolled around the apartments, said to Boszy, as they sat after tea at Miss Burney's—"Sir, whatever the hand may have done, the mind has done its part. There is a grasp of mind there which you find no where else." The Earl of Buchan, who was always willing to be a penny Mæcenas, promised grand things

to the painter of these great pictures,*—and so the world received the labor of six years—the labor of six years spent in poverty so gnawing, that Barry had entreated the Society of Arts to allow him some small pittance sufficient to support life, whilst he gave up all his powers to the adornment of their room. We may judge how pressing his wants must have been when he could bend his proud spirit to make this request, and, failing in it, to ask Sir George Saville to secure for him, by subscriptions, one hundred pounds per annum during the two years he expected to be employed in the completion of his work, the money to be repaid when the task was accomplished. The Society at first refused to advance any money whatever; but before the completion of the pictures they presented Barry with two sums of fifty guineas, a gold medal, and, when all the work was accomplished, they handed him two hundred pounds.

In the year 1782, Barry, whilst engaged on the most important part of the Adelphi pictures, was elected Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy. He neglected the duties of his appointment, and it became the unenviable office of Sir Joshua Reynolds, as the President, to represent the impropriety of this neglect to the erring Professor. Barry, always willing to quarrel with Reynolds, said—"If I had no more to do, in the course of my lectures, than produce such poor mistaken stuff as your *Discourses*, I should soon have them ready for reading."

His first lecture on painting was delivered on the 2nd of March, 1784, to a very large audience, and of the six discourses forming the course, not one is unblemished by abuse of, or sneers at, his cotemporaries; even Reynolds, who was, as President, obliged to sit and listen to all, does not escape—but he bore it in silence—sometimes he pretended to sleep—but said, he "fell asleep only at the personalities"—here he shifted

* This Earl of Buchan was a very absurd nobleman; he fancied himself the patron of art and literature. Lord Cockburn tells a laughable story of his petty rage. In the twenty-fifth number of the Edinburgh Review Jeffrey wrote a notice of "*Cevallos on the French Usurpation in Spain*," which gave great offence to a certain class of politicians. Lord Cockburn writes: "The late Earl of Buchan, not a stupid, but a very vain and foolish man, made the door of his house in George's-street be opened, and the Cevallos number be laid down on the innermost part of the floor of his lobby, and then, after all this preparation, his Lordship personally kicked the book out to the centre of the street, where he left it to be trodden into the mud; which he had no doubt must be the fate of the whole work—after this open proof of his high disapprobation."

the trumpet judiciously. Barry praised the old masters in his lectures and dispraised the new, just as in the *Adelphi* pictures, he placed his friends in Elysium and his foes in Tartarus.

His life as a professor was neither happy nor dignified, he quarrelled with all; and when the particular purpose for which the accumulated money of the Academy should be set aside, came to be debated, Barry proposed that it should be used in the purchase of a collection of the old masters, Reynolds wished that it should be invested in the purchase of his own gallery of pictures. Thus he found continual causes of dispute, and though ever arguing for the advancement of that which he considered truth, yet his advocacy of art was more injurious to its real interest and dignity than the worst efforts of the most determined opponent.

Barry had resolved to render the *Adelphi* pictures a source of as much emolument as they could be made to render, and thus repay himself for the six years of poverty, labor, and application which he had devoted to them. He accordingly published the prospectus of a series of engravings of the subjects: they were hurriedly, roughly, and coarsely executed, and as he had solicited subscriptions, many of those who had subscribed upon the reputation of his name, were grievously disappointed when the copies were transmitted to them. Barry became vexed at the comments of his supporters, and to Nol-lekens, who said to him, 'Well, Jem, I have been very successful for you this week; I have got you three more subscribers for your prints,' the painter snarled, and damning him, desired that he would mind his own business—if people wished for copies of his engravings, they knew where he lived, and could call, damn them.—To a subscriber who objected to the style of the prints, Barry said, "Can you tell me, Sir, what you did expect?" The reply was conclusive, "More finished engravings." The objection to the style of these engravings was more galling than may at first appear natural, but it should be understood that Barry, who was the painter of the original pictures, was also their engraver, and printed them, with his own hands, at his own press.

At this period he had begun to learn the advantages that money can bestow, and from the proceeds of two exhibitions of his paintings, granted to him by the Society of Arts, he had derived the sum of five hundred pounds: the sale of his engravings of these pictures produced him two hundred pounds

more ; Lord Romney presented him with one hundred guineas for a portrait introduced into one of the Adelphi pictures ; one hundred pounds were bequeathed to him, as the "Painter of the work upon Human Culture in the Adelphi," by Timothy Holles ; Lord Radnor sent him a cheque for fifty pounds, and after the labor and thought of forty-five years, James Barry was enabled, by these sums, to purchase for himself an annuity of sixty pounds per annum for the remainder of his life.

Either from affectation or from poverty—it might have been from negligence or carelessness—he had begun to grow mean and slovenly in dress ; his house, as Burke described it, was miserable and dilapidated, and yet he was now, what he had ever before been, careful of his money, and anxious to secure those appointments which he believed to be lucrative. He applied to the Duke of Richmond that he might be made painter to the Ordnance department—he found that this was the office of a house-painter. He asked for the post of serjeant-painter to the court, and learned that the emolument was only eighteen pounds per annum, and thus, upon his sixty pounds annuity, and thirty pounds, his salary as Professor of Painting in the Royal Academy, he lived, and painted, and quarrelled.

In the year 1791 Sir Joshua Reynolds died, and at his death Barry forgot all resentment, and spoke an honest, hearty, eulogy to his memory. It was a great change, and the Marchioness of Thomond, the niece of Sir Joshua, as a tribute of regard, presented to Barry that chair in which Oliver Goldsmith and Samuel Johnson had sat whilst their portraits were being taken—the chair in which, as on a throne, Mrs. Siddons, so noble, so graceful, and withal so womanly, had sat whilst Reynolds painted her as the TRAGIC-MUSE.*

In addition to Barry's ninety pounds per annum, he derived about fifty pounds a year from the sale of engraved co-

* This famous picture is now in the Dulwich Gallery. Many of our readers may know it from Haward's engraving, published in the year 1787, and dedicated to the king. Upon the edge of the petticoat, and convolved in its ornamental border, the words "Joshua Reynolds, pinxit, 1784" appear. When Mrs. Siddons perceived this, she said, "What an odd place, Sir Joshua, to place your name!" He replied, "Surely, Mrs. Siddons, you can have no objection that an old friend's name should go down to posterity at the tail of your petticoat." At Barry's auction the chair above mentioned was purchased by Sir Thomas Lawrence ; it is now, we believe, the property, as it should be, of the Royal Academy.

pics of his pictures ; and, rich in the possession of one hundred and forty pounds annually, he devoted himself to those speculations, and to those branches of art loved by him so continuously and so ardently. He was, if we may so phrase it, a metaphysical painter—the Dante of the brush ; and in this frame of mind he designed to paint the Progress of Theology, of which his world-known picture, *Pandora*, was the first of the intended series, and his unfinished sketch, *The Progress of the Mosaic Doctrines*, the second and the last. The one proves how thoroughly the hand would have supported the bright fancies and the noble conceptions of the glowing mind ; the other, in its pitiable immaturity, makes us feel with Wordsworth—

“ Things incomplete, and purposes betrayed,
Make sadder transits o’er Truth’s mystic glass,
Than noblest objects utterly decayed.”

His next effort was the *Letter to the Dilettanti Society*. It appeared in the year 1797 ; and as in it he stated his firm conviction to be, that whenever an appeal should be made to the judgment of the members of the Royal Academy upon any subject connected with art, the vote of each member should be guaranteed as to its integrity by an oath. This, of course, roused all the ire of the Academicians ; and, without informing Barry of their intention, they laid before the King their charges against him, and their complaints of his conduct obtained the royal sanction for his dismissal. To this proceeding Nollekens, always honest, outspoken, and true-hearted, was the only dissentient.

From this period Barry was, for many months, in thought and acts, a lunatic. His house was plundered on two occasions, and he accused the Academicians of being the robbers ; or he said, if they were not the plunderers, being too cowardly for house-breaking, the inciters and abettors of more vulgar, but more courageous rogues. All who met him at this period considered him insane. Robert Southey wrote to Samuel Taylor Coleridge—“ I saw Barry, the painter, poor fellow ! He is too mad and too miserable to laugh at.”

In his sixty-fifth year he was the recipient of an annuity purchased from the father of the late Sir Robert Peel, with the sum of one thousand pounds, the product of his various exhibitions, and of the sales of his pictures and engravings.

Sixty-five years old, and possessing but an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds!—The moral is grave, and proves that genius mis-used or ill-used is, after all, a gift in no respect calculated to contribute to the happiness of its possessor. We do not lament Barry's years of want, or his life of poverty; we do not claim for the man of genius the luxury of repining, or the joys of fancied martyrdom. Barry never considered his poverty disgraceful, or a subject of regret; in the practice of his art, in observing the growth beneath his hand of those conceptions, grand, and graceful, and lovely, there grew around him, in his pictures, mind-children, in which he saw his dreams of art take shape, and at the completion of the Adelphi paintings—when, above all, *Pandora* was presented to the world—his hours of gloom, and sadness, and want—even his conflicts with the Academy—were forgotten, and in the glowing forms his hand had designed he saw the glory of his life—the triumph of his intellect.

He was anxious, at the period of the Irish Union, to devote himself to the signalization of that event by painting a picture emblematic of the subject. Whether, if he had lived till now, he would hold the opinions of O'Connell or Montgomery Martin we know not; but he wrote to William Pitt, in the year 1800, stating his anxiety to employ himself upon the picture—explaining that he meant to make Peace and Harmony the presiding deities of the work, and continued :—

“I have made a design for a picture and an engraving on the subject of the happy union of Great Britain and Ireland, which union has been long the desideratum of all well informed and good people, and was unfortunately overlooked and neglected in the reign of James I., when the abilities of Sir John Davies were employed in settling the affairs of that kingdom. However, by the long withholding and delay of this great national blessing, in being reserved for our times, and for the glory of your administration, the most desirable opportunity is thus afforded to me of employing my art, and such abilities as I may happen to possess, in the commemoration of this glorious achievement, and of the hero by whom it was achieved. Surely there never was nor could be a Holy Union more pregnant with felicity and blessings of every kind, and made up of more naturally cordial and coalescing materials, than that which you have thus happily effected. As my mind has been strongly impressed with this persuasion and those feelings, the above-mentioned design for a picture, and an engraved print, has emanated from me, accompanied with more *venustas*, unction, and happy adaptation, than will be found in any thing else which I have hitherto done.”

This offer was not made for the purpose of gaining the favor of the Minister. Barry, as we have seen, was neither a flunkey nor a time-server, and believing that art, like literature, required but genius and integrity in its possessor to render it noble, and himself respected, could fully agree with those who feel no shame in the motto—

“Tenui musam meditamur avena.”

Thus thought Spenser—thus thought Shakespeare—thus thought Horace—thus thought Homer—thus all whose minds were their wealth, and but their only wealth—never whined at the want of patronage, the want of appreciation, or the envious malice of their time. Barry possessed as noble a mind as these; but, in his pride-racked soul, peace and forbearance found no resting-place; even religion in his old age, became a subject of fierce dispute; and, in the rage of his wild dogmatism, he too often forgot the wise maxim of a great exemplar in his church, St. Francis de Sales—“A good Christian is never outdone in good manners.”

His services to art in these kingdoms are very considerable; his *Letter to the Dilettanti Society* was the chief cause of the collection and opening of the Gallery of Orleans pictures to the world, from which exhibition we may date the improved taste for art amongst our people. But his contempt of portrait painting was in the highest degree absurd. Had he considered the subject with the unbiased mind of a painter, of a poet, of a philosopher, or of a philanthropist, he would have felt as Robert Southey when he wrote thus playfully, but thoughtfully:—

“Helen in her old age, looking at herself in a mirror, is a subject which old sonnetteers were fond of borrowing from the Greek Anthology. Young Ladies! you who have sat to Sir Thomas, or any artist of his school, I will tell you how your portraits may be rendered more useful monitors to you in your progress through life than the mirror was to Helen, and how you may derive more satisfaction from them when you are grown old. Without supposing that you actually ‘called up a look’ for the painter’s use, I may be certain that none of you during the times of sitting permitted any feeling of ill-humor to cast a shade over your countenance; and that if you were not conscious of endeavouring to put on your best looks for the occasion, the painter was desirous of catching them, and would catch the best he could. The most thoughtless of you need not be told that you cannot retain the charms of youthful beauty, but you may retain the charm of an amiable expression through life:

never allow yourselves to be seen with a worse than you wore for the painter! Whenever you feel ill-tempered, remember that you look ugly; and be assured that every emotion of fretfulness, of ill-humor, of anger, of irritability, of impatience, of pride, haughtiness, envy, malice, any unkind, any uncharitable, any ungenerous feeling, lessens the likeness to your picture, and not only deforms you while it lasts, but leaves its trace behind; for the effect of the passions upon the face is more rapid and more certain than that of time."

Or if Barry did not hold these opinions, he, as a Roman Catholic, and as a believer in the watching of guardian angels, must have felt with Leigh Hunt, who writes:—

"Mr. Hazlitt has said somewhere, of the portrait of a beautiful female with a noble countenance, that it seems as if an unhandsome action, would be impossible in its presence. It is not so much for restraint's sake, as for the sake of diffusiveness of heart, or the going out of ourselves, that we would recommend pictures; but, among other advantages, this also, of reminding us of our duties, would doubtless be one; and if reminded with charity, the effect, though perhaps small in most instances, would still be something. We have read of a Catholic money-lender, who, when he was going to cheat a customer, always drew a veil over the portrait of his favorite saint. Here was a favorite vice, far more influential than the favorite saint; and yet we are of opinion that the money-lender was better for the saint than he would have been without him. It left him faith in something; he was better for it in the intervals; he would have treated his daughter the better for it, or his servant, or his dog. There was a bit of heaven in his room,—a sun-beam to shine into a corner of his heart,—however he may have shut the window against it, when heaven was not to look on. The companionship of anything greater or better than ourselves must do us good, unless we are destitute of all modesty or patience. And a picture is a companion, and the next thing to the presence of what it represents."

At length, on the 6th of February, 1806, Barry felt, for the first time in his life, seriously indisposed, and was seized, without forewarning, by his fatal illness. Of his death and last hours, Robert Southey gives the following account:—

"I knew Barry, and have been admitted into his den in his worst (that is to say, his maddest) days, when he was employed upon his Pandora. He wore at that time an old coat of green baize, but from which time had taken all the green that incrustations of paint and dirt had not covered. His wig was one which you might suppose he had borrowed from a scarecrow; all round it there projected a fringe of his own grey hair. He lived alone, in a house which was never cleaned; and he slept in a bedstead, with no other furniture than a blanket nailed on the one side. I wanted him

to visit me. 'No,' he said, 'he would not go out by day, because he could not spare time from his great picture; and if he went out in the evening, the Academicians would waylay him and murder him.' In this solitary, sullen life he continued till he fell ill, very probably for want of food sufficiently nourishing; and after lying two or three days under his blanket, he had just strength enough to crawl to his own door, open it, and lay himself down with a paper in his hand, on which he had written his wish to be carried to the house of Mr. Carlisle (Sir Anthony), in Soho Square. There he was taken care of; and the danger from which he had thus escaped, seems to have cured his mental hallucinations. He cast his slough afterwards; appeared decently dressed in his own grey hair, and mixed in such society as he liked. I should have told you that, a little before his illness, he had, with much persuasion, been induced to pass a night at some person's house in the country. When he came down to breakfast the next morning, and was asked how he had rested, he said, remarkably well, he had not slept in sheets for many years, and really he thought it was a very comfortable thing. He interlarded his conversation with oaths as expletives, but it was pleasant to converse with him; there was a frankness and animation about him which won good will as much as his vigorous intellect commanded respect. There is a story of his having refused to paint portraits, and saying, in answer to applications, that there was a man in Leicester-square who did. But this he said was false; for that he would at any time have painted portraits, and have been glad to paint them. God bless you.

Yours very truly,

R. S."

He died upon the 22nd day of February, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. By the Royal Academy his death was unnoticed; the Society of Arts allowed his body to be placed in their room, which his hand had adorned, and from which it was borne to St. Paul's, where it now moulders, commemorated by a monument, for the erection of which Sir Robert Peel—the first baronet—paid two hundred pounds.

We have already named a few of Barry's chief pictures; there is, in the vestibule of the Fine Art Gallery of the Royal Dublin Society, an original picture painted by him, representing the scene in *Cymbeline*, in which Iachimo watches Imogen sleeping. Barry's writings, with a memoir of his life prefixed, were published in two volumes, quarto, in the year 1809, by Cadell and Davies, London. They should be on the book-shelves, and the principles which they contain in the mind, of every artist who desires to advance his profession.

We have selected this particular period for the publication of our memoir of Barry, because the time seems to us peculiarly appropriate. Ninety-three years ago he came to Dublin for the purpose of exhibiting his picture of *St. Patrick Baptizing the King of Cashel*; he placed it in the room of the Dublin Society; he became a pupil of their schools, and brought honor upon them by his life-labors. From his days to the present, many distinguished men have gone forth from that school, and in the fame of the Irish born painters and sculptors, the Society may well feel proud of their élèves. Amongst the many students of promise who now attend the drawing-school, and school of design, amongst the thousands of our youths who will, within the next three months, throng the halls and galleries of our Crystal Palace, there will be many who possess a taste, if not a genius, for painting and for sculpture. As they pause before the grand pictures, ancient and modern, that may grace the walls; as they linger before Barry's *Imogen*, and recall the struggles of his life, let them remember wisely his self-denial, his patient toil, his lonely studies, his honest-hearted love of all the noble, manly, traits of his fellow-men, and his honorable care in all matters of debt and of money; let them recollect the high dignity of the painter's art, noble as the poet's, inspiring as the musician's, called in other days to aid God's Priest in exciting the languid devotion of the sinner; leaving to posterity the likeness of great heroes, or transmitting to the future those goddess features, the beauty which "makes beautiful old rhyme," till the world knows not whether there dwells a deeper charm in the glowing, breathing, magic canvas of the painter, or in the glorious hymn that rises from the full-swelling heart of the poet. To compare the poet and the painter is but an idiot's play; each in his rich boon, heaven's own gift of genius, is the steward of the Almighty; and when there lives upon the painter's canvas, when there breathes in the poet's song, some conception that proves God within our breasts, ineffable as in Nature, the light of Intellect, rising above the mists of mortality, shines forth in all the primal brilliancy of its origin,

" And bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling
The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring
Of Hope and Youth."

The moral of James Barry's life is the most melancholy in all the biographies of Art. George Morland, regaining transient gleams of intellect through drunkenness, is not more sad; but each instance proves that good sense, good temper, moderation and patience, must be combined with genius, else its possession may become a close-clinging, life-long, curse. The world never yet trampled true genius in the dust, but, alas! true genius has but too often grovelled so deeply in the mire, that the world has crushed it unwittingly and unwillingly.

ART. III.—THE STREETS OF DUBLIN.

No. VI.

MOLESWORTH-STREET, Kildare-street, and their vicinity, stand on the site of a considerable lot of ground, known at the commencement of the last century by the name of "Molesworth-fields," which remained nearly unbuilt upon until an act of parliament, in 1725, enabled "the right honorable John, lord viscount Molesworth, and Richard Molesworth, and the several other persons in remainder for life, when in possession of certain lands, near St. Stephen's Green and Dawson-street, in the county of the city of Dublin, to make leases thereof." Robert, first viscount Molesworth, distinguished by his writings in defence of liberty, has already been noticed in our account of "Molesworth's Court," in Fishamble-street: his son John, the second viscount, born in 1679, was, in 1710, despatched as envoy extraordinary from Great Britain to Tuscany, and subsequently appointed ambassador at Florence, Venice, and Switzerland, which offices he held till his death, in 1727. Ritson ascribes to him the song commencing

"Almeria's face, her shape, her air,
With charms resistless wound the heart;
In vain you for defence prepare,
When from her eyes Love shoots his dart."

Park observes, "that he is likely to have written more from having turned this so well." His successor, Richard, third viscount Molesworth, designed by his father for the law, fled from the Temple to Flanders, and served as a volunteer in the allied army there until he obtained an ensigncy, and was appointed aide-de-camp to the duke of Marlborough, whose

life he saved at the battle of Ramillies in 1706, a circumstance unfairly suppressed by English writers. After serving with distinction throughout all the campaigns in Flanders, and against the Scots at Preston, he was appointed lieutenant general and commander-in-chief of the troops in Ireland, and field-marshal of his majesty's forces; his death took place in 1758, five years subsequent to which lady Molesworth and several of his children fell victims to an accidental fire in London. The building of Molesworth-street was completed before the middle of the last century, and its inhabitants were then people of the highest rank in the city. Of Richard Parsons, first earl of Rosse, one of the earliest residents in the street, a writer in 1762 has left the following notice:

"The late earl of Ross was, in character and disposition, like the humorous earl of Rochester; he had an infinite fund of wit, great spirits, and a liberal heart; was fond of all the vices which the beau monde call pleasures, and by those means first impaired his fortune, as much as he possibly could do; and finally, his health beyond repair. To recite any part of his wit here is impossible, though I have heard much of it, but as it either tended to blasphemy, or at the best obscenity, it is better where it is. A nobleman could not, in so censorious a place as Dublin, lead a life of rackets, brawls, and midnight confusion, without being a general topic for reproach, and having fifty thousand faults invented to complete the number of those he had: nay, some asserted, that he dealt with the devil; established a hell-fire club at the Eagle tavern on Cork-hill;* and that one Worsdale, a mighty innocent facetious painter, who was

* For a notice of this tavern, see the account of Cork-hill, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II. 327. James Worsdale, above referred to, studied under sir Godfrey Kneller, with whose niece he eloped. "In the beginning of his manhood he went to Ireland; where he met with more success as an artist than he deserved; but his poignant table chat and conviviality begat him many admirers, among whom lord Blayney stood the most conspicuous. It was his custom, when a portrait was finished, and not paid for, to chalk the surface over with intersected lines, which conveyed the appearance of the subject being in prison; and this was exhibited continually in his painting room, until shame or pride induced the parties concerned to liberate the effigy, by paying the artist. I have heard it was he who introduced the practice of demanding one half of the general sum, at the first sitting. His talents as a painter were inconsiderable. He was appointed master painter to the board of ordnance, through the influence of sir Edward Walpole, who had been accused of a detestable crime; but Worsdale discovered the conspiracy against his patron's honour; and by great address and incessant pains brought the delinquents to justice. To effect this, he lodged on Saffron-hill, as a hay-maker, from Munster; and in the Mint, Southwark, as the widow of a recruiting sergeant from Sligo." The manuscript viceregal accounts, in our possession, contain the following entries relative to Worsdale-

indeed only the agent of his gallantry, was a party concerned; but what won't malicious folks say? Be it as it will, his lordship's character was torn to pieces everywhere, except at the groom porter's, where he was a man of honour; and at the taverns where none surpassed him in generosity. Having led this life till it brought him to death's door, his neighbour, the reverend John Madden (vicar of St. Anne's and dean of Kilmore), a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his lordship was given over, thought it his duty to write him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his past life; the particulars of which he mentioned, such as profligacy, gaming, drinking, rioting, turning day into night, blaspheming his Maker, and, in short, all manner of wickedness; and exhorting him in the tenderest manner to employ the few moments that remained to him, in penitently confessing his manifold transgressions, and soliciting his pardon from an offended Deity, before whom he was shortly to appear. It is necessary to acquaint the reader, that the late earl of Kildare was one of the most pious noblemen of the age, and in every respect a contrast in character to lord Ross. When the latter, who retained his senses to the last moment, and died rather for want of breath than want of spirits, read over the dean's letter (which came to him under cover) he ordered it to be put in another paper, sealed up, and directed to the earl of Kildare: he likewise prevailed

"July 21, 1738, paid Mr. James Worsdale for drawing your grace's picture for Mrs. Conolly, thirty guineas—£34 2s 6d.—April 24, 1740, paid Mr. James Worsdale for your grace's picture and frame, drawn by him for the Royal Hospital, forty guineas—£45 10s.—April 26, paid him in full for the frame, upon Mr. Dance's enquiry about the value of it, six guineas—£6 16s. 6d." In a privately printed satire of the year 1740, we find the following allusion to the painter:—

"Tho' Worsdale is for satire too obscure,
Must he uncensur'd artfully procure?
Frequent as painter, his employer's house,
And thence delude his mistress or his spouse?
True to the lover's procreating cause,
He breaks all ties, all hospitable laws,
And pimps, resistless, while his pencil draws."

Worsdale instituted a suit for libel, against James Wynne and Mathew Gardiner, the supposed authors of this satire; they were, however, acquitted in the king's bench in February, 1742. In the preceding year, the right honorable Luke Gardiner, master of the revels in Ireland, appointed Worsdale his deputy in that office, a post for which he was admirably calculated, having written a number of songs, ballads, and the following dramatic pieces:—"A cure for a scold," ballad opera, 1735. "The Assembly," a farce in which the author acted the part of "Old Lady Scandal." "The Queen of Spain," a musical entertainment, 1744. "The Extravagant Justice," a farce. "Gasconado the great," tragicomedy, 1759. Many of the compositions published as his own were written for him by Mrs. Pilkington. He died in June 1767, and was buried in St. Paul's, Covent-garden, with the following epitaph of his own composition:—

"Eager to get, but not to keep the pelf,
A friend to all mankind, except himself."

on the dean's servant to carry it, and to say it came from his master, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of its contents. Lord Kildare was an effeminate, puny little man, extremely formal and delicate, insomuch, that when he was married to lady Mary O'Brien, one of the most shining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding gloves off to embrace her. From this single instance may be judged with what surprise and indignation he read over the Dean's letter, containing so many accusations for crimes he knew himself entirely innocent of. He first ran to his lady, and informed her that dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epistle he had just received. Her ladyship was as much confounded and amazed at it as he could possibly be, but withal, observed the letter was not written in the stile of a madman, and advised him to go to the archbishop of Dublin (Dr. John Hoadly) about it. Accordingly, his lordship ordered his coach, and went to the episcopal palace, where he found his grace at home, and immediately accosted him in this manner: 'Pray, my lord, did you ever hear that I was a blasphemer, a profligate, a gamester, a rioter, and everything that's base and infamous?' 'You, my lord,' said the bishop, 'every one knows that you are the pattern of humility, godliness, and virtue.*' 'Well, my lord, what satisfaction can I have of a learned and reverend divine, who, under his own hand, lays all this to my charge?' 'Surely,' answered his grace, 'no man in his senses, that knew your lordship, would presume to do it; and if any clergyman has been guilty of such an offence, your lordship will have satisfaction from the spiritual court.' Upon this lord Kildare delivered to his grace the letter, which he told him was that morning delivered by the dean's servant, and which both the archbishop and the earl knew to be dean Madden's handwriting. The archbishop immediately sent for the dean, who happening to be at home, instantly obeyed the summons. Before he entered the room, his grace advised lord Kildare to walk into another apartment, while he discoursed the gentleman about it, which his lordship accordingly did. When the dean entered, his grace, looking very sternly, demanded if he had wrote that letter? The dean answered, I did, my lord. Mr. Dean, I always thought you a man of sense and prudence, but this unguarded action must lessen you in the

* A Dublin author of the time writes of Robert, earl of Kildare, as follows:—

"Kildare's a precedent for lords,
To keep their honor and their words,
Since all our peers to him give place,
His fair examples let them trace,
Whose virtues claim precedence here,
Even abstracted from the peer,
His morals make him still more great,
And to his titles, and estate,
Add such a lustre and a grace,
As suits his ancient noble race,
Surrounding him with all their rays
Above the compass of our lays,

Instead of duns to crowd his door,
It is surrounded by the poor,
My lord takes care to see them serv'd,
And saves some thousands from being
starv'd,
Nor does he think himself too great
Each morning on the poor to wait;
And as his charity ne'er ceases,
His fortune ev'ry day increases,
Has many thousands at command,
A large estate and lib'ral hand."

esteem of all good men ; to throw out so many causeless invectives against the most unblemished nobleman in Europe, and accuse him of crimes to which he and his family have ever been strangers, must certainly be the effect of a distempered brain : besides, sir, you have by this means laid yourself open to a prosecution in the ecclesiastical court, which will either oblige you publicly to recant what you have said, or give up your possessions in the church. My lord, answered the dean, I never either think, act, or write anything, for which I am afraid to be called to an account before any tribunal upon earth ; and if I am to be prosecuted for discharging the duties of my function, I will suffer patiently the severest penalties in justification of it. And so saying the dean retired with some emotion, and left the two noblemen as much in the dark as ever. Lord Kildare went home, and sent for a proctor of the spiritual court, to whom he committed the dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be sent to him as soon as possible. In the meantime the archbishop, who knew the dean had a family to provide for, and foresaw that ruin must attend his entering into a suit with so powerful a person, went to his house, and recommended him to ask my lord's pardon, before the matter became publick. Ask his pardon, said the dean, why the man is dead ! What ! lord Kildare dead ! No, lord Ross. Good God, said the archbishop, did you not send a letter yesterday to lord Kildare ? No truly, my lord, but I sent one to the unhappy earl of Ross, who was then given over, and I thought it my duty to write to him in the manner I did. Upon examining the servant, the whole mistake was rectified, and the dean saw with real regret, that lord Ross died as he had lived ; nor did he continue in this life above four hours after he sent off the letter. The poor footman lost his place by the jest, and was indeed the only sufferer for my lord's last piece of humour."

The death of lord Rosse occurred in Molesworth-street, on the 21st of June, 1741, two days after which he was privately interred in St. Anne's church ; and although his career may appear extraordinary at the present day, a glance at the irreligion and depravity of his times will shew that his vices, however inexcusable, were but those of the era in which he lived.

A writer of the time of Charles II., speaking of the state of Ireland, at that period, tells us that :

"Prophane cursing and swearing, a wickedness, through custom, grown into that credit, it disdains reproofs ; nay, some persons seem to value themselves by their wit to invent and courage to utter the most horrid oaths, at which moral Heathens would tremble, who retain so great a veneration to their gods, especially their chief gods, as Jupiter, &c., they will not mention their names without great reverence, and will only swear by their attributes, as by the great, the wise, the just, &c., whereas our prophaneists so glory in their shame, they will oft belch out their filthy vomit in the face of magistrates, who when they reprove them, and demand one shilling

for one oath,* have contemptuously both to God and the king's laws thrown down their guinny, and immediately swore it out, like those prophane desperate ones, the psalmist complains of, Psalm xii. 4, 'Who have said, with our tongue will we prevail: our lips are our own: who is Lord over us?' Now though this is the most unpleasant and unprofitable vice in this world, yet it is the most frequent; for 100s of oaths are uttered at the committal of any one of the other debaucheries, and so universal, that from the man stooping with age to the lisping infant before it speaks plain, shall you hear oaths and curses, to the reproach of their parents, that no better instruct them, so that this is a long lived weed, that buds early in the spring, and continues green in the depth of winter; the food of other lusts may be devoured by poverty, age, and bodily infirmities; of the latter we have had dreadful examples of some, who could plainly express horrid oaths, and not one other word to be understood, and others so hardened through the custom of this sin, that on their deathbeds, when they could not utter a word of sense, they have breathed out their last breath with dreadful oaths and curses, which I have received from the testimony of credible persons then present."

A partizan author of the reign of William III., speaking of the conduct of the Irish Roman Catholics and their adherents, during the time of James II., asserts that—

"The perjuries in the courts, the robberies in the country; the lewd practices in the stews; the oaths, blasphemies, and curses in the armies and streets; the drinking of confusions and damnations in the taverns, were all of them generally the acts of Papists, or of those who owned themselves ready to become such, if that party continued uppermost. But more peculiarly they were remarkable for their swearing and blaspheming and prophanation of the Lord's day; if they had any signal ball or entertainment to make, any journey or weighty business to begin, they commonly chose that day for it, and lookt on it as a kind of conquest over a Protestant, and a step to his conversion, if they could engage him to prophane it with them.—And they would often laugh at our scrupling a sin, and our constancy at prayers, since, as they would assure us with many oaths, we must only be damned the deeper for our diligence; and they could not endure to find us go about to punish vice in our own members, since, said they, it is to no purpose to trouble yourselves about vice or virtue, that are out of the church, and will all be damned."

Notwithstanding the above statements, we find that profaneness and immorality prevailed to an appalling extent amongst the Protestants, of whose rectitude their partisans have given such glowing, though false, descriptions. Dr.

* An act of parliament passed at Dublin in 1634-5 imposed a penalty of twelve pence on persons convicted of profane swearing or cursing, and in case the offender was unable to pay, he was to be set in the stocks for three hours; if under the age of twelve years, the culprit was to be whipped by the constable, or by his parents or master in the presence of a justice of the peace.

Gorge, secretary to marshal Schonberg, wrote to colonel James Hamilton, that the "soldiers in the Protestant army, under king William, robbed and plundered at pleasure; that some of its leaders ridiculed, scorned and condemned all motions for its good government and order, and said that religion was nothing but canting, and debauchery the necessary practice of a soldier;" facts which receive confirmation from the following document:—

"A PROCLAMATION BY FREDERICK, DUKE OF SCHONBERG, LORD GENERAL OF ALL THEIR MAJESTIES FORCES, &c.

Whereas, the horrid and detestable crimes of prophane cursing, swearing, and taking God's holy name in vain, being sins of much guilt and little temptation, have by all nations and people, and that in all ages, been punished with sharp and severe penalties, as great and grievous sins: And we to our great grief and trouble, taking notice of the too frequent practice of these sins, by several under our command, and that some have arrived to that height of impiety, that they are heard more frequently to invoke God to damn them, than to save them, and this, notwithstanding the heavy and dreadful judgments of God upon us at this very time, for these and our other sins, and notwithstanding the penalties enjoined by their majesties articles of war on these offenders; and we justly fearing that their majesties army may be more prejudiced by these sins, than advantaged by the conduct and courage of those guilty of them: do think fit strictly to charge and command all officers and soldiers under our command, that they and every one of them from hence-forward, do forbear all vain cursing, swearing, and taking God's holy name in vain, under the penalties enjoined by the aforesaid articles; and our further displeasure. And that all officers take particular care to put the said articles of war into execution on all under their respective commands, guilty of the said offences, as they will answer to the contrary at their utmost peril. Given at our head quarters at Lisburn, the 18th of January, 1689-90, in the first year of their majesties reign. (Signed)

SCHONBERG."

The reduction of the kingdom, consequent on the Treaty of Limerick, was succeeded by what a writer of the day styles "a torrent of vice," a feeble attempt to stem which was made by an association formed in Dublin, "for the reformation of manners." This laudable institution, of which scarcely a vestige has been preserved, appears to have had but little influence in the generation which it sought to reform; and nearly all the vices which then disgraced England were communicated to the neighbouring island. The act of Charles I., against profane cursing and swearing, having been found ineffectual, another statute was passed in 1695, subjecting every "servant, day-labourer, common soldier, and common seaman,"

guilty thereof, to a penalty of one shilling for every offence, and other offenders to a fine of two shillings, these sums to be doubled on the repetition of the crime.

During the latter part of the seventeenth and the earlier years of the eighteenth century, the suppression of the then increasing irreligion and blasphemous opinions occupied the attention of several committees, appointed by the Irish house of commons. Some members of that body, in 1697, allowed their zeal to incite them to propose that the author of "Christianity not mysterious," should be burned alive; another member, less violent, suggested that Toland should be obliged to burn his own book publicly; but their intended victim having decamped, the committee was obliged to rest content with having the obnoxious publication burned at the gate of the Parliament house, by the common hangman. The writer, consequently, compared them to the "Popish Inquisitors, who performed that execution on the book, when they could not seize the author whom they had destined to the flames." In 1703 the house of commons punished by expulsion the heterodoxy of Mr. Asgil, one of its members, whom they found guilty of propagating "blasphemous doctrines and positions, contrary to the Christian religion, and the established doctrine of the church of Ireland, and destructive of human society." The treatise thus condemned had been published with the following title: "An argument proving, that according to the covenant of eternal life, revealed in the scriptures, man may be translated from hence into that eternal life, without passing through death, although the human nature of Christ himself could not be thus translated till he had passed through death." The description of lord Wharton, viceroy of Ireland, in 1708, may be regarded as typical of the state of morals and religion among those of the higher classes of society, who in this country endeavoured to emulate the vices of the English aristocracy at that period:

"Thomas earl of Wharton, lord lieutenant of Ireland, by the force of a wonderful constitution, has some years passed his grand climacteric, without any visible effects of old age, either on his body or his mind, and in spite of a continual prostitution to those vices which usually wear out both. His behaviour is in all the forms of a young man at five and twenty. Whether he walks or whistles, or swears, or talks obscenely, or calls names, he acquits himself in each, beyond a temple of three years standing. With the same grace, and in the same style, he will rattle his coachman in the midst of the street, where he is governor of the kingdom; and all this is without

consequence, because it is his character, and what everybody expects. He seems to be but an ill dissembler, and an ill liar, although they are the two talents he most practises, and most values himself upon."—"He goes constantly to prayers in the forms of his place, and will talk indecency and blasphemy at the chapel door."

The infamous associations, known as "Hell fire clubs,"* of which the earl of Wharton was supposed to have been the originator, appear to have been introduced into Ireland from England early in the last century; of their abominable profanities an idea may be formed from the fact, that in 1729 Vincent Fitzgerald and John Jackman were tried at Dublin on a charge of having been in the habit of "drinking healths to the Devil and his angels, and confusion to Almighty God." The levity with which the most sacred dogmas of religion were discussed at this period, has been noticed by a Dublin writer in 1729, who tells us that—

"The coffee houses in this town are now (1729) become so many divinity schools; nor is there a tavern or ale-house kitchen which escapes the noise and insults of divinity wranglers. The public converse formerly turned on politicks; but as that was sometimes attended with civil animadversions, religion, a less dangerous, is become the universal theme. The Incarnation, the Resurrection, the Trinity, Predestination, &c., are perpetual subjects of debate; the old and new Testament are translated *de novo*; the Fathers are censured and vindicated; Councils criticized on, canons of the church exploded and defended, old creeds abrogated, new ones substituted, and absurd and incongruous systems of religion hourly introduced.—This foul practice of argumentizing frequently prevails in parties of pleasure, and sometimes in those of a criminal nature. In the dirty confusion of a drunken room, religion is too often the topic; the argument ushered in with obscenity circulates the glass, and every returning bumper inflames the conference, which is maintained with wanton nonsense and loquacious blasphemy. 'Tis needless to say, that whatever side of the question these common and hackney sophs defend or oppose, it certainly suffers. To Greek they are utter strangers; a shoe-cleaner at Trinity-college would puzzle them in Latin; nor does their whole stock of erudition comprehend more than some common places picked from Toland, Clerke, and others, the new publishers of old heresies."

The committee appointed in 1737 by the house of lords, "to examine into the causes of the present immorality and

* A massive silver cup, richly engraved and chased, said to have been used at the orgies of the Dublin Hell fire club, is at present in the possession of Edward Vernon, esq., of Clontarf castle, Co. Dublin. In the cabinets of some collectors are likewise preserved specimens of elaborately executed gold medals bearing infamous devices, believed to have been the badges of the association. The rules of the Dublin "Cherokee club" will be found in the third paper of the present series.

profaneness," reported that "an uncommon scene of impiety and blasphemy appeared before them;" and that:

"Several loose and disorderly persons have, of late, erected themselves into a society or club under the name of 'Blasters,' and have used means to draw into their impious society several of the youth of this kingdom. What the practices of this society are, (beside the general fame spread through the whole kingdom) appears by the examinations of several persons, taken upon oath before the lord mayor of this city, in relation to Peter Lens, painter, lately come into this kingdom, who professes himself a 'Blaster.' By these examinations, it appears, that the said Peter Lens professes himself to be a votary of the Devil; that he hath offered up prayers to him, and publicly drunk to the Devil's health; that he hath at several times uttered the most daring and execrable blasphemies against the sacred name and majesty of God; and often made use of such obscene, blasphemous, and, before unheard-of expressions, as the lords committees think they cannot even mention to your lordships; and therefore choose to pass over in silence."

The committee recommended that a reward should be offered for the apprehension of Lens, and that the judges, in their several circuits, should charge the magistrates to put the laws in execution against immorality and profane cursing, swearing, and gaming, and to inquire into atheistical and blasphemous clubs. From the preceding particulars the reader will be able to form an estimate of the state of religion and morality in Dublin at the time when the earl of Rosse was regarded as the leader of the "choice spirits" of our metropolis.

The family of Parsons continued to reside in Molesworth-street for some years subsequent to the death of the first earl of Rosse, by the death of whose son, Richard, in 1764, the title became extinct, and was conferred in 1772, on sir Ralph Gore, after whose decease the peerage was restored, in 1806, to the predecessor of William Parsons, its present distinguished representative.

On the south side of this street stood "Kerry house," the residence of the family of Fitz Maurice. Thomas Fitz Maurice, twenty-first lord of Kerry, was created viscount Clan Maurice and earl of Kerry, in 1722; in his house died in the year 1707, John lord Cutts, one of the most valiant soldiers of his age, who acquired the name of the "Salamander" from the great intrepidity which he displayed amidst a murderous discharge of artillery at the siege of Namur in 1696. He received

* For further illustrations of the state of society in Dublin in the early part of the eighteenth century, see the notice of Lucas's Coffee-house on Cork-hill, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II., 328.

the title of baron of Gowran from William III., and during part of Anne's reign, held the office of commander-in-chief of the British troops on the Continent, his withdrawal from which, by being appointed commander of the forces in, and one of the lords justices of Ireland in 1705, was supposed to have caused his death. He published a collection of verses in the year 1687, under the title of "Poetical Exercises," and having obtained a captain's commission for sir Richard Steele, the latter dedicated to him his theoretical treatise named the "Christian hero," and in the "Tatler," quoted his lordship's love verses as those of "honest Cynthio, a man of wit, good sense, and fortune." "He hath abundance of wit," says a writer in 1703, "but too much seized with vanity and self-conceit; he is affable, familiar, and very brave. Few considerable actions happened in this as well as the last war, in which he was not, and hath been wounded in all the actions where he served; is esteemed to be a mighty vigilant officer, and for putting the military orders in execution; he is pretty tall, lusty, well shaped, and an agreeable companion; hath great revenues, yet so very expensive, as always to be in debt; towards fifty years old."

The first earl of Kerry married Anne, only daughter to sir William Petty, through which alliance the estates and honors of the Shelburne family subsequently passed to the Fitz Maurices. Lady Kerry was one of Swift's most intimate friends; and as an illustration of the style in which the establishments of the Irish nobility were maintained in the early part of the last century, we insert the following document, with reference to which it may be observed, that so much has the country suffered by absenteeism and centralization, that during the past year, the vehicle provided to convey a circuit judge to one of our assize towns was of so vile a description, that his lordship was obliged to threaten legal proceedings to ensure better treatment in future:—

"Dublin, March the 24th, 1732-3. We have been informed that the hon. John Fitz Maurice, esq., high sheriff of the county of Kerry, received the judges of assize at the bounds of the county, in a most magnificent and splendid manner, the particulars of which are as follow:—Two running footmen led the way, being clothed in white, with their black caps dressed with red ribbons, and red sashes with deep fringes. Four grooms leading four stately horses with embroidered caparisons, their manes and tails dressed with roses of red ribbons. A page in scarlet laced with silver, bearing the sheriff's white rod. The high sheriff in scarlet, his sword hanging in a broad shoulder belt of a crimson velvet, covered with silver lace, mounted on a very beautiful horse, having a Turkish bridle, with reins of

green silk intermixed with gold, the caps and hoosings of green velvet, that was almost covered with gold lace, and bordered with a deep gold fringe. Two trumpets in green, profusely laced with silver. Twelve livery men in the colours of the family, mounted on black horses, from £20 to £40 price, with long tails, which, as well as their manes, were decked with roses of red ribbons; the caps and hoosings having a centaur in brass, which is the crest of the Fitz Maurices. They had short horsemen's wigs of one cut, with gold laced hats. Their back-swords hung in broad buff belts. Their cravats or stocks were black, fastened with two large gilt buttons behind. Each had a brace of pistols, and a bright carabine hanging in a bucket on his right side, with a stopper in the muzzle, of red mixt with white, that looked not unlike a tulip: his riding coat, with a scarlet cape and gilt buttons, was rolled up behind him. The earl of Kerry's gentlemen of the horse single, mounted on a very fine bay horse. The steward, waiting gentlemen, and other domesticks of the lord Kerry. This cavalcade of the earl's own family, and all mounted out of his own stable, to the number of thirty-five, being passed, there followed another of the gentlemen of the country, which was very considerable, there being about twenty led horses with field cloths attending them. But the day proved very unfavourable, and all this pomp and gallantry of equipage was forced to march under a heavy and continued rain to Listowel, where the high sheriff had prepared a splendid entertainment, consisting of one hundred and twenty dishes, to solace the judges and gentlemen after their fatigues; which, it seems, they greatly wanted; for the roads were so heavy and deep, by reason of the excessive rain, that the judges were forced to leave their coach, and betake themselves to their saddle horses. But their repast was short, for tidings being brought that the river Foyl was swelling apace, they soon remounted, in order to pass over while it was fordable."

In 1768 "Kerry house," in Molesworth-street, came into the possession of Anthony Foster, eldest son of John Foster of Dunleer, appointed, in 1765, chief baron of the Irish Exchequer, a post which he resigned in 1776, and was succeeded in his house here on his death in 1778, by his son, John Foster, who was born in 1740, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, elected member for the borough of Dunleer at the age of eighteen, and called to the bar in 1766. In 1768 John Foster was returned for the county Louth, ten years subsequent to which he was appointed chairman of the committee of supply; and on the resignation of Edmond Sexton Pery at the close of the session in 1785 Foster was unanimously chosen as his successor in the chair of Speaker of the Irish commons.

"Notwithstanding some blemishes in his public character, he was endowed with many excellent qualities—his measures in support of the corn trade of Ireland were good, he followed in this respect the track of lord Pery, and was of great utility to his country; his care and general attention to

the linen and cotton manufactures were highly serviceable to the people, and redounded greatly to his credit. He had surprising knowledge of the resources of Ireland, her trade, her commerce, and her capabilities. His design in proposing the original commercial propositions in 1785 was excellent; he forbore to urge those that were so faithlessly sent from England, and acted a wise and judicious part. He was an Irishman, though too much of a courtier, and too little inclined to the people; his commencement in Ireland was bad, but his conclusion was good. At his outset he supported a perpetual Mutiny bill—opposed Free trade in 1779, and opposed Independence in 1781: these, however, were times when England was all dominant, and few men dared to speak or even think for their country; but his fatal error was hostility to the Catholics—on this question he discovered his mistake too late, and in 1800 he found at last how vain it was to contend for the freedom of a country without the aid of all her people. When Speaker of the lower house he abridged the privileges of the commons, limiting the space usually allotted to them in the gallery of the house, and appropriating it to the attendants of the court, and here he acted in a partial and arbitrary as well as an unconstitutional manner. In 1795, at the time of lord Fitzwilliam's short administration, he was sent for by the advisers of the Whig party, and was consulted by them in preference to Mr. Beresford; the reason was that Foster was an Irishman attached to Ireland, though usually supporting government, but Mr. Beresford was an English slave, though in private an honorable man. Foster was at no period ever popular, and his conduct in '98 was abominably bad, but at the Union he redeemed himself; his arguments on that subject were excellent and unanswerable, and it was a fortunate circumstance for Ireland that he was friendly to her at that crisis, as a speech from him against her would have been highly prejudicial to her interests.* He did not possess any eloquence, but had a calm delivery—his manner was neither impassioned nor vehement, but he was accurate and firm; his argument was generally able, his positions well arranged, close, and regular; his knowledge of the financial affairs of Ireland was extensive, and his speeches on her trade and commerce at the time of the Union were unrivalled and never answered. He received little attention from Mr. Pitt after the Union, and was not regarded by him; the latter remembered that Mr. Foster called his speech on that subject a *pultry production*, and his knowledge of finance was designedly disparaged in England; he was, however, created chancellor of the exchequer for Ireland, on the retirement of Mr. Corry, and supported the Corn bill in 1815, with a view to promote the agriculture of Ireland. On the whole, he was a remarkable Irishman, and so long as Ireland need refer to the his-

* After the termination of the debate in the commons on 24th January, 1799, when the paragraph in favor of the Union was negatived by a majority of five, we are told that:—"On the Speaker's coming out of the House, the horses were taken from his carriage, and he was drawn in triumph through the streets by the people, who conceived the whimsical idea of tackling the lord chancellor to the coach, and (as a captive general in a Roman triumph) forcing him to tug at the chariot of his conqueror. Had it been effected it would have been a signal anecdote, and

tory of the Union for proof that it was neither a gain nor a compact, her advocates will consult Mr. Foster's speeches."

After the passing of the act of Union, government demanded the Speaker's mace from Foster, which the latter refused to surrender, saying that "until the body that entrusted it to his keeping demanded it, he would preserve it for them." This interesting relic, together with the old chair of the Irish house of commons, which was removed to make way for a new one (now in the Board-room of the Royal Dublin Society), is at present in the custody of Lord Massereene, the Speaker's grandson, and author of "O'Sullivan, the bandit Chief, a legend of Killarney, in six cantos, 8vo. Dublin: 1844. John Foster was created baron Oriel of Collon, County Louth, in 1821; his only son, Thomas Henry Foster, viscount Ferrard, having married viscountess Massereene, assumed the name of Skeffington, and died in 1843. To his eldest son, who now enjoys the titles of baron of Lough Neagh, viscount Ferrard, baron Oriel in the peerage of Ireland, and baron Oriel of Ferrard in the peerage of England, we are indebted for some of the foregoing particulars connected with the history of the late Speaker and his residence in Molesworth-street.

Dr. John Van Lewen, the son of a Dutch physician, who had accidentally settled in Ireland at the close of the seventeenth century, also dwelt in this street. Van Lewen studied at Leyden under the famous Boerhaave, and became very eminent in his profession, being the only accoucheur in Dublin during the early part of the last century. He was elected

would, at least, have immortalized the classic genius of the Irish. The populace closely pursued his lordship for that extraordinary purpose; he escaped with great difficulty, and fled, with a pistol in both hands, to a receding doorway in Clarendon-street. But the people, who pursued him in sport, set up a loud laugh at him, as he stood terrified against the door; they offered him no personal violence, and returned in high glee to their more innocent amusement of drawing the Speaker." A description of Foster's conduct in the chair of the house of commons on the passing of the act of Union, was given in the notice of the Irish Parliament house, *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol. II., 750. In the *Dublin Penny Journal*, Vol. II., 259, will be found an engraving of the Speaker's residence, the site of which is now occupied by the three houses known as 29, 30, and 31 Molesworth-street. The Royal Dublin Society possesses a portrait of Foster, whose likeness was engraved in oval by Maguire, and also, at full length, in 1792 by C. Hodges, from a painting by C. G. Stuart. On the south side of Molesworth-street stands a large house, said to have been erected by lord Lisle towards the middle of the last century, which was occupied from 1783 by Thomas Kingsbury, L.L.D., commissioner of bankruptcy and vicar of Kildare. In the year 1819 it came into the possession of Mr. John Lawler, its present occupier, who gave it the name of "Lisle house," by which it is now known.

president of the College of physicians in 1734, and died at his house here in 1736; his daughter Letitia, who became the wife of the Rev. Matthew Pilkington, was well known in the last century by her misfortunes and her writings.

Lieutenant General Gervas Parker, commander of the forces in Ireland, whose only daughter married Amyas Bushe of Kilfane, author of "Socrates," a dramatic poem, resided here in 1746; and in Molesworth-street, until his death in 1756, the Rev. Roger Ford kept a school of great reputation, at which were educated Robert Jephson, author of the "Count of Narbonne;" and Edmond Malone, the commentator on Shakspeare, both of whom took leading parts in the private theatricals performed in this academy, under the superintendence of Macklin.

In Molesworth-street, till late in the last century, was the town residence of the family of Vesey, members of which, from the year 1734, enjoyed the office of comptroller and accountant general of the Irish revenue. Agmondisham Vesey, the first of his family appointed to that post, married the heiress of William Sarsfield of Lucan, by his wife Mary, sister to the unfortunate duke of Monmouth. The present earl of Lucan is descended from Vesey's daughter Anne, wife of sir John Bingham. Mr. Burke, compiler of the Peerage, asserts that Bingham's desertion of the cause of king James mainly caused the loss of the battle of Aughrim, a statement which is totally unfounded, as he held no rank in the Jacobite army. His conduct in parliament is thus described in 1736 —

" There observe the tribe of Bingham,
For he never fails to bring 'em ;
While he sleeps the whole debate,
They submissive round him wait ;
Yet would gladly see the hunks,
In his grave, and search his trunks,
See they gently twitch his coat,
Just to yawn and give his vote,
Always firm in this vocation,
For the court against the nation."

To lady Bingham's artistic acquirements we are indebted for the portrait of her grand-uncle, Patrick Sarsfield, the Jacobite earl of Lucan. From this painting, which, in the last century, was in the possession of sir Charles Bingham, of Castlebar, an admirable engraving was executed by F. Tiliard, a French artist.

Here also dwelt Arthur Dawson, a native of Ireland, called to the Bar in 1723, and appointed baron of the exchequer in 1741, a post which he resigned in 1768. Dawson was one of the judges who tried the case in ejectment of James Annesley against the earl of Anglesey in 1743; on this extraordinary trial, which lasted from the 11th to the 25th of November, Walter Scott founded his novel of "Guy Mannering." A writer well acquainted with him tells us that—

"The baron was a gentleman of a grave, reserved and penetrating aspect, though extremely handsome both in his person and countenance; but he had such an unbounded flow of real wit and true humour, that he said more good things in half an hour, and forgot them the next, than half the comick writers in the world have introduced into their plays; and what added to the delight such an entertainment must afford, was, that it was all genuine, unstudied, and concise; so that while he sat,

'Laughter holding both his sides,'

He appeared himself with the same steadfastness that accompanied him on the bench as a judge: and so happy was this great man in the talent of unbending his mind, that he could even make companions of his son and myself, though both so young and giddy; nay, he would adapt his discourse exactly to our degree of comprehension, and by that means became master of our minutest thoughts. He has wandered with us for hours through his wide domains, leaped over ditches, looked for birds' nests, flown a kite, and played at marbles: he might in this respect be compared to that great Roman, who, when called on to serve the senate, was found toying amongst his children."

Baron Dawson composed the famous song on Thomas Morris Jones, of Money Glas,* from which we extract the following stanzas:

"Ye good fellows all

Who love to be told where there's claret good store,
Attend to the call of one who's ne'er frightened,
But greatly delighted with six bottles more:
Be sure you don't pass the good house Money Glas,
Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns;
'Twill well suit your humour, for pray what wou'd you more,
Than mirth with good claret, and bumper Squire Jones."

"Ye poets who write,

And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicon's brook,
Tho' all you get by't is a dinner oft-times,

* A corruption of *Muine Glas* (*Muinè glas*),—the green brake.

In reward for your rhimes, with Humphry the duke ;*
 Learn Bacchus to follow, and quit your Apollo,
 Forsake all the Muses, those senseless old drones ;
 Our jingling of glasses, your rhyming surpasses,
 When crown'd with good claret, and bumper Squire Jones.

" Ye soldiers so stout,
 With plenty of oaths, tho' no plenty of coin,
 Who make such a rout, of all your commanders,
 Who served us in Flanders, and eke at the Boyne,
 Come, leave off your rattling, of sieging and battling,
 And know you'd much better to sleep with whole bones,
 Were you sent to Gibraltar,* your note you'd soon alter,
 And wish for good claret and bumper Squire Jones.

" Ye lawyers so just,
 Be the cause what it will who so learnedly plead,
 How worthy of trust, you know black from white,
 Yet prefer wrong to right, as you're chanc'd to be fes'd,
 Leave musty reports, and forsake the king's courts,
 Where Dulness and Discord have set up their thrones,
 Burn Salkeld† and Ventris,‡ with all your damn'd entries,
 And away with the claret, a bumper, Squire Jones.

" Ye physical tribe,
 Whose knowledge consists in hard words and grimace,
 Whene'er you prescribe, have at your devotion
 Pills, bolus or potion, be what will the case :
 Pray where is the need to purge, blister and bleed,
 When ailing yourselves, the whole faculty owns,
 That the forms of old Galen, are not so prevailing,
 As mirth with good claret, and bumper Squire Jones."

Of the origin of this song, which we are inclined to attribute to the year 1727, the following account was given by the late

* An English literary antiquarian observes that " the phrase of dining with Duke Humphrey, which is still current, originated in the following manner :—Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, though really buried at St. Alban's, was supposed to have a monument in old St. Paul's, from which one part of the church was termed ' Duke Humphrey's Walk.' In this, as the church was then a place of the most public resort, they who had no means of procuring a dinner, frequently loitered about, probably in hopes of meeting with an invitation, but under pretence of looking at the monuments."

* Gibraltar was ceded to England by the peace of Utrecht in 1713. The above reference appears to have been to its unsuccessful, though protracted, siege by the Spaniards in 1727.

† William Salkeld, author of " Reports of cases in the King's Bench, &c., from the first of William and Mary to the tenth of queen Anne. Sixth edition published in 3 vols. 8vo., 1795.

‡ Sir Peyton Ventris, compiler of Reports from the time of Charles II. to the third of William III. Fourth edition published in 1726.

dean of St. Patrick's, a collateral descendant of the baron, who, however, appears to have been ignorant that Carolan's death took place three years before Dawson had been promoted to the bench :—

"Carolan and baron Dawson happened to be enjoying together, with others, the hospitalities of Squire Jones at Moneyglass, and slept in rooms adjacent to each other. The bard, being called upon by the company to compose a song or tune in honour of their host, undertook to comply with their request, and on retiring to his apartment, took his harp with him, and under the inspiration of copious libations of his favorite liquor, not only produced the melody now known as 'Bumper, Squire Jones,' but also very indifferent English words to it. While the bard was thus employed, however, the judge was not idle. Being possessed of a fine musical ear, as well as of considerable poetical talents, he not only fixed the melody on his memory, but actually wrote the noble song now incorporated with it before he retired to rest. The result may be anticipated. At breakfast on the following morning, when Carolan sang and played his composition, baron Dawson, to the astonishment of all present, and of the bard in particular, stoutly denied the claim of Carolan to the melody, charged him with audacious piracy, both musical and poetical, and, to prove the fact, sang the melody to his own words amidst the joyous shouts of approbation of all his hearers—the enraged bard excepted, who vented his execrations in curses on the judge both loud and deep."

The baron, who for many years represented the county of Londonderry in parliament, died at his house in Molesworth-street in 1775. He was succeeded by his nephew, Arthur Dawson, whose son, Henry Richard, became dean of St. Patrick's. The present representative of the family is the Right Hon. George Robert Dawson, of Castle Dawson.

In Molesworth-street, in the early part of the reign of George III., was the residence of Kane O'Hara, the distinguished burletta-writer, who was a member of the tribe of O'Hara, or *Ua h-Eaghra*, which descended from Cian or Kane, son of Oliol Olum, king of Munster in the third century, and received their surname from *Eaghra*, or Hara, lord of Luighne or Leyny, in the county of Sligo. Dr. O'Donovan tells us, that "according to Duald Mac Firis, Fearghal *mór* O'Hara, who erected *Teach-Teampla*, now Temple-house, was the eleventh in descent from this *Eaghra*, and Cian or Kean O'Hara, who was living in 1666, was the eighth in descent from that Fearghal." In 1706, Charles O'Hara, a distinguished soldier, was created baron of Tir Awley; and Carolan, in his song entitled

Cupan Uí h-Eaghra, has eulogized, as follows, the hospitality of Kane O'Hara of Nymphsfield, county Sligo :—

“ Oh ! were I at rest
Amidst Aran's green isles,
Or in climes where the summer
Unchangingly smiles ;
Tho' treasures and dainties
Might come at a call,
Still, O'Hara's full cup,
I would prize more than all.”

The author of “ *Midas* ” held a distinguished position in the fashionable circles of Dublin in the last century, and being a very skilful musician, he was elected vice-president of the Musical Academy, founded mainly through his exertions, in 1758. In the succeeding year he produced his celebrated burletta of “ *Midas*,” at a series of private theatricals performed at the seat of Mr. Brownlow, at Lurgan, county Armagh. It originally consisted of one act, commencing with the fall of Apollo from the clouds ; the author played the part of “ *Pan*,” the other characters being filled by members of the family and their relations. “ *Midas* ” was first publicly performed at Crowstreet theatre in 1762, with the object of throwing ridicule on the Italian burlettas, which were then filling the coffers of Mossop, manager of the opposition theatre in Smock-alley. “ *Spranger Barry* was to have performed *Sileno* in ‘ *Midas*,’ and rehearsed it several times ; but not being equal to the musical part, gave it up, and it was played by Robert Corry, a favourite public singer. The first cast was thus : *Apollo*, *Vernon* ; *Midas*, *Robert Mahon* ; *Dametus*, *Oliver* ; *Pan*, *Morris* ; *Daphne*, *Miss Elliott* ; *Nysa*, *Miss Polly Young* (afterwards married to *Barthelemon*, the fine violin performer) ; and *Mysis*, *Miss Macneil* (afterwards *Mrs. Hawtrey*). *Midas* is made up of Dublin jokes and bye sayings, but irresistibly humorous.” A writer in 1773 describes O'Hara as having the appearance of an old fop, wearing spectacles and an antiquated wig, and adds, that “ he is, notwithstanding, a polite, sensible, agreeable man, foremost and chief modulator in all fashionable entertainments, the very pink of gentility and good breeding, and a very necessary man in every party for amusement, and only he is sometimes a little too long-winded in his narratives, he would be a very amusing companion, as he seems to be very well informed.”

In the extremely meagre published notices of O'Hara, no

reference has been made to his skill as an artist, of which we have a specimen in his etching of Dr. William King, archbishop of Dublin, in a wig and cap, of which portrait a copy has been made by Richardson. One of his contemporaries tells us, that "O'Hara was so remarkably tall, that, among his intimate friends in Ireland, he was nicknamed 'St. Patrick's steeple.' At one time, Girardini's Italian glee was extremely popular, and sung everywhere, in public and private. The words in Italian are:

'Vivan tutte le vezzose
Donne, amabile, amorose,
Che no' hanno crudeltà.'

It was parodied, and for the last line they substituted this:

'Kane O'Hara's cruel tall.'

Michael Kelly further tells us that

"Kane O'Hara, the ingenious author of 'Midas,' had a puppet-show for the amusement of his friends; it was worked by a young man of the name of Nick Marsh, who sang for 'Midas' and 'Pan.' He was a fellow of infinite humour; his parody on 'Shepherds, I have lost my love,' was equal to any thing written by the well-known Captain Morris; and with many others of equal merit, will be long remembered for the rich vein of humour which characterises it. The love of company, joined to a weak constitution, condemned this truly original genius to an early grave, regretted by all who knew him. In the performance of this fantoccini I sang the part of Daphne, and was instructed by the author himself; the others were by other amateurs. It was quite the rage with all the people of fashion, who crowded nightly to see the gratuitous performance."—"On the 25th of October, 1802, the burletta of 'Midas' was revived at Drury Lane Theatre, with unqualified approbation. It had a run the first season, of twenty-seven nights. From my earliest days, I was fond of the music of 'Midas,' which in my opinion is delightful. It was entirely selected by Kane O'Hara, who was a distinguished musical amateur; his adaptations were not alone elegant and tasteful, but evinced a thorough knowledge of stage effect. I have heard him, when a boy, sing at his own house in Dublin, with exquisite humour, the songs of Midas, Pan, and Apollo's drunken song of,

'Be by your friends advised,
Too harah, too hasty dad!
Maugre your bolts and wise head,
The world will think you mad.'

When I acted the part of Apollo at Drury Lane, I formed my style of singing and acting that song from the recollection of his manner of singing it. The simple and pretty melody, 'Pray Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue,' (before I sang it at Drury-lane,) was always sung in a quick jig time; it struck me, that the air would be better slower, and I therefore resolved to sing it in the

'andantino grazioso' style, and added a repetition of the last bar of the air, which I thought would give it a more stage effect. When I rehearsed it the first time as I had arranged it, Mr. Kemble was on the stage, who, with all the performers in the piece, as well as the whole band in the orchestra, unâ voce, declared that the song ought to be sung in quick time, as it had ever been; but I was determined to try it my own way, and I did so: and during the run of the piece, it never missed getting a loud and unanimous encore. When 'Midas' was revived at Covent Garden Theatre, it was sung by Mr. Sinclair in the exact time in which I sung it, and with deserved and additional success. It is not, I believe, generally understood, that Rousseau was the composer of it."

In addition to "Midas," O'Hara wrote "The Golden Pippin," a burletta, 1773; "The Two Misers," a musical farce, 1775; "April Day," a burletta, 1777; and "Tom Thumb," 1780, the very successful alteration of Fielding's burlesque, with the addition of songs. O'Hara's death took place on 17th June, 1782, for some time previous to which he had been totally deprived of sight. "Kane O'Hara," says the most recent English dramatic critic, "was the very prince of burletta writers. His 'Golden Pippin' is whimsical; his lyrical additions to 'Tom Thumb' are every way worthy of that inimitable burlesque; and his 'Midas' is the most perfect thing of its kind in our language." O'Hara was also author of an unfinished jeu d'esprit entitled "Grigri, a true history, translated from the Japanese into Portuguese by Didaquez Hadeczuca, companion to a missionary at Yendo; from Portuguese into French by the Abbé du Pot a beurre, almoner to a Dutch vessel, on the whale-fishery; and now, lastly, from the French into English, by the Rev. Doctor Turlogh O'Finane, chaplain to an Irish regiment, in the Turkish service. Forbidden by the fathers of the holy Inquisition, and by all the states and potentates upon earth to be printed any where, yet printed and published for the translator here and there, and everywhere. Sine ullo privilegio." The manuscript of this production was presented in 1762, by the author to his intimate friend, Thomas Kennedy, Esq., of Clondalkin castle, county Dublin, whose descendants permitted it to be published in the "Irish Monthly Magazine" for 1832. At No. 11 (now No. 13) in this street, from the year 1781, was the residence of James Fitzgerald, an eminent lawyer, called to the bar in 1769, appointed third sergeant in 1778, second sergeant in 1783, and prime sergeant in 1786. One

of his professional contemporaries tells us, that Fitzgerald was at the very head of the bar, as prime sergeant of Ireland; and adds:—"I knew him long in great practice, and never saw him give up one case whilst it had a single point to rest upon, or he a puff of breath left to defend it; nor did I ever see any barrister succeed, either in the whole or partially, in so many cases out of a given number as Mr. Fitzgerald: and I can venture to say (at least to think), that if the right honorable James Fitzgerald had been sent ambassador to Stockholm, in the place of the right honorable Vesey Fitzgerald, his cher garcon, he would have worked Bernadotte to the stumps, merely by treating him just as if he were a motion in the court of Exchequer." Government having found that no bribes could induce Fitzgerald to lend his sanction to the proposed union, dismissed him from office in 1798; the bar, however, passed a resolution thanking the prime sergeant "for his noble conduct in preferring the good of his country to rank and emolument;" and determined to allow him the same precedence which he enjoyed when in office, the result of which was the occurrence of the following incident in the court of Chancery:—

"It was motion day, and according to usage the senior barrister present is called on by the bench to make his motions, after which the next in precedence is called, until the whole of the bar have been called on, down to the youngest barrister. The Attorney and Solicitor-Generals having made their motions, the Chancellor called on Mr. Smith, the father of the bar, who bowed and said Mr. Saurin had precedence of him; he then called on Mr. Saurin, who bowed and said Mr. Ponsonby had precedence of him; Mr. Ponsonby in like manner said Mr. Curran had precedence; and Mr. Curran said he could not think of moving anything before Mr. Fitzgerald, who certainly had precedence of him; the Chancellor then called on Mr. Fitzgerald, who bowed and said he had no motion to make; and this caused the Chancellor to speak out—'I see, gentlemen, you have not relinquished the business; it would be better at once for his Majesty's council, if they do not choose to conform to the regulations of the court, to resign their silk gowns, than sit thus in a sort of rebellion against their sovereign. I dismiss the causes in which these gentlemen are retained, with costs on both sides;' and thus saying, Lord Clare left the bench. The attorneys immediately determined they would not charge any costs."

This honorary precedence was continued to Fitzgerald until he expressly desired that it should be relinquished as injurious to the public business. In the house of commons he argued

ably against the union, the illegality of which he demonstrated by constitutional arguments.

Sir Jonah Barrington tells us, that "no man in Ireland was more sincere in his opposition to a union than Mr. Fitzgerald; he was the first who declared his intention of writing its history. He afterwards relinquished the design, and urged me to commence it—he handed me the prospectus of what he intended, and no man in Ireland knew the exact details of that proceeding better than he." Fitzgerald died in 1835, aged ninety-three years. By his wife, Catherine Vesey, elevated in 1826 to the Irish peerage, as baroness Fitzgerald de Vescei, he left a son, William, who, in 1815, assumed the additional name of Vesey, and successively held the posts of chancellor of the Irish exchequer, paymaster general of the forces, president of the board of trade and of the board of control. He was created a peer in 1835, as baron Fitzgerald of Desmond and Clan Gibbon, county Cork, and died unmarried in 1843, when the peerage expired, and the barony devolved upon his brother, the Rev. Henry Vesey Fitzgerald.

Among the other residents in Molesworth-street, in the last century, were Robert Emmett, state physician (1770 to 1776); viscount Ranelagh (1786); lord Blayney (1796); and lord Carberry (1799).

James Fitzgerald, twentieth earl of Kildare, wanted two months of twenty-one years of age at the decease of his father in 1743. The arts and sciences were at that period rapidly progressing in Dublin under the encouragement of a wealthy resident aristocracy who emulated each other in the splendour of their establishments; and lord Kildare, who had passed two years on the Continent, conceiving that the premier peer of Ireland should possess a town residence more suited to his rank and dignity than that then occupied by the Fitzgerald family in Suffolk-street, determined to erect for that purpose a building equalling in magnificence the mansion of any nobleman in Europe. Architectural designs having been obtained from Richard Castles, the high ground on the south-east side of the city was at first proposed as the site of the projected edifice, the foundation stone, with the following inscription, was, however, finally laid in 1745 in "Molesworth-fields," a portion of which had acquired the appellation of "Coote-street," a name since changed into "Kildare-street:—"

" Domum
 Cujus hic lapis fundamen
 In agro Molesworthiana,
 Extrui curavit
 Jacobus
 Comes Kildariæ vicesimus,
 Anno Domini, MDCCCXXXV.
 Hinc discas,
 Quicumque temporum infortunio
 In ruinas tam magnificæ domus
 Incideris,
 Quantus ille fuit, qui extruxit,
 Quamque caduca sint omnia,
 Cum talia talium virorum
 Monumenta
 Casibus superesse non valeant.

Richardo Castello, Arch."

When Prince Charles Edward landed in Scotland in 1745, the earl of Kildare, emulating the spirited conduct of the Irish Jacobite nobles in 1688, volunteered, at his own expense, to levy, clothe, arm and maintain a regiment of cavalry for the king's service; his offer was, however, declined, and in 1746 he married lady Emilia Lennox, sister to the duke of Richmond, and one of the most celebrated beauties of the day.* In 1753, lord Kildare took a leading part in opposing the proceedings of the English ministry in its attempt to obtain a parliamentary recognition of the right of the king of England to dispose of the surplus of £77,500 then in the Irish exchequer; his popularity was also much increased by his proceeding direct to the king with an independent memorial impugning the conduct of the ministers in Ireland. Among the medals struck to commemorate the parliamentary rejection of the money bill as altered by the English cabinet, was one presenting a full length portrait of the earl, sword in hand, guarding a sum of money, heaped upon a table, from the grasp of a hand outstretched from a cloud, with the motto, "Touch not! says Kildare;" and so great was the exultation of the populace at the defeat of the "Castle party" on the 16th of November, 1753, that his lordship, who was said to have rejected all the most alluring overtures of government, was occupied for an entire hour

* The portraits of the earl and countess, painted by Reynolds, now preserved at Carton, were engraved in the last century, by James Mac Ardel, one of the pupils of John Brooks of Cork-hill, noticed in our account of that locality.

in passing from the parliament house on College-green to "Kildare house."

"Lord Kildare resided in Ireland almost constantly. He not only supported his senatorial character with uniform independence, but, as a private nobleman, was truly excellent, living either in Dublin or among his numerous tenantry, whom he encouraged and protected. In every situation he was of the most unequivocal utility to his country; at Carton, in the Irish house of lords, or that of England, (he was a member of both,) or speaking the language of truth and justice in the closet of his sovereign. No man ever understood his part in society better than he did; he was conscious of his rank, and upheld it to the utmost; but let it be added, that he was remarkable for the dignified, attractive politeness, or, what the French call, nobleness of his manners. So admirable was he in this respect, that when he entertained some lord lieutenants, the general declaration on leaving the room was, that, from the peculiar grace of his behaviour, he appeared to be more the viceroy than they did. He was some years older than lord Charlemont, and took a lead in politics when that nobleman was abroad, and for some time after his return to Ireland; but when the house of lords became more the scene of action, they, with the late lord Moira, generally co-operated; and, in truth, three noblemen so independent, this country, indeed any country, has seldom seen."

The mansion at Carton, county Kildare, was also rebuilt by this nobleman from designs by Castles, who died there suddenly, in 1751, while writing directions to some of the artificers employed at Leinster house, Dublin. O'Keeffe laid the scene of his play of the "Poor Soldier" at Carton, and among a series of dramatic entertainments there in 1761, we may notice the performance of the "Beggar's Opera," by the following distinguished amateurs, as affording an illustration of the state of Irish society in those days:

Macheath,	Captain Morris.
Peach'um,	Lord Charlemont.
Lockit,	Rev. Dean Marlay.
Filch,	Mr. Conolly of Castletown.
Polly,	Miss Martin.
Lucy,	Lady Louisa Conolly.
Mrs. Peach'um,	Countess of Kildare.
Diana Trapes,	Mr. Gore.
Mrs. Slammekin,	Lord Powerscourt.
Jenny Diver,	Miss Vesey.
Mrs. Coaxer,	Miss Adderley.

The ensuing prologue was written for the occasion, and spoken in the character of "Lockit," by dean Marlay, who,

although satirized at that time as a "canonical buck," was subsequently appointed bishop of Waterford :

" Our play, to-night, wants novelty 'tis true :
 That to atone, our actors all are new.
 And sure, our stage than any stage is droller ;
 Lords act the rogue, and ladies play the stroller ;
 And yet, so artfully they feign, you'll say,
 They are the very characters they play :
 But know they're honest, tho' their looks belie it—
 Great ones ne'er cheat, when they get nothing by it.
 Our ladies too, when they this stage depart,
 Will pilfer nothing from you but your heart.
 The melting music of our Polly's tongue
 Will charm beyond the syren's magic song ;
 Vincent* with grief shall hear fair Martin's fame ;
 And tuneful Brent† shall tremble at her name.
 If Lucy seem too meek, yet, never fear,
 For all those gentle smiles, she'll scold her dear ;
 But, her keen rage so amiable is found,
 Macheath you'll envy, though in fetters bound.
 If Peach'um's wife too fair, too graceful prove,
 And seem to emulate the queen of love ;
 If no disguise her lustre can conceal,
 And every look a matchless charm reveal ;
 We own the fault—for spite of art and care,
 The Loves and Graces will attend Kildare.
 'Diver' and blooming 'Coaxer,' if you knew them,
 You'd think you ne'er could be too loving to them ;
 When you behold our 'Peach'um,' 'Filch,' and 'Lockit,'
 You'll shudder for your purse, and guard your pocket.
 Our 'Trapes' from Douglas‡ self the prize would win,
 More virgins would decoy, and drink more gin.
 When 'Slammekin' you view, politely drunk,
 You'll own the genuine Covent Garden punk.
 Thus, virtue's friends their native truth disguise,
 And counterfeit the follies they despise ;
 By wholesome ridicule, proud vice to brand,
 And into virtue laugh a guilty land :
 But, when this busy, mimic scene is o'er,
 All shall resume the worth they had before,
 'Lockit' himself his knavery shall resign,
 And lose the gaoler in the dull divine."

In 1761 the ancient title of earl of Kildare was merged in that of marquis, and in 1766 his lordship was created duke of Leinster, a dignity which he enjoyed for only seven years.

* A famous singer in London.

† An actress celebrated for her performance of "Polly," in the "Beggar's Opera."

‡ An infamous London character.

This dukedom, it may be observed, was first conferred in 1691 by William III. upon Meinhardt, second son of Frederic Schonberg, the famous veteran who was cut down in the midst of his troops by the Irish Jacobites, at the battle of the Boyne. Meinhardt Schonberg, also a distinguished officer, married Charlotte, daughter of Charles Louis, elector palatine, and dying without issue male, in 1719, the title of this Dutch duke of Leinster became extinct.

William Robert, second Geraldine duke of Leinster, born in 1748, first entered the political arena in 1767, when he successfully contested the representation of the city of Dublin with John La Touche, as already noticed in our account of that family. Shortly after his accession to the title in 1773, masquerades were introduced into Dublin, and conducted on a scale of great splendour; on such occasions, before the company assembled at the Music Hall or the Rotunda, it was customary for the various characters to visit and walk through the state apartments of the mansions of the principal nobility and gentry in the city, which were usually thrown open for their reception, and hospitably provided with the choicest delicacies for the masqueraders, who were thus always most sumptuously regaled at Leinster house. When masqued balls were held at his mansion, the duke standing at the head of the great staircase, received and welcomed the various groupes; his grace patronized these amusements very extensively, and at a great masquerade at the Music Hall, on St. Patrick's eve, 1778, he appeared dressed as an itinerant fruit vender, significantly changing his oranges for shamrocks as St. Patrick's day dawned.*

On the formation of the Volunteers, the appointment of a commander-in-chief over their corps in the metropolis became an object of deep national importance to the heads of the organization:—

“They did not, however, long hesitate in their choice of a commander;—every eye seemed to turn, by general instinct, on William duke of Leinster.—His family, from the earliest periods had been favorites of the people—he had himself, when marquis of Kildare, been the popular representative for Dublin—he was the only duke of Ireland—his disposition and his address combined almost every quality which could endear him to the nation. The honesty of his heart might occasionally mislead the accuracy of his judgment—but he

* For a full description of this masquerade, see account of the Music Hall, Fishamble-street, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II. 44.

always intended right—and his political errors usually sprung from the principle of moderation. This amiable nobleman was therefore unanimously elected, by the armed bodies of the metropolis, their general, and was immediately invested with all the honours of so high a situation; a guard of Volunteers was mounted at his door—a body guard appointed to attend him on public occasions—and sentinels placed on his box when he honoured the theatre; he was followed with acclamations whenever he appeared; and something approaching to regal honours attended his investiture.* This was the first measure of the Volunteers towards the formation of a regular army;—its novelty and splendour added greatly to its importance, and led the way to the subsequent appointments which soon after completed their organization. The mild and unassuming disposition of the duke, tending, by its example, to restrain the over zeal of an armed and irritated nation, did not contribute much to increase the energy of their proceedings, and at no distant period deprived him, for a moment, of a portion of that popularity which his conduct (with but little deviation) entitled him to, down to the last moments of his existence.—William duke of Leinster had long been the favourite and the patron of the Irish people, and never did the physiognomist† enjoy a more fortunate elucidation of his science:—the softness of philanthropy—the placidity of temper—the openness of sincerity—the sympathy of friendship—and the ease of integrity—stamped corresponding impressions on his artless countenance, and left but little to conjecture, as to the composition of his character. His elevated rank and extensive connections gave him a paramount lead in Irish politics, which his naked talents would not otherwise have justified;—though his capacity was respectable, it was not brilliant, and his abilities were not adapted to the highest class of political pre-eminence.‡ On public subjects, his conduct sometimes wanted energy, and his pursuits perseverance; in some points he was weak, and in some instances erroneous—but in all he was honest;—from the day of his maturity to the moment of his dissolution, he was the undeviating friend of the Irish nation—he considered its interests and his own indissolubly connected—alive to the oppressions and miseries of the people, his feeling heart participated in their misfortunes, and felt the smart of every lash which the scourge of power inflicted on his country.—As a soldier, and as a patriot, he performed his duties; and in his plain and honourable disposition, was found collected a happy specimen of those qualities which best compose the character of an Irish gentleman. He took an early and active part in promoting the formation and discipline of the Volunteer associations—he raised many corps and commanded

* See the account of the Irish Volunteers on College-green in 1779, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II. 762.

† His portrait was engraved by J. Dixon in 1775 from a painting by Reynolds; and in 1792 by Hodges, from an original by C. G. Stuart.

‡ “The political abilities of his Grace were likened, by a gentleman of great public talent, to a fair fertile field, without either a *weed* or a *wild* flower in it.”

the Dublin army. The ancient celebrity of his family—the vast extent of his possessions—and his affability in private intercourse, co-operated with his own popularity in extending his influence—and few persons ever enjoyed a more general and merited influence amongst the Irish people.”

The various Volunteer corps were constantly drilled and paraded on the duke's lawn, from which, surrounded by an immense concourse of spectators, on the 19th of July, 1785, the first Irish aeronaut, Richard Crosbie, son of sir Paul Crosbie, made an ascent, of which we have the following particulars:—

“At half-past two, P.M. Mr. Crosbie ascended with an elegant balloon, from the duke of Leinster's lawn, after being twice forced to descend; but on throwing out more of his ballast, he surmounted all obstacles. The current of the wind which carried him at first, at due east, soon after seemed inclined to bear him north-east, and pointed his voyage towards Whitehaven. When the balloon was seventeen minutes in view, it immersed in a cloud, but in four minutes after, its appearance again was testified by the numerous plaudits of the multitude. It now continued in sight by the aid of achromatic glasses, thirty-two minutes from its ascent, when it was entirely lost to the view; some rockets were then sent off, and the troops of volunteers, who attended, discharged their last volleys. Mr. Crosbie had about 300 lb. weight of ballast, but discharged half a hundred in his first rise of ascension. At upwards of fourteen leagues from the Irish shore, he found himself within clear sight of both lands of the sister kingdoms, at which time, he says, it is impossible to give the human imagination any adequate idea of the unspeakable beauties which the scenery of the sea, bounded by both lands, presented. It was such (said he) as should make me risk a life, to enjoy again. He rose, at one time, so high, that the mercury in the barometer sunk entirely into its globe, and he was constrained to put on his oil-cloth cloak, but unluckily found his bottle of cordial broke, and could obtain no refreshment. The upper current of air was different from the lower, and the cold so intense, that his ink was frozen. He experienced a strong repulsion on the tympanum of the ears, and a sickness which must have been aggravated by the anxiety and fatigue of the day. At his utmost height, he thought himself stationary; but liberating some of his gas, he descended to a current of air, blowing north, and extremely rough. He now entered a black cloud, and encountered a repulsion of wind, with lightning and thunder, which brought him rapidly towards the surface of the water. Here the balloon made a circuit, but falling lower, the water entered his car, and he lost his notes of observation; but recollecting that his watch was at the bottom of the car, he groped for it, and put it into his pocket. All his endeavours to throw out ballast were of no avail, the intemperance of the weather plunged him into the ocean. He now thought of his cork waistcoat, and by much difficulty having put it on, the propriety of his idea became manifestly useful in the construction of his boat, as by the admission of the water into the lower part of it, and the suspension of his bladders, which were arranged at the top, the water, added to

his own weight, became proper ballast, and the balloon maintaining its poise, it became a powerful sail, and by means of snatch-block to his car, or both, he went before the wind as regularly as a sailing vessel. In this situation, he found himself inclined to eat a morsel of fowl; when at the distance of another league, he discovered some vessels crowding after him; but as his progress outstripped all their endeavours, he lengthened the space of the balloon from the car, which gave a consequent check to the rapidity of his sailing, when the Dunleary barge came up, and fired a gun. One of the sailors jumped into his car, and made it fast to the barge, on which the *aéronaut* came out with the same composure and fortitude of mind which marked the whole complexion of his adventure. At this time another of the sailors, after the car was brought on board, laid hold of the haulyard which suspended the balloon, and it being released from its under weight, a ludicrous scene ensued, for the balloon ascended above one hundred feet into the air, to the utmost extent of the rope, the fellow bawling most vehemently, under the apprehension of taking a flight to the clouds; but being dragged down, by the united efforts of the whole crew, the poor tar was, for once, eased of his fears of going to heaven. The barge now steered for Dunleary, and towed the balloon after it. About ten o'clock they landed. On the morning of the 20th, Mr. Crosbie had the honor of receiving the congratulations and breakfasting with their graces the duke and duchess of Rutland, at Mr. Lee's elegant lodge at Dunleary. He was afterwards conducted to town by lord Ranelagh and sir Frederick Flood, bart, chairmen of his committee, and at two o'clock he waited on his grace the duke of Leinster, at Leinster house, and afterwards went to Dr. Austin's, at Stephen's-green. The populace having received intimation of this, crowded to the house, and notwithstanding all his endeavours to the contrary, they forced him into a chair, and carried him in triumph to the college. After he had remained at Mr. Hutchinson's house an hour, his committee waited on him, and a prodigious multitude having gathered in College-green, and insisting on chairing him again, he found himself in reality constrained to submit, and the intrepid *aéronaut* was borne on the shoulders of his friends, (his committee walking before him) to the castle, and afterwards, in the same procession, to his house in North Cumberland-street, amidst the acclamations of surrounding thousands."

Crosby, says one of his friends, "was of immense stature, being above six feet three inches high: he had a comely looking, fat, ruddy face, and was beyond all comparison, the most ingenious mechanic I ever knew. He had a smattering of all sciences, and there was scarcely an art or trade of which he had not some practical knowledge. His chambers at College

* Of the extraordinary balloon mania which prevailed at this period in Dublin, an account will be hereafter given.

were like a general workshop of all kinds of artizans : he was very good tempered, exceedingly strong, and as brave as a lion—but as dogged as a mule : nothing could change a resolution of his when once made, and nothing could check or resist his perseverance to carry it into execution. I never saw two persons in face and figure more alike than Crosby and Daniel O'Connell : but Crosby was the taller by two inches, and it was not so easy to discover that he was an Irishman."

The following description of Leinster house was written by an English artist in 1794 :—

"Leinster house, the town residence of his grace the duke of Leinster, is the most stately private edifice in the city ; pleasantly situated at the south-east extremity of the town, commanding prospects few places can exhibit ; and possessing advantages few city fabricks can obtain, by extent of ground both in front and rear : in front, laid out in a spacious court yard ; the ground in the rear, made a beautiful lawn with a handsome shrubbery, on each side, screening the adjacent houses from view : enjoying, in the tumult of a noisy metropolis, all the retirement of the country. A dwarf wall, which divides the lawn from the street, extends almost the entire side of a handsome square, called Merrion-square. The form of the building is a rectangle, one hundred and forty feet long, by seventy feet deep ; with a circular bow in the middle of the north end, rising two stories. Adjoining the west front, which is the principal, are short Doric colonnades, communicating to the offices ; making, on the whole, an extent of more than two hundred and ten feet, the breadth of the court-yard. The court is surrounded by a high stone wall, ornamented with rusticated piers ; which, after proceeding parallel with the ends of the building, as far as a gateway on the western side and another opposite it, the court being uniform, it takes a circular sweep from one gate to the other, but broke in the middle by a larger and handsomer gateway directly fronting the house, communicating to the street, and exhibits there a plain, but not inelegant, rusticated front. The house, or rather the gateway of the court-yard, is in Kildare-street ; so named from one of the titles of his grace, who is marquis of Kildare ; and is the termination of a broad genteel street, called Molesworth-street. The garden front has not much architectural embellishment ; it is plain, but pleasing ; with a broad area before it, the whole length of the front, in order to obtain light to offices in an under story, but which receive none from the west, to the court-yard. From the middle of the front, on a level with the ground floor, a handsome double flight of steps extends across the area to the lawn. The greater part of the building is of native stone ;* but the west front and all the ornamental parts throughout are of Portland. South of the building are commodious offices and stables. The inside

* Quarried at Ardbraccan, co. Meath.

of this mansion, in every respect, corresponds with the grandeur of its external appearance. The hall is lofty, rising two stories, ornamented with three-quarter columns of the Doric order, and an enriched entablature; the ceiling is adorned with stucco ornaments, on coloured grounds; and the whole is embellished with many rich and tasty ornaments. To the right of the hall are the family private apartments;* the whole, convenient, beautifully ornamented, and elegantly furnished: overlooking the lawn, is the great dining parlour,† and adjoining it, at the north end, is an elegant long room, the whole depth of the house, twenty-four feet wide, called the supper room,‡ adorned with sixteen fluted Ionic columns, supporting a rich ceiling. Over the supper room is the picture gallery, of the same dimensions, containing many fine paintings by the first masters, with other ornaments, chosen and displayed with great elegance; the ceiling is arched and highly enriched and painted, from designs by Mr. Wyatt.¶ The most distinguished pictures are a student, drawing from a bust, by Rembrandt; the rape of Europa, by Claude Lorraine; the triumph of Amphitrite, by Lucca Giordano; two capital pictures of Rubens and his two wives, by Van Dyck; dogs killing a stag; a fine picture of Saint Catherine; a landscape, by Barrett; with many others. In a bow, in the middle of one side, is a fine marble statue, an Adonis, executed by Poncet; a fine bust of Niobe, and of Apollo, are placed one on each side. In the windows of the bow, are some specimens of modern stained glass, by Jervis. Several of the apartments, on this floor, are enriched with superb gildings; and elegantly furnished with white damask. From the windows of the attic story, to the east, are most delightful prospects over the bay of Dublin, which, for three miles, is divided by that great work, the South Wall, with a beautiful light house at the termination: the sea, for a considerable extent, bounds the horizon, and every vessel coming in or going out of the bay, must pass in distinct view. To the left is seen the beautiful promontory of Howth, the charming low grounds of Marino, and Sheds of Clontarf: to the right the pleasing village and seats of the Black Rock, the remote grounds and hills of Dalkey, and the Sugar loaves, backed by the extensive mountains of Wicklow, which most picturesquely close the view. The finishing of the picture gallery, and making several improvements at the north end of the house, were reserved to display the taste of the present possessor (1794), William Robert, duke of Leinster, whose excellent judgment is therein eminently conspicuous, as well as in many other instances at his grace's

* Now used as the offices of the secretaries, registrar, &c.

† The present "Conversation room."

‡ Now the "Board room" of the Society.

¶ The picture gallery is now used as the Society's Library; the decorations above referred to have been recently restored by the removal of the whitewash with which they were coated by order of the council of the Society in 1815. The paintings, noticed in the text, are now preserved at Carton. The drawing room is at present occupied by the Museum. For various particulars connected with the history of "Leinster-house" we are indebted to the information of the Right Hon. the Marquis of Kildare.

country residence, at Cartown, near Dublin; and all evince his patriotism, and refined enjoyment of a domestic life."

The duke's popularity suffered a temporary diminution from the misconstructions popularly placed upon his expressions in the house of lords, where he declared that, in his opinion, Ireland should, for the present, rest satisfied with the concessions extorted from Great Britain, and calmly await further instalments of her rights. In 1789 a series of magnificent entertainments was given here by the duke to those who supported his parliamentary party on the Regency question. The "Whig club," formed in the same year to oppose the violence of the government partizans, frequently assembled at Leinster house, where also were held the meetings of the "Opposition party," and of the leaders of the movement for the relaxation of the Roman Catholic disabilities. From his return to Europe from America in 1789, Leinster house was the occasional residence of lord Edward Fitzgerald; in 1791, while attending his place in the house of commons, we find him observing that he, with his brother Henry, had been "living quite alone in Leinster house," whence they generally rode to the Blackrock; and in 1794, after his marriage, he writes to his mother:—"I confess Leinster house does not inspire the brightest ideas. By the by, what a melancholy house it is; you can't conceive how much it appeared so, when first we came from Kildare; but it is going off a little. A poor country house-maid I brought with me cried for two days, and said she thought she was in a prison. Pamela and I amuse ourselves a good deal by walking about the streets." After joining the United Irish organization, various conferences were held here by lord Edward Fitzgerald with Thomas Reynolds, then privately in the pay of the government. This informer, in his depositions, swore as follows:—

"About four o'clock, on Sunday, the 11th of March, I called at Leinster house, upon lord Edward Fitzgerald. I had a printed paper in my hand, which I had picked up somewhere, purporting to be directions or orders signed by counsellor Saurin to the lawyers' corps. These required them, in case of riot or alarm, to repair to Smithfield, and such as had not ball-cartridge were to get them at his house, and such as were going out of town and did not think their arms safe, were to deposit them with him; and there was a little paper inside, which mentioned that their orders were to be kept secret. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, upon reading this paper, seemed greatly agitated: he said he thought government intended

arrest him, and he wished he could get to France to hasten the invasion, which he could do by his intimacy with Talleyrand Perigord, one of the French ministers. He said he would not approve of a general invasion at first, but that the French had some very fine fast-sailing frigates, and that he would put on board them as many English and Irish officers as he could procure to come over from France, and as many men as were capable of drilling, and stores and ammunitions of different kinds, and run them into some port in this country; he said he thought Wexford might do: that it would be unsuspected, and if they succeeded they could establish a rallying point until other helps should come. Lord Edward, after this conversation, walked up and down the room in a very agitated manner: 'No,' said he, 'it is impossible, government cannot be informed of it; they never have been able to know where they Provincial meet.' Shortly after this, the servant came and asked was he ready for dinner. I went away;—he wanted me to stay dinner, but I would not."

On the day after this conversation the delegates assembled at Bond's were arrested through the informations lodged by Reynolds; lord Edward not having been found in their company, a separate warrant was issued for his apprehension, and he was about to enter Leinster house when he received intelligence that the soldiery were then in the mansion by virtue of their authority.

Of the state of things at the time in Leinster house, we have the following account from a journal of lady Sarah Napier, aunt to lord Edward Fitzgerald, and mother of the historian of the Peninsular war:—

"The separate warrant went by a messenger, attended by sheriff Carlton, and a party of soldiers, commanded by a major O'Kelly, into Leinster house. The servants ran up to lady Edward, who was ill with the gathering in her breast, and told her; she said, directly 'there is no help, send them up:' they asked very civilly for her papers and Edward's, and she gave them all. Her apparent distress moved major O'Kelly to tears; and their whole conduct was proper. They left her, and soon returned (major Boyle having been with two dragoons to Frescati, and taken such papers as were in their sitting room, and not found Edward) to search Leinster house for him, and came up with great good nature to say, 'Madam, we wish to tell you our search is in vain, lord Edward has escaped.' Dr. Lindsay returning from hence (Carton) went to Leinster house to her, and there found her in the greatest agitation, the humour quite gone back, and he was a good deal alarmed for her; but, by care, she is, thank God, recovered.'—'Louisa (Conolly) went to Leinster house, where poor little Pamela's fair, meek, and pitiable account of it all moved her to the greatest degree, and gained my sister's good opinion of her sense and good conduct.' My sister charged her not

to name his name,—not to give a soul a hint of where he was, if she knew it, and to stay at Leinster house, seeing everybody that called, and keep strict silence,—to which Pamela agreed.—By this time I had heard from others, that all Dublin was in consternation on Monday morning; that upon the papers being carried to council, the chancellor was sent for at the courts to attend it; that he dashed out in a hurry, and found a mob at the door, who abused him, and he returned the abuse by cursing and swearing like a madman. He met lord Westmeath, and they went into a shop and came out with pistols, and the chancellor thus went on foot to council.”*

Soon after these events, lady Pamela Fitzgerald removed from Leinster house, which appears never to have been revisited by lord Edward, although it was reported in the city that he was for some time concealed there. Tradition state that one of his last interviews with his lady took place in the small house now known as No. 23 Molesworth-street. The duke of Leinster invariably opposed the tyrannical proceedings of lord Clare and his associates, and consequently was not summoned to the privy council when violent measures were contemplated. His name appears at the head of the list of Irish peers who protested against the union; lord Charles Fitzgerald, however, in opposition to the duke, supported that measure for which he was compensated with a peerage. Augustus Frederick, the present duke, succeeded to the title in 1804, and having in 1815 offered to dispose of Leinster house to its present occupants for the sum of £20,000, the Royal Dublin Society finally became his Grace's tenants by payment of £10,000, together with an annual rent of £600, and assembled for the first time in Kildare-street, on the first day of June, 1815.

Previously to the building of “Kildare house,” a few other mansions had been erected on that portion of “Molesworth-fields,” since called “Kildare-street.” Castles built two houses in Kildare-place,† one for the Massereene family, the

* Arthur O'Connot was arrested in Kildare-street, in February, 1797.

† Lady Parsons resided in Kildare-place till her death in 1775; we find that in 1774 her house here was robbed of plate and jewels to the amount of £2,500; for which Patrick St. John and William West were subsequently arrested in London. In 1783 the earl of Lanesborough lived in Kildare-place, the end house of which, next to that of the duke of Leinster, was the town residence of the Archdall family. In the middle of the last century the ground now occupied by the buildings of Erasmus Smith's schools, &c., was laid out in gardens extending to the rear of Shelburne house, now the Shelburne hotel. As a general ignorance prevails relative to the

other for sir Skeffington Smith; and John Ensor, who erected several houses in this locality, set in 1753 the dwelling-house on the north, next corner of "Coote-street, otherwise Kildare-street," to Mary, countess dowager of Kildare, for 999 years, at the annual rent of £36. Here also were the residences of Arthur Smith (1755), bishop of Down and Connor, and of William Carmichael, bishop of Meath, whose house, next to lord Kildare's, was in 1762 occupied by Denison Cumberland, bishop of Clonfert, father of

"The Terence of England, the mender of hearts,"

who, in speaking of the social condition of the city in his time says—

"I found the state of society in Dublin very different from what I had observed in London; the professions more intermixt, and ranks more blended; in the great houses I met a promiscuous assembly of politicians, lawyers, soldiers and divines; the profusion of their tables struck me with surprise; nothing that I had seen in England could rival the Polish magnificence of Primate Stone, or the Parisian luxury of Mr. Clements. The style of Dodington was stately, but there was a watchful and well-regulated economy over all, that here seemed out of sight and out of mind. The professional gravity of character maintained by our English dignitaries was here laid aside, and in several prelatical houses the mitre was so mingled with the cockade, and the glass circulated so freely, that I perceived the

history of Erasmus Smith, we may here state that he was younger son of sir Roger Smith, alias Heriz, of Edmondthorpe, Leicestershire. He engaged extensively in the trade with Turkey and was elected an alderman of London; by advancing money to the English parliament on security of the lands of which the Irish loyalists were despoiled by the Cromwellians, he acquired vast estates in this country, at the rates particularized in the paper on the "Survey of Ireland, A.D. 1653," published in the second volume of this Review. Smith was confirmed in his lands by the Acts of settlement and explanation, and the trustees of his schools were incorporated by letters patent granted in the year 1669, which enacted "that there shall be for ever hereafter thirty-two persons, which shall be called 'Governors of the schools founded by Erasmus Smith, esq; and that they and their successors shall have and enjoy for ever a common seal, which shall be engraven and circumscribed with these words 'We are faithful to our trust.'" At an advanced age Smith married Mary, daughter of Hugh Hare, baron Coleraine, by whom he left a son, Hugh, who became his heir. There are extant two mezzotinto portraits of Erasmus Smith and his wife, "Madam Smith," engraved by George White about the year 1680. In pursuance of an act of parliament passed in 1724 "for further application of the rents and profits of the lands and tenements formerly given by Erasmus Smith, esq, deceased, for charitable uses," the professorships of oratory and of natural and experimental philosophy were founded in the University of Dublin; and in 1762 the Board of Erasmus Smith established the three new professorships of mathematics, history, and Oriental languages.

spirit of conviviality was by no means excluded from the pale of the church of Ireland."

The following peers resided in Kildare-street, in the last century: viscount Hillsborough (1750); lord Doneraile (1751), whose house is now known as No. 45; the earl of Louth (1783); viscount Dungannon (1783); lord Muskerry (1783); the earl of Courtown (1783); lord Harberton (1783), his house is the present No. 5; the earl of Portarlington (1793); lord Trimleston (1799); and lord Rossmore, the site of whose spacious mansion is occupied by three houses, built about 1837, which at present form Elvidge's hotel. Hussey Burgh resided in Kildare-street from 1770 to 1772; John Hely Hutchinson, created prime sergeant in 1761, resided here till he was appointed provost of the University of Dublin in 1774; and here also sir Henry Cavendish, teller of the exchequer, erected two houses on a plot of ground demised to him by James, earl of Kildare. Cavendish died in 1776, owing to the government the sum of £67,305 7s. 2d., a portion of which was recovered from his representatives; in November, 1782, the interest in one of the houses erected here by him was conveyed to David La Touche, the younger, "in trust and for the use of the gentlemen of the Kildare-street club," an institution founded in that year, on the occasion, it has been said, of the right honorable William Burton Conyngham having been black-balled at Daly's in Dame-street, already noticed. In 1786 the club, through their treasurer, La Touche, purchased the second house erected by Cavendish, which, with the former one, now forms the Kildare-street club house. Of this institution a recent writer has left the following anecdote:—

"Within these forty years lord Llandaff proposed his brother general Montague Mathew as a candidate for admission into the Kildare-street club, Dublin. Montague was black-balled. Eighty-five black-balls registered the political rancour of the club, which was eminently Tory; amongst whom, nevertheless, the sons of three Roman Catholic brewers (C. F. and M.) figured; but they had been admitted because they had fixed political principles, and to give to the club an apparent claim to a character for liberality of opinion. When the numbers were declared, the great room of the club was full. lord Mathew, or rather Llandaff, (for his father was now dead), closed the door, and put his back to it. He then said in a loud voice: 'There are eighty-five ——— rascals in this room.' 'Llandaff! Llandaff! recal those words,' cried several of his friends. 'No, I

will not. I repeat that there are eighty-five ——— scoundrels in this room.' 'Surely, my lord, you will allow men to exercise their right?' 'Certainly I will; but I repeat my words—there are eighty-five ——— scoundrels in this room, for every man it contains pledged himself to me to vote for my brother's admission.' The effect of this statement may be conceived. The haughty, indignant, and now supercilious earl, after a pause, proceeded amidst breathless attention: 'Montague Mathew is the only man in Ireland for whom I could not succeed in procuring admission into this club. Who among you is better entitled to the distinction, if it were one, than Montague Mathew? Which of you is of a nobler family, or more illustrious descent? Who among you is more Irish, or rather more patriotic in principle and conduct, than he? Bear in mind, every man of you, that I denounce eighty-five of those who hear me as scoundrels!' He then threw open the door, and for the last time descended the staircase of the Kildare-street club."

Barry Yelverton, chief baron of the exchequer, resided in Kildare-street from 1792 to 1798, where also was the residence of Richard Power, baron of the same court, from 1771 to his death in 1793.

"Baron Power," says one of his contemporaries, "was considered an excellent lawyer, and was altogether one of the most curious characters I have met in the profession. He was a morose, fat fellow, affecting to be genteel; he was very learned, very rich, and very ostentatious. Unfortunately for himself, baron Power held the office of usher of the court of chancery, which was principally remunerated by fees on monies lodged in that court. Lord Clare (then chancellor) hated and teased him, because Power was arrogant himself, and never would succumb to the arrogance of Fitzgibbon. The chancellor had a certain control over the usher; at least he had a sort of license for abusing him by inuendo, as an officer of the court, and most unremittingly did he exercise that license. Baron Power had a large private fortune, and always acted in office strictly according to the custom of his predecessors; but was attacked so virulently and pertinaciously by lord Clare, that having no redress, it made a deep impression, first on his pride, then on his mind, and at length on his intellect. Lord Clare followed up his blow, as was common with him; he made incessant attacks on the baron, who chose rather to break than bend; and who, unable longer to stand this persecution, determined on a prank of all others the most agreeable to his adversary! The baron walked quietly down early one fine morning to the south wall, which runs into the sea, about two miles from Dublin; there he very deliberately filled his coat-pockets with pebbles; and having accomplished that business, as deliberately walked into the ocean, which however did not retain him long, for his body was thrown ashore with great contempt by the tide. His estates devolved upon his nephews, two of the most respectable men of their country; and the lord chancellor enjoyed the double gratification of destroying a baron, and recommending a more submissive officer in

his place. Had the matter ended here, it might not have been so very remarkable; but the precedent was too respectable and inviting not to be followed by persons who had any particular reasons for desiring strangulation; as a judge drowning himself gave the thing a sort of dignified legal éclat! It so happened, that a Mr. Morgal, then an attorney residing in Dublin, (of large dimensions, and with shin bones curved like the segment of a rainbow,) had, for good and sufficient reasons, long appeared rather dissatisfied with himself and other people. But as attorneys were considered much more likely to induce their neighbours to cut their throats than to execute that office upon themselves, nobody ever suspected Morgal of any intention to shorten his days in a voluntary manner. However, it appeared that the signal success of baron Power had excited in the attorney a great ambition to get rid of his sensibilities by a similar exploit. In compliance with such his impression, he adopted the very same preliminaries as the baron had done; walked off by the very same road, to the very same spot; and having had the advantage of knowing from the coroner's inquest, that the baron had put pebbles into his pocket with good effect, adopted likewise this judicial precedent, and committed himself in due form to the hands of father Neptune, who took equal care of him as he had done of the baron; and, after having suffocated him so completely as to defy the exertions of the Humane Society, sent his body floating ashore, to the full as bloated and buoyant as baron Power's had been.—As a sequel to this little anecdote of Crosby Morgal, it is worth observing, though I do not recollect any of the attorneys immediately following his example; four or five of his clients very shortly after started from this world of their own accord, to try, as people then said, if they could any way overtake Crosby, who had left them no conveniencies for staying long behind him."

John Forbes, M.P. for and recorder of Drogheda, one of the most zealous advocates of Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform, resided in Kildare-street from 1785 to 1796. The "Whig club" occasionally assembled in Forbes' house here, and the Catholic convention of 1793 originated from a meeting held there in 1792, at which were present George Ponsonby, lord Donoughmore, Grattan, Keogh, Edmund Byrne, and others:

"Without any very distinguished natural abilities, and but moderately acquainted with literature, by his zealous attachment to Mr. Grattan, his public principles, and attention to business, Mr. Forbes received much respect, and acquired some influence in the house of commons. He had practised at the bar with a probability of success, but he mistook his course; and became a statesman, as which he never could rise to any distinction. As a lawyer, he undervalued himself, and was modest; as a statesman, he over-rated himself, and was presumptuous. He benefited his party by his indefatigable zeal, and reflected upon it by his character; he was a good Irishman, and, to the last, undeviating in his public principles. He died in honorable exile, as governor of the Bahama isles."

In Kildare-street also was the residence of sir Kildare Dixon Borrowes, bart., of Giltown, co. Kildare, of whose house here Moore has left the following juvenile reminiscence :—

“Among the most intimate friends of my schoolmaster,* were the Rev. Joseph Lefanu and his wife,—she was the sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. This lady, who had a good deal of the talent of her family, with a large alloy of affectation, was, like the rest of the world at that time, strongly smitten with the love of acting; and in some private theatricals held at the house of a lady Borrowes, in Dublin, had played the part of Jane Shore with considerable success. A repetition of the same performance took place at the same little theatre in the year 1790, when Mrs. Lefanu being, if I recollect right, indisposed; the part of Jane Shore was played by Mr. Whyte's daughter, a very handsome and well-educated young person, while I myself—at that time about eleven years of age—recited the epilogue; being kept up, as I well remember, to an hour so far beyond my usual bed time, as to be near falling asleep behind the scenes while waiting for my début. As this was the first time I ever saw my name in print, and I am now ‘myself the little hero of my tale,’ it is but right I should commemorate the important event by transcribing a part of the play-bill on the occasion, as I find it given in the second edition of my master's poetical works, printed in Dublin, 1792 :—

‘LADY BORROWES’ PRIVATE THEATRE,
KILDARE STREET.

On Tuesday, March 16th, 1790,

Will be performed

The Tragedy of

JANE SHORE.

Gloucester, Rev. Peter Lefanu.

Lord Hastings, Counsellor Higginson,

etc. etc.,

And Jane Shore, by Miss Whyte.

An occasional Prologue, by Mr. Snagg.

Epilogue, a Squeeze to St. Paul's, Master Moore.

To which will be added

the Farce of

THE DEVIL TO PAY.

Jobson, Colonel French,

etc. etc.”

Many years subsequent to the performance here commemorated, Moore formed one of the distinguished literary and artistic circle assembled by the authoress of the “Wild Irish Girl” at the house of sir Charles Morgan, which is now known as number 39 Kildare-street.

* For a memoir of Samuel Whyte, see the paper on Grafton-street, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. III., p. 20.

ART. IV.—THE GARRET, THE CABIN, AND THE GAOL.

1. *The Rookeries of London: Past, Present, and Prospective.* By Thomas Beames, M.A., Preacher and Assistant of St. James', Westminster. Second edition, 1 vol. 8vo. London: Thomas Bosworth. 1852.
2. *Crime: Its Amount, Causes, and Remedies.* By Frederick Hill, Barrister-at-Law, Late Inspector of Prisons, 1 vol. 8vo. London: John Murray. 1853.
3. *The Social Condition and Education of the People in England and Europe; Shewing the Results of the Primary Schools, and of the Division of Landed Property in Foreign Countries.* By Joseph Kay, Esq., M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, Barrister-at-Law, and late Travelling Bachelor of the University of Cambridge, 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1850.
4. *The Conditions and Education of Poor Children in English and in German Towns.* Published by the Manchester Statistical Society. By Joseph Kay, Esq., M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, Barrister-at-Law; Author of "The Social Condition and Education of the People in England and Europe." London: Longman and Co. 1853.
5. *Moral-Sanatory Economy.* By Henry M'Cormack, M.D., Consulting Physician to the Belfast General Hospital, Visiting Physician to the District Asylum for the Insane, Recent Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the Royal Belfast Institution, Corresponding Member of the American Institute, Washington. Belfast: Printed for Private Circulation, by Alexander Mayne. 1853.
6. *Juvenile Depravity.* £100 Prize Essay. By Rev. Henry Worsley, M.A., late Michel Scholar of Queen's College, Oxford, Rector of Euston, Suffolk. Dedicated, by special permission, to the Lord Bishop of Norwich. London: Charles Gilpin. 1849.
7. *Report from the Select Committee on Outrages (Ireland).* Ordered to be printed June 4th, 1852.

To the man who looks but at the surface of our social condition, who sees London thronged by a teeming population, who observes on every side the tokens of enterprize, the riches of the

wondrous worlds which science has laid open, and which all the people of the earth agreed, by a peaceful confederation, to place in that glorious palace, shewing all the products of those "long results of time" which have sprung in this age from the lonely study of the thoughtful designer, or have been produced by the sweat and labor of the ever-toiling worker; to the man who knows that in every sea floats the ensign of England, that in every land her arms are victorious, that the indomitable courage, the iron resolution of her sons, great in Raleigh, greater in Anson, greatest above all in the peasant-born Cook, are still as fervid as ever in that class represented by Parry and by Ross; who sees Layard, by his labors, enlightening the world, and by his researches confuting the atheist; who sees the missionary going forth to civilize and to save; who knows that amidst the wild conflict of jarring systems in revolutionary Europe, where patriots have but dreamed of freedom and wooed only her shadow, the English people have continued at peace, steady in all the pride of their true liberty—secure in all the glory of their free constitution; who sees a Newspaper Press, in genius and in learning worthy to rank with the classic writings of the last age, and trusted to expose the blunderer in politics or in statesmanship, though he be a prime minister—free to denounce the scoundrel, though he disgrace a crown; who sees the Judicial Bench untainted by partiality and rendered illustrious by legal learning; who sees the merchant honored and the manufacturer respected; who sees honorable and successful trade sending its freely chosen representatives to the House of Commons, whence Royalty calls the worthiest to be its own Peers; who sees the meanest criminal treated with all the indulgence extended to the highest born offender against the law; who knows that the foulest rebel that ever sinned against the majesty of the nation, is scatheless till convicted by the free and unanimous voices of a careful jury; to the man who observes all this, the stability and the glory, and the honor of England appear the proudest, the surest, the truest things in life; and yet could he but look below the surface of the social world about him, he would find much at the very thought of which the statesman might grieve, the patriot murmur, and, alas! the Christian tremble.

That in the condition of all classes in the kingdom there has been a vast change during the past two hundred years, no student of history can deny; and it is likewise true that

this change, whilst, as was natural, it has shown its effects most distinctly and most clearly in the refinements and luxury, the increased comforts and extended spheres of enjoyment of the richer classes of the community, it has also, in a very evident manner, operated to the advantage and amelioration of the poorer section of the community. Better markets are open to the poor man, in which he can sell and buy—cheaper modes of transit are at his command—the laborer can now pass from place to place at speed never dreamed of by George the Fourth, who ever loved to, as he fancied it, fly along between Brighton and London, at the rate of twelve miles in the hour. The comforts and appliances of science are all extended to the poor man now, and the beggar in the public hospital has more chances of recovery, and is certain to suffer less pain, than the richest and most powerful monarch who tossed upon a sick bed two hundred years ago. As Macaulay truly writes, "Every bricklayer who falls from a scaffold, every sweeper of a crossing who is run over by a carriage, now may have his wounds dressed, and his limbs set with a skill such as, a hundred and sixty years ago, all the wealth of a great lord like Ormond, or of a merchant prince like Clayton, could not have purchased."*

* It is to be regretted that some member of the medical profession, with ability, learning, and practice in writing like Copeland, or Corrigan, or Taylor, or Wilde, has not devoted some portion of his time to composing the history of the progress of medical science. Few subjects are more important, and, if properly arranged, it could be made interesting as Whewell's *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, or useful as Mackintosh's *Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy*. Within the last three hundred years the advances in Medicine and Surgery have been most remarkable. By a decree of Boniface the VIII. all persons taking bodies from the grave were declared excommunicated, and anatomy was pronounced abominable in the sight of God and man. Surgery, through the prohibition of the church, was like money-lending, through the prohibition of receiving interest, confined solely, in its higher branches, to the Jews. The Jews were pronounced impious, and medicines received through their prescriptions declared accursed, and by a decree of the council of Lateran, the physicians were directed, under heavy penalties, to require that the patients should receive the sacraments of penance and the eucharist, before medicine could be prescribed for them—thus it was supposed that the Jewish physicians would be readily discovered, as through bigotry they would refuse to obey this direction. The prescriptions were curious, but amongst the most strange of all was that commonly known as the Doctrine of Signatures—that is, certain herbs and plants were presumed useful in curing those parts of the human body to which they bore, or were fancied to bear, a resemblance. Capillary

That the nation has thus advanced is evident to every thinking man; but progress has brought with it evils, great, palpable, and terrible. The steam-ship, the railway, the fac-

herbs were good in diseases of the hair. Walnuts were presumed to be a sovereign cure in all diseases of the head, from the great resemblance between them and that portion of the human frame—the green covering of the outer husk, represented the pericranium, and salt made of the husk was good for injuries to the outside of the head. The soft inner shell was like the skull and the thin yellow skin was like the dura and the pia mater. The kernel was so like the brain that it must of necessity be a perfect remedy for all diseases or injuries of that organ. William Coles the herbalist writes, that the “Lily of the Valley is good to cure the apoplexy, for as that disease is caused by the dropping of humours into the principal ventricles of the brain, so the flowers of this lily hanging on the plants as if they were drops, are of wonderful use herein.” Kidney beans, from their perfect resemblance to the kidneys, were considered of great service in all urinary diseases. The yellow and purple spots upon the flowers Eye-bright, resembling the marks upon diseased eyes, the flowers were esteemed most efficacious in curing these disorders. Thistles and Holly, from their stinging the hand which touched them, were believed to be useful in curing the pricking pains of pleurisy, and the Saxifrage, from the manner of its growth, was esteemed a most powerful dissolvent of the stone. And because the cones of the pine tree resembled the front teeth, a gargle of vinegar in which they had been boiled was classed as a most efficacious remedy for the toothache. But the Doctrine of Signatures was surpassed in its absurdity by the remedies and ingredients prescribed for the cure of diseases generally.—For consumption, pills of powder of pearls and white amber were prescribed; for this disease and also for dropsy, water distilled from a peck of garden snails and a quart of earth worms was good, and cockwater was also recommended and was made from the water in which a cock that had been chased, beaten, and plucked alive, had been boiled. For broken bones, the oil of swallows was prescribed; this was made by pounding twenty live swallows in a mortar; a grey eel with a white belly, closed in an earthen pot, and buried alive in a dunghill, gave forth an oil which was good for the hearing; but the water of man’s blood was the most famous and expensive of all the old remedies, and in the time of Queen Elizabeth was “an invention whereof some princes had very great estimation.” To make it—a strong man of a warm nature, and twenty-five years old, was to be selected and well dieted for a month with meat, spices and wine; when the month had elapsed, veins in both his arms were to be opened and as much blood as he could bear taken from him. One handful of salt was to be added to six pounds of the blood, and this was to be seven times distilled, water being each time poured upon the residuum. This was to be taken three or four times a year, in doses of an ounce at a time—health and strength were supposed to be transferable by means of this mixture. May not the doctrine of transfusion have its origin in this custom?

The practice of surgery was still more curious.—It was necessary that a dangerous and difficult operation should be performed on Louis XIV., and several men afflicted with a like disease were carried to the house of Louvois the Minister, where the chief surgeon Felix operated upon them before Fagon, the physician of the King. Most of those operated on died; and that the King might know nothing of his dangerous condition,

tory-engine, the printing-press, have, with the blessed influences which they spread around, been, like all human efforts at extended usefulness, but too frequently sources whence spring sin, and crime, and poverty. Our object in this paper is not to laud the past, is not to prove that our era,—

“ — the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time,”
is blacker and more shameful than the truth and fact

or, of the means adopted to ensure certainty and safety in the cure, they were buried privately and by night. The operation was performed successfully upon the king; but Felix was so much agitated, that a nervous tremor settled upon him for life, and in bleeding a friend on the day succeeding that upon which the king had been so happily cured, he disabled the patient irreparably. When Felip de Utre went in search of the Omegas from Venezuela, he was wounded by a spear, thrust through the ribs just beneath the right arm. A Spaniard, who was ignorant of surgery, undertook to cure him, and de Utre's coat of mail was placed upon an old Indian who was mounted on a horse; the amateur surgeon then drove a spear into the Indian's body, through the hole in the armour, and his body having been opened, the spear being still kept in the wound, it was discovered that the heart was uninjured—thus they assumed that de Utre's wound was not mortal, and being treated as if the wound were an ordinary one, he recovered. When Henry II. of France was mortally wounded by a splinter from a spear, in tilting with Montgomerie, which entered his visor and pierced his eye, the surgeons, for the purpose of discovering the probable injury done to the King, cut off the heads of four criminals, and thrust splinters into their eyes, as nearly at the same inclination as the fatal one had entered that of the King. Ambrose Paré's chapter on poisons and his “Strange Cure for a Cut off Nose” which we give in the words of his translator Johnson, is remarkable:—
“There was a Surgeon of *Italy*, of late years, which would restore or repair the portion of the Nose that was cut away, after this manner. He first scarified the callous edges of the maimed Nose round about, as is usually done in the cure of Hair-lips; he then made a gash or cavity in the muscle of the arm, which is called *biceps*, as large as the greatness of the portion of the Nose, which was cut away, did require; and into that gash or cavity so made, he would put that part of the Nose so wounded, and bind the patient's head to his arm, as if it were to a post, so fast that it might remain firm, stable and immovable, and not lean or bow any way; and about forty days after, or at that time when he judged the flesh of the Nose was perfectly agglutinated with the flesh of the arm, he cut out as much of the flesh of the arm, cleaving fast unto the Nose, as was sufficient to supply the defect of that which was lost, and then he would make it even, and bring it, as by licking, to the fashion and form of a Nose, as near as art would permit; and in the meanwhile he did feed his patient with panadoes, gellies, and all such things as were easy to be swallowed and digested. The flesh that is taken out of the arm is not of the like temperature as the flesh of the Nose is; also the holes of the restored Nose cannot be made as they were before.” This translation was published by Mary Clark. London: 1678—and is at page 526 of the book, which is dedicated by Johnson to Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

require. We know that in a free nation, where every man possesses the right, without fear of hindrance or of check, to act openly as may suit his mind, provided he infringe no positive law, and where competition and the struggle for advancement are the moving springs of men's actions, and make the glory of the kingdom, abuses must exist, and errors must be expected. Were this a nation ruled by the will of a despot, and regulated in the details of mercantile affairs, and watched in every turn of daily life by the officials of a bureau, or the spies of a police commissioner, the evils of which we complain might not be less grievous, though less patent in glaring enormity. Naples, with its iron rule; Paris, with its never slumbering, ever suspicious police; Rome, with its foreign hirelings, and its political inquisition; Milan and Vienna, with their miserable petty prying into every subject's affairs, are stained by crimes peculiar to their people, and as these cities and their countries are corrupt, notwithstanding all the care and watching bestowed upon them, it can excite but little wonder in the mind to find the United Kingdoms marked, in their moral and social condition, by wide-spread and pitiable errors and vices. The time has arrived when the government of these countries must adopt those admirable rules of other nations, by which the health, the morality, and the education of the people can be secured. The preacher has implored, the economist has explained, the patriot has urged, the physician has warned, and in the flight from the old land of those who will work, in the heathenish crime of too many who remain, a grave and momentous lesson is inculcated which must be learned by the statesman who remembers his allegiance to his country, and who knows that in the neglect of these provisions for the amelioration of their social and moral condition lies the foulest treason to the people. We have cured the diseases of their bodies, but the mind we leave to fester in its corruption. We punish those who are criminal, but we never tried to shield them from the blasting contamination of vice. The churchman thunders forth God's curse against sin, and we suffer the grasping house owner to cram his wretched rooms with human beings, age and sex unnoticed. We cry out against this error, and yet permit the building of habitations which can but perpetuate the abuse. We build Lock hospitals, and yet the fallen woman flaunts in our streets, "making night hideous," uncared and unwatched,

bearing the seeds of disease, more terrible than that of Job. Our cities are crowded with brothels over which the executive holds no guard. Our manufactories are the seminaries of sin. The cottages of our laborers are but the schools of vice. Our coal-mines are only the working places of biped brutes. Drunkenness is the common luxury of our poor. Murder, incest, infanticide, and a nameless crime, are common entries upon our assize calendars—the Town Missioners of Glasgow write, that upon their mission they find proofs of crimes similar to those recounted in the black pages of Suetonius, outmatching in baseness the foul fancies of the Neapolitan Secret Gallery. And all this arises not because our people are more vicious than other nations, but because our government, in its love for God-like Freedom, takes no care that the corruption of our human nature may not degenerate into devilish licence, and is ignorant or heedless of the home life and condition of our poor.

Let us first examine the state of the poorer classes in a great city. The Rookeries of London, like the Liberty of Dublin, are the herding places of the toilers and rogues—they are the abodes of the costermonger, the Irish laborer, the street seller, the servant out of place, the poor artizan, the sweep, the prostitute, and the thief. Here the poor live on from generation to generation. The changing tide of population brings new faces among them, but poverty or vice are still the characteristics of all. The boy is taught to thief; the girl, at the age of twelve years, is sent upon the streets; blows and starvation are their lot if they return without a sum of money sufficient to contribute to support the parent in debauchery, and in drunkenness. To the homes in the Rookeries come at night those who have begged, or stolen, or honestly worked all day. Here the robber, and the decent, but poor man are lodged; the married and the unmarried; the shrinking innocent girl; and the bold, laughing, fallen sister woman; childhood and age all placed side by side; decency neglected in every point; the sense of common delicacy blunted; the name of God never heard save in blasphemy; the air so foul that one scarce knows how human beings can inhale it and live: these are the homes of the vicious, the homes of the virtuous poor—the homes which still exist because the government will not interfere with the RIGHTS of property. The rights of property require that one hundred

human beings should sleep nightly in a small house ; that in another house twelve persons should be permitted to sleep in a room, eight feet by twelve in size ; fifteen in another ; and twenty-four in a third ; and forty in a fourth. Describing these sleeping places, Mr. Beames writes :—

“ The aspect of these rooms is singular ; in some, heaps of bedding—that is to say, blanket and mattress are tied up in a bundle, and placed against the wall so as to leave the middle of the room clear for meals ; little bags, containing the whole of their small stock, are hung on a nail ; shavings carefully gathered into a heap, occupy one corner ; old hats, reaping hooks, bonnets, another—some sick child moaning in another part of the room. These peculiarities are arranged with some neatness ; there is an individuality about them, the idea of a *meum* and *tuum*, the little stake in the country's welfare, which is not altogether lost ; there seemed something like attachment to these shadows, which we wished we could see exercised on more substantial comforts ; some clinging still as to a home, miserable as it was, enough to show that reformation was not quite hopeless. Many, perhaps most of the inhabitants, were Irish ; how strong their attachment to their native country ! One old man, breaking fast, was about to return, to lay his bones in the “ould country.” Those about him spoke with warm enthusiasm of his return ; their eyes glistened, and some of them, we ascertained, had wrung a little horde even from the wretchedness around them, as a fund on which to subsist in their native land. Seldom have we seen the love of country so strong ; and strong it must be to survive long separation, the wrongs they had suffered before they had left their native shore, the demoralising air of Rookeries, and the ties they had formed in England. In several of the rooms, four and five distinct families lodged together ; in the time of the cholera, this induced fearful suffering. It was warm weather ; those who were well, were engaged either in their daily business, or in their out-door lounge. In one room a benevolent man told us he saw three persons dying at the same time of the epidemic ; there were several cases where, because the disorder was sudden, or they had no connections, or perhaps from fear, those stricken were left to die alone, untended, unheeded, ‘they died and made no sign,’ without mentioning their relatives, without a word which betokened religious feeling on their lips, without God in the world, poor hapless outcasts, acclimatised long to the atmosphere they breathed, reckless from want of knowing better. In these lodging-houses, many of the families are stationary, that is, comparatively so, remaining for the week, the month, or the quarter ; but we have said tramps come in, and the poverty of the inhabitants makes them glad to receive these chance customers. We were curious to know the charge for the night's lodging, and found it to be 1*d.* per night upon the bare boards, 3*d.* per night on a mattress. The habits of the dwellers in these Rookeries are of course strange. Women will be seen crawling out to beg, who have been only two days confined.

Marriage is too often dispensed with ; men leave their wives, and wives their husbands, in Ireland, and come over here with other partners, or else pick them up in England. Thus, some years since, in our noviciate, we paid the passage of a poor woman, who was very ill, to Ireland. She left her husband, he intending to join her ; she soon returned, and found him provided with a partner ; and it is difficult to convince them this is wrong ; indeed, when anything happens, which, in higher circles, would lead to a divorce, the working classes generally take the law into their own hands, separate from their erring wives, and live with some other woman ; and they justify themselves on religious grounds,—defend, as they think, this breach of morality. Among these people, superstition abounds. We saw a sick child, whose sufferings were severe ; we asked why it was not in the infirmary ? The answer was, it had been there, but the mother took her babe away, conveyed it to Mile End, that it might be *charmed*, and thus restored to health. In another house was a young man who said he had been ‘in trouble ;’ in other words, he had just returned from the House of Correction. He said he had stolen a desk purposely, that he might be committed, for he was starving ; that he would now willingly work, but that he had pawned his shoes, and therefore must resort to the old trade for a livelihood. He could read and write ; we asked why he did not enlist before he took to thieving ? and he answered, that his arm had been broken. Prostitution prevailed here to a fearful extent. In one large house it is said that £10, in a smaller that £5 per week, are cleared by this traffic ; the most open and shameless immorality is carried on ; the middle classes contribute to the evil. Six or seven houses in one street are applied to this nefarious trade, and there are from 200 to 300 fallen females here, for mothers send out their own daughters on these errands, and live on the proceeds. Juvenile theft is also recruited by the same means, and there are parents in this neighbourhood, training their children to this iniquity, punishing them severely when they return home empty-handed, and living on the fruits of their success. Two houses are used by known thieves, and the police are very often there in search of bad characters, both male and female, also *boys and girls*. In another house they have ninety beds (single) for males only. Two houses are occupied by thieves, both men and women, two beds in each room. A woman was confined in one of these houses, with another family in the same room, which is not ten feet square. On the same side, next door, are two houses, in which they have twenty-four single beds at 3*d.* per night each, this house is used by known thieves. In one of them are three beds in a very small room, so close that there was not space to pass up the side to make them. They were occupied by six females, paying 1*s.* 6*d.* each per week ;—the persons in charge of the houses are not the owners, and are not willing to give any information, fearing it might be made public. The parlours, or kitchens of these houses, resemble the tap-room of a low public house. Some of the worst characters in London—men, and in others men and women sitting, conversing, and smoking—using the most disgusting conversation.”

Thus the poor live in London ; these are Mr. Beames' own experiences of their condition ; and in every syllable of the statement he is supported by Mr. Hill, and by Henry Mayhew in his *London Labour and the London Poor*—and thus housed, and thus banded together, the necessary result is crime.

The fallacy of those who contend for the improved state of the moral condition of the kingdom, arises from the fact, that they look only to those great crimes, such as murder, piracy and highway robbery, accompanied with violence—forgetting that the deplorable state of our poor is only the more dangerous, because it is looked upon as the usual course of the poor man's life ; it is not legally criminal, but leads to that condition of godless sin, the woful results of which were exemplified in the first French Revolution.

The poor in our manufacturing and large towns are drunken, sinful, ignorant, and determinedly vicious. Our work-houses are calculated to make them idle, and their fellow paupers are more than likely to make them corrupt, as, owing to the want of classification in these places, and in our gaols, the depraved become more hardened, and the less depraved more confirmed in vice.

Great and glaring crime, in its increase and in its decrease, is not the subject which should afford us the chief matter for regret or for congratulation, with crime, the law and society deal. The burglar may have descended into the pickpocket—the murderer who hacked and gashed his victim, may have laid aside his weapon, but the spirit of the murderer is still busy in its frightful work, and poison is placed in father's cup by the child—mothers, whose breasts might suckle tigers, kill their own offspring for a few paltry pence—wives, in the arms of their husbands, plot these husbands' deaths—the first faint wail of the shrinking new-born infant is, in hundreds of cases, but the signal for its death, the mother's hand clenched in agony is opened but to kill her child, and the silent river, or the deep foul cess-pool receives the smothered baby, hiding, not the mother's shame, for that she never knew, but the thing which might be a burthen or an occasion of expense. The laws may hear nothing of these things for years. The prison reports may show that crime has decreased, because crime is not discovered, or because vice is so seductive that crime loses half its incentives—the necessities for it, through the facility with which all its demands are conceded, all its requirements satisfied,

and no man informs, he sees none around worse than himself. The real question before us is not one of prison discipline, or of the reformation of convicted culprits. Mr. Hill fancies that all is admirable, because the Scotch prisons over which he has been so able and so useful an Inspector, are improved in their economy, because the young and old offenders seem less reprobate than in other gaols, and are neither Uriah Heaps nor Jack Sheppards, but willing to tell the whole history of their past lives, to express repentance for their faults, and be the accusers of their former companions, all in the true mould of that amiable model convict—Jenkinson, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. It is easy to multiply instances of reformation amongst pet prisoners; converted pickpockets, reformed burglars, and amiable larcenists may follow a deceased gaoler's corpse to the grave, or may send money from the backwoods, or from the gold regions, to comfort the heart of the old mother at home whose peace has been so often disturbed by the now penitent one's misconduct. These, and such instances as Mr. Hill presents to us, merely prove that with proper care the evil passions of the vicious may be changed, but the instances are only exceptions, the maxim of the logicians—"non valet argumentum a particulari ad universale" applies indeed in too many cases; at all events, whilst the reformed remain in these kingdoms, the change to virtue must, of necessity, be modal rather than essential. Mr. Beames, Mr. Kay, and Dr. M'Cormack, have applied themselves to the true subject that should engage the heart of the Christian and the energy of the patriot—the condition of our poor, who, though not criminal in the eye of the law, are deeply sunk in vice, in irreligion, and in ignorance.

We first direct attention to the state of the poor in the manufacturing districts. Here irreligion and sin are the distinguishing characteristics. The sources of crime both in country and in town may be resolved into the following—first, ignorance and want of knowledge of all religious or moral truth; second, poverty; third, drunkenness; fourth, factory labor; fifth, want of proper educational institutions; sixth, both in country and town, overcrowding in the abodes of the poor; seventh, the want of classification in our gaols and work-houses. That our poor are ignorant and irreligious is a fact so undeniable that it scarcely requires a proof. Mr. Porter has clearly explained, by comparing the numbers of instructed, half

instructed, and totally ignorant, in the thirteen years from 1836 to 1848, that the ratio of crime was in proportion to the amount of ignorance or of knowledge distinguishing the culprit. Of 252,544 committed in these years, more than ninety in every hundred were instructed, 1085 had received instruction beyond the elementary degree, 22,159, knew, but barely knew, how to read and write; amongst the total number above stated to have been committed, 47,113 were females, being 18·65 per cent of the whole: and of the uninstructed 44,881 were females, or 19·57 per cent; and amongst those who could read and write well there were only 2,189 females, or 9·88 per cent; amongst the better instructed there were but 45 females, or 3·96 per cent; and in nine years there were only 28 educated females brought to the bar of criminal justice. We are, of course, aware that it may be objected to these figures that they refer to a time when the various systems of education now either in full operation, or in course of trial, were but half understood, or doubted by their best supporters: the fact, however, of the practical working of our present plan of instruction is best exhibited in the following manner. Taking the entire number of committals in Scotland and Ireland, for the years 1850 and 1851 at, as furnished by the Prison Inspectors of each country, we find the totals of those who could read and write, read only, and ignorant of both, to be as shown in the following table:—

COMMITTALS.	SCOTLAND.		IRELAND.	
	1850	1851	1850	1851
Read and Write	733	757	5,517	5,015
Read only -	2,848	2,398	3,961	3,043
Neither -	848	830	14,273	12,018

It is a curious fact that whilst in Ireland the numbers committed who can read and write exceed those who can read only, the reverse is the case in Scotland. In Ireland, those

committed who can read and write are more than doubled in number by those who are entirely ignorant—in Scotland, those who can read and write are little more than exceeded by those who can do neither.

Hundreds of thousands of our poor never enter a church or hear the name of God, and hence springs the terrible crime of infanticide which so disgraces our criminal annals. The number of infanticides in England and Wales in 1851, was, unsupported by the proofs, incredible; and these crimes were openly committed either for the purpose of avoiding the support of the child, or of escaping the trouble and inconvenience of its care. It has been stated that this infanticide is now a common and unregarded act. At the Reading assizes just concluded, Ann Good, a servant girl aged 18, was tried for having cut off her child's head with a knife soon after its birth. At Nottingham Mary-Ann Parr, aged 25, was found guilty of suffocating her child, by pressing it to her bosom till life was extinct. At Nottingham also, Mary Antliff, aged 25, was convicted of the murder of her husband's son, only two and half years' old, by beating him and starving him to death. At Lincoln, Elizabeth Hizzitt, aged 38, was tried for having drowned her child in a tub of water. Most of our Police Reports are made notorious by accounts of this crime perpetrated cruelly, heartlessly, and with determined savagery. And we should recollect that the atrocities have not been met by that decided and vigorous punishment which should be inflicted upon the perpetrators; maudlin sympathy has taken upon itself the garb of Justice; efforts have been made to screen the guilty; the possibility of natural death has been strained in too many cases, and women who having just passed the throes of child-birth and possessing only sufficient strength to mangle or to choke their new-born offspring, have walked free from the coroner's inquest to the world, or when tried before an assize jury, have escaped through the presumption that their worse than brutal crime was but the result of puerperal mania.

No such excuse can be made for those unhappy parents who, through the love of money, have entered their children in Burial Clubs, and have slaughtered them more cruelly than the Innocents were destroyed by the ruthless myrmidons of Herod. Mr. Chadwick in his Sanitary Inquiry Report, 1843, states that the officers of Burial

Societies, and others, mingling much officially with the poor, inform him that children enrolled in these clubs are ill-cared or mis-used; and when a child is perceived by the neighbours of the parents to be neglected by them, the former often say to the latter, "You are not treating that child properly; it will not live: *is it in the club?*" The superintendent registrar of the Stockport Union mentioned two cases; in the first, three children had been poisoned with arsenic; in the second, three children were poisoned, and arsenic was found in the stomachs of two. These six children were entered in Burial Clubs; the cost of the coffin, and the interment dues, would be about one pound for each; the sum allowed by the Burial Club for each was three pounds. The clerk of the Manchester Union, considering the cause of death assigned in the case of a certain child unsatisfactory, inquired into the facts, and discovered that the parents had wilfully starved the child. It appeared that the child had been enrolled in at least ten Burial Clubs, and it was proved that this was one of the family of seven children who had only lived from nine to eighteen months respectively. The parents had received for one of their children, from the several Burial Clubs, the sum of twenty pounds, and they expected to receive a like sum for the interment of the child whose death had excited the suspicion of the clerk of the Union. The town clerk of Stockport stated to Mr. Chadwick that infanticide, to a considerable extent, had been committed in his borough, and that mineral poison, causing sickness and purging—the common appearance of many infantile diseases—was the agent adopted. The collector of a Burial Society in Manchester stated, that it had become a practice to neglect children for the sake of the money allowed for their interment by the societies. The case of Mary May, which was brought under the cognizance of the law through the active inquiry of the Rev. Mr. Welkins, vicar of Wicks, was one in which it was proved that the mother had poisoned fifteen of her own children; and previously to her execution she said, "If I were to tell all I know, it would give the hangman work for the next twelve months." At Runcorn, in the year 1846, it was proved that a woman had entered three of her children in the Liverpool Victoria Legal Burial Society—that one died on the sixth of March, another on the twenty-first, and another on the thirtieth. At the death of the first she obtained £1 5s.; on

the death of the second, £5; from another society she obtained £1 5s.—each of the three children was proved to have been poisoned. John Bodda was convicted at York for the wilful murder of his own child, by pouring sulphuric acid down his throat. It was proved that he had said he did not care whether it lived or died, as he should have £2 10s. from the society—that he had another whose death would bring a like sum; and there were two older children for whose deaths he should receive £5 each. A collector of cottage rents in Preston stated, that almost all the children in poor families were entered in the clubs, and that when he called for rent, poor people told him—“when a certain member of the family—generally a child—died, they would be able to pay.” Hired nurses speculate on the lives of the infants committed to their care, by entering them in burial clubs, and the daughters of a nurse, the last mentioned witness states, enter in these clubs the children committed to the care of their mothers.

But the evil does not end here; and those who begin by poisoning the sinless infant, soon learn how, in a manner equally easy, money can be procured by poisoning the older members of the family. Every tie of nature is disregarded; and when the murdress has once immersed herself in all the horror of these crimes, her mind seems to be in no respect different from the instinct of the tiger—blood is all around her; and like one of Eugène Sue's few real creations—the Chourineur—*she sees red*. Thus, in June 1847, Mary Anne Milner, for the purpose of obtaining burial money, murdered, by arsenic, her mother-in-law, her sister-in-law, and her niece; her father-in-law she reduced to idiotcy, by doses too weak to kill the body, but sufficiently strong to shatter the mind. Anne Mather, tried in the year 1847, entered her husband's name in three burial clubs; poisoned him by arsenic, and made £20 at his death. Mary May, to whom we have already referred, died without confessing her guilt, but the impression left upon the minds of all who studied her case was, that the practice of poisoning husbands and children, for the purpose of obtaining burial money, is wide-spread and common. These are melancholy facts; they form the Ghoulis statistics of political economy, but they must be stated when men like Mr. Hill, with all his experience and all his knowledge, write of social improvement, and decreased crime.

The statements are not ours, we glean them from the various sanitary reports, and from Mr. Kay's most valuable work.* The woful result of all these enquiries is, that the male children are spared in preference to the female, and that both sexes are ruthlessly slaughtered, or pitilessly neglected, when affected by weakness, or disease, of mind or body.

But it cannot well be otherwise ; working as our town poor do, from morning till night ; neglected by those who should be their guardians ; mingled in the factories—the most virtuous and the most depraved ; hearing language habitually at which the prostitute might blush, or the devils rejoice ; growing up with no regard for man as a benefactor, no love for God as the Almighty, the Saviour, and the Exemplar,—who, knowing these facts, can feel surprised that our manufacturing towns are the abodes of ignorance, of vice, and of crime ? Those who talk of our improvement in all the arts of life, or of our social progress, and who make it a subject of self, and national, congratulation, should dwell upon the following.—Our poor, those who work in long and weary hours for bread, often sleep in cellars ten or twelve feet square, flagged or badly boarded, and frequently less than six feet high, different families, and sexes herded together ; a man is found sleeping with one woman, sometimes with two, sometimes with young girls ; brothers and sisters of eighteen, nineteen, and twenty years of age, sleeping in one bed—creatures who have never heard of the existence of a Deity, never been inside a church, have scarcely any sense of a distinction between right and wrong—when we recall these things, as stated in the Reports of the Health of Towns Commission, we may well hold the opinion of Mr. Kay, that “the character of the cellars themselves is by no means the worst feature of this miserable class of dwellings.” And the richer classes suffer for this neglect. Fever, cholera, and other pests, go forth from these haunts to revenge God's slighted commands upon those who endure, and who have so long endured, the existence of this terrible condition ; but there is a deeper curse, and a more frightful scourge behind—the awful demoralization which prevails in these moral and physical plague-spots, where the youth learns to be a sinner, and from whom must hereafter spring a race of criminals.

* The Social Condition and Education of the People, Vol. I., p. 434.

We have already given Mr. Beames' description of the condition of the poor in the Rookeries of London. We now present, from the pages of Mr. Kay, and from other sources, the state of our poor in the manufacturing towns. There is not in all the fictions of the novelist who panders to the taste of the lovers of the horrible or the sinful, so piteous a picture of abandonment, or of crime, or of misery. There are, in these reports, descriptions of scenes of life in the quarters of the poor, of the industrious poor, so disgusting, or so fraught with sin, that we cannot print them here. In the parish of St. George's in the East, London, 1954 families, containing a population of 7,711 individuals were, in the year 1848, thus divided :— 551 families, containing a population of 2,025 persons, had only *one* room each, where father, mother, sons, and daughters, live and sleep together ; 562 families, containing a population of 2,454 persons, had only *two* rooms each, in one of which people of different sexes must undress and sleep together ;— 705 families, containing a population of 1,950 persons, have only *one bed* each, in which the whole family sleep together ;— 728 families, including a population of 3,455 persons, have only two beds each, in one of which the parents sleep, and in the other of which all the sons and daughters sleep together. In more than one-fourth of these houses there were no serious book, prayer book, or Bible, and the impression of the agents employed in visiting the houses, that of all the books there found the Bible was the least read. According to the *City Mission Reports* for July, 1848, there were in Orchard Place, a spot about forty-five yards long by eight broad, and containing twenty-seven houses, not less than 217 families, consisting of 882 persons, of whom 582 were above fourteen years of age. The manner in which some of the rooms in these courts are occupied may be stated as follows : a widow with three children, a widow with one child, three single women, a man and his wife, a single man, a man and his wife, making in all, for the occupancy of one room, fourteen. In the ground floor front of another house there were—a woman and five children, a woman and five children, a man and his wife, a single woman, sister to the last-named wife, making in all fourteen ; the ages of the children were from four to sixteen. Straw was the only bed in the room, and day clothes their only covering by night. Neither of these rooms exceeded

seven feet by ten, and of the twenty-eight people living in them not one could read.

The result of this over-crowding upon morality is palpable and frightful. Women live on from year to year as the wives of these men with whom they cohabit, and have acknowledged that it was "by such crowded rooms they were led into temptation." Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham are in the like state. In the Report of the Sanitary Condition of the Laboring Population, Mr. Riddall Wood stated that he had "met with upwards of forty persons sleeping in the same room, married and single, including, of course, children, and several young adult persons of either sex." He continued—"I have met with instances of a man, his wife, and his wife's sister sleeping in the same bed together. I have known at least half a dozen cases in Manchester in which that has been regularly practised, the unmarried sister being an adult." The impropriety of this, he said, "seemed not to be thought of." This fact need not surprise us; the minds of these creatures were made familiar with that upon which they should not even dwell—it blunts the sense of woman's modesty, and man's dignity in himself and respect for her. "Early in my visitation of Pendleton," continues Mr. Wood, "I called at the dwelling of a person whose sons worked with himself as colliers. It was in the afternoon, when a young man, one of the sons, came down stairs in his shirt, and stood before the fire where a very decently dressed young female was sitting. The son asked his mother for a clean shirt, and on it being given to him very deliberately threw off the shirt he had on, and after warming the clean one, put it on. In another dwelling at Pendleton a young girl, eighteen years of age, sat by the fire in her chemise during the whole time of my visit. Both these were houses of working-people (colliers), and not by any means of ill fame." Truly we may apply to this course of life the lines of Burns—

"It hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feelings."

From this existence spring consequences which, as Mr. Baker of Leeds truly observed, "humanity shudders to contemplate." Hence fathers have been proved to have committed incest with their own daughters, mothers have lived in the same room in which their daughters have cohabited with

a paramour. Bad and deplorable as this condition is, it must continue so long as our people live in houses fit only for the shelter of brutes, where every feeling of decency or of delicacy is destroyed. We meet and discuss the relative merits of improved breeds of cattle; grave thinking men become enthusiastic upon the subject of sub-soil ploughs. Pounds are spent in hundreds on fancy fowl, and on rare poultry; every improvement, securing ventilation and cleanliness, which art can supply or care can procure, the purest water and the properest food are lavishly prepared for our cattle, but in city and in country, in the manufacturing towns, where the furnace roars and the engine clanks, in the quiet dreamy hamlets of the far-off country places, the poor live on in ignorance, in vice, and in squalor, differing little from the condition of a Laplander or a Bushman. The children, born in these haunts of wretchedness, are never children in heart or mind, they are but the living proofs of that bitter truth taught by Charles Lamb, that "the children of the poor are not reared up but dragged up;" life to them has no realities but those which are iron. We have already quoted Mr. Beames' description of some London homes in the *Rookeries*; we now present another from the same book. It refers to a spot rendered notorious by Charles Dickens in his novel, *Oliver Twist*. Jacob's Island was then, as it has since continued, the spot in which numbers of poor weavers are compelled, by the necessity of their trade, to live. The police, the government, the officers of health, the clergymen, the employers, have all been aware of its existence, since its horrors were disclosed by Dickens more than thirteen years ago. The following is its present state:—

"We do not say there is nothing to startle a stranger in the buildings of this place—there is much; but, unhappily, twelve years of experience in crowded districts of London have shown us many such sights,—Chelsea, Whitechapel, St. Andrew's Holborn, have many such Rookeries. The floors of the houses being below the level of the foot-path must be flooded in wet weather; the rooms are mouldy and ill savoured; dark, small, and confined, they could not be peopled as the alleys of St. Giles's, because their size would not admit of it. There is the usual amount of decaying vegetable matter, the uneven foot-path, the rotten doors, the broken windows patched with rags, ash heaps in front of the houses, dogs, &c. housed there, ragged children, and other features well known to those conversant with such neighbourhoods. But here the parallel ends:—there are peculiar nuisances in this spot which go far to justify the language used by the writer of the articles in *The*

Morning Chronicle, and which he describes technically as perhaps a surgeon alone could do. These abominations we proceed to notice; not, of course, that we can go into many details;—the gentleman we have alluded to has done it much better than we could pretend to do,—done it too with a knowledge of the consequences involved in such neglect, and done it at a season when such supervision as he exercised involved the greatest results. He saw it while cholera was decimating its victims, making wholesale ravages; we now see it when frost and cold have purified the air; when what was a reeking flood of pestilence is now frozen over; so that you might walk on it. Some slight attempts have been made to supply the wants of the people,—public attention has been called to the nuisances which here, to the disgrace of our laws, still pollute this wretched district. The writer we have alluded to, says,—‘The striking peculiarity of Jacob’s Island consists in the wooden galleries and sleeping rooms at the back of the houses, which overhang the dark flood, and are built upon piles, so that the place has positively the air of a Flemish street flanking a sewer instead of a canal; while the little rickety bridges that span the ditches and connect court with court, give it the appearance of the Venice of drains.’ . . . This is the source of all the disgust with which the visitor to these dens of wretchedness is inspired. This district, we have said before, is insulated by a quadrangular *ditch*; the very figure of the island tells you that such reservoirs must be stagnant; and stagnant they are until moved for a while by the tide, which does not at each rising pour fresh water into them, but which at intervals alone, twice or thrice a week, is sparingly introduced, and checked again when enough is supposed to have been done for the purposes of those who are concerned in traffic. Meanwhile, this circumambient point is *the common sewer of the neighbourhood, and the only source from which the wretched inhabitants can get the water which they drink—with which they wash—and with which they cook their victuals*: and because habit reconciles men to any anomaly, in the summer, boys are seeing bathing there, though the Thames is not far distant, and offers at least a cleaner bathing-place. Imagination will picture to itself much which we cannot describe, when we point to such a disgraceful condition of being as that entailed upon the denizens of Jacob’s Island. We may well blush for the parish which can tolerate such a plague spot,—for our country, whose insulted laws do not at once sweep from the face of the earth such a record of its disgrace. Is it indeed come to pass, that men, women, and children habitually *drink* water whose ingredients decency forbids us to describe?—that with no affected squeamishness we shrink from picturing that on which our eyes have rested, which courts no secrecy, and which is naked and open to all who would inspect it? not carefully fenced off, lest the indignant spirit of Englishmen should doom it to destruction; not carefully guarded, lest perchance some wandering Christian should denounce it as the future city of God’s wrath—the Babylon of his country? Is it indeed come to pass, that heavy taxes are wrung from hard-pressed industry, and the poor man divides his loaf with the tax gatherer, and yet no shield is thrown

between him and horrors like these? that fierce cabals agitate rival vestrymen, and some patriotic agitator, plethoric and bloated with good wishes for his country, wields his thunder, and yet no one is heard to decry these scenes, till at length a stranger comes and speaks, and men awake as from a dream, and go and see this new exhibition, and a few guineas drop in for the fund raised to relieve the poor sufferers, and then perhaps the wound will be scarred over, till when?—till it festers in some outbreak which shakes the nation. Yet, gentle reader, we shall be told we are romancing. We say, Go and see. ‘We then,’ says the author of the pamphlet, ‘journeyed down London Street (that London Street we have spoken of before, the best specimen of Rookeries, two hundred years old, and upwards). In No. 1 of this street the cholera first appeared seventeen years ago, and spread up it with fearful virulence; but this year it appeared at the opposite end, and ran down it with like severity. As we passed along the reeking banks of the sewer, the sun shone upon a narrow slip of water. In the bright light it appeared the colour of strong green tea, and positively looked as solid as black marble in the shadow; indeed, it was more like watery mud than muddy water: and yet *we were assured this was the only water the wretched inhabitants had to drink*. . . . As we stood, we saw a little child, from one of the galleries opposite, lower a tin can with a rope, to fill a large bucket that stood beside her. In each of the balconies that hang over the stream the self-same tub was to be seen, in which the inhabitants put the mucky liquid to stand, so that they may, after it has rested for a day or two, skim the fluid. We asked if the inhabitants did really drink the water? The answer was, They were obliged to drink it, without they could beg a pailful or thieve a pailful of purer water. ‘But have you spoken to your landlord about having it laid on for you?’ ‘Yes, sir, and he says he’ll do it, and he’ll do it, but we know him better than to believe him.’ ‘Why, sir,’ cried another woman who had shot out from an adjoining room, ‘he won’t even give us a little whitewash.’ We had scarce left the house when a bill caught our eye, announcing that this valuable estate was to be sold. The inmates had begged for pure water to be laid on, and the rain to be shut out, and the answer for eighteen years had been,—that the lease was just out.”

But disgraceful as is this condition of our town poor, the abodes, the morals, and the state generally, of our agricultural population, is still more deplorable: from Berwick-upon-Tweed to the Lands-end, from Haverford-West to Great-Yarmouth, the moral and social condition of our agricultural poor is one great, pestilent, sore in the commonwealth. Mr. Kay writes that—“The majority of the cottages are wretchedly built, often in very unhealthy sites; they are very low, seldom drained, and badly roofed; and they scarcely have any cellar or space under the floor of the lower rooms. The floors are formed either of

flags, which rest upon the cold undrained ground, or, as is often the case, of nothing but a mixture of clay and lime. The ground receives, day after day, and year after year, between the crevices of the flags, or in the composition of clay and lime, water and droppings of all kinds, and gives back from them and from its own moisture combined, pestilential vapors, injurious to the health and happiness of the inmates of the cottage." These cottages, all through England, are usually built of brick, of one story in height, with a thatched roof. They consist of two rooms, small in size, between seven and eight feet in height; one used as a day and cooking room; the other as a sleeping room—"where husband and wife, young men and young women, boys and girls, and very often a married son and his wife, all sleep together." These cottages, Mr. Kay informs us, are common in all parts of England and Wales, particularly in Cambridgeshire; they are very numerous in Hertfordshire, Leicestershire, Dorsetshire, Devonshire, Somersetshire, Cornwall, Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Essex, Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Berkshire, the northern counties, and in Wales. The fact that this overcrowding is injurious to the morality of the people, can be at once perceived by those who refer to the criminal returns of England and the Principality. Marriage is of course a paramount object with the labouring poor; and so long as the family is young, the confined space in those cottages is scarce discovered to be a disadvantage; but when the children have grown up, and are verging upon the age of manhood or of womanhood, it becomes a serious evil, and instances are not uncommon in which the parties have been forced to crawl over each other to get to their beds. Let us consider a family situated as in the following powerful description, which Mr. Kay quotes from an eminent writer:—"Some of its members may yet be in their infancy, but others of both sexes have crossed the line of puberty. But there they are still together in the same room, the father and mother, the sons and the daughters, young men, young women, and children. Cousins, too, of both sexes, are often thrown together into the same room, *and not unfrequently into the same bed.* I have also known cases in which uncles slept in the same room with their grown-up nieces, and newly-married couples occupied the same chamber with those long married, and with others marriageable but unmarried. A case also came to my notice, already

alluded to in connection with another branch of the subject, in which two sisters, who were married on the same day, occupied adjoining rooms in the same hut, with nothing but a thin board partition, which did not reach the ceiling, between the two rooms, and a door in the partition which only partly filled up the doorway. For years back, in these same two rooms, have slept twelve people, of both sexes and all ages. Sometimes, when there is but one room, a praiseworthy effort is made for the conservation of decency. But the hanging up of a piece of tattered cloth between the beds, which is generally all that is done in this respect, and even that but seldom, is but a poor set off to the fact, that a family which, in common decency should, as regards sleeping accommodations, be separated at least into three divisions, occupy, night after night, but one and the same chamber. This is a frightful position for them to be in when an infectious or epidemic disease enters their abode. But this, important though it be, is the least important consideration connected with their circumstances. That which is most so, is the effect produced by them upon their habits and morals. In the illicit intercourse to which such a position frequently gives rise, *it is not always that the tie of blood is respected*. Certain it is, that when the relationship is even but one degree removed from that of brother and sister, that tie is frequently overlooked. And when the circumstances do not lead to such horrible consequences, the mind, particularly of the female, is wholly divested of that sense of delicacy and shame, which, so long as they are preserved, are the chief safeguards of her chastity. She therefore falls an early and an easy prey to the temptations which beset her beyond the immediate circle of her family. People in the other spheres of life are but little aware of the extent to which this precocious demoralization of the female amongst the lower order in the country has proceeded. But how could it be otherwise? The philanthropist may exert himself in their behalf, the moralist may inculcate even the worldly advantages of a better course of life, and the minister of religion may warn them of the eternal penalties which they are incurring; but there is an instructor constantly at work, more potent than them all—an instructor in mischief, of which they must get rid ere they can make any real progress in their laudable efforts—and that is, *the single bed-chamber in the two-roomed cottage.*”

By this method of overcrowding all sense of decency is annihilated and health is injured—three or four persons not unfrequently sleeping in one bed. For instance—in a room ten feet square, seven feet high, and lighted by a window fifteen inches square, three beds were placed; in one bed slept the father, mother, a little boy and an infant; in the second bed slept three daughters, the two eldest twins, aged twenty years each, the other aged seven; the third bed was occupied by three sons aged respectively seventeen, fourteen, and ten. Mr. Phelps, the agent of the Marquis of Lansdowne, said that in Studely the number of bastards was very great, and this he attributed not to the fact that the women worked in the fields, but to the overcrowding in the houses. Mr. Gilbert, an Assistant Poor Law Commissioner, stated that in Tiverton, in Cornwall, the houses were wretchedly built, the wind and rain entering through windows, doors and roofs; the inhabitants living, it was stated by another witness, almost wholly on bread and potatoes, scarcely ever tasting animal food, and, through the close packing and bad diet, typhus fever has been propagated, together with small pox and scarlet fever. At Southleigh, in Devonshire, it was found that in a cottage rented at one shilling per week, a father and mother, with a son aged twenty-one, and two daughters aged eighteen and thirteen, slept in the same room, the whole cottage being miserable in the extreme; yet here the visitor finds the women weaving the beautiful Honiton lace which graces the peeress on court days. In Launceston, in a room twelve feet square, slept a man and his wife and eight children; the father, mother and two children in one bed; the other six children, the eldest girl fifteen, the oldest boy fourteen, slept, three with their heads to the top, and three with their heads to the bottom of the second bed. Some of the women say that it is not right or christian that such things should be, but what can they do?—the cottages larger in size cannot be procured, and it has been stated that there is an unwillingness on the part of proprietors to increase cottage accommodation, indeed there is an anxiety to pull down many of those already standing. The prices the people who inhabit these cottages pay for tea and sugar is enormous. Sugar bought in Norwich for 3½d. and 4d. and 5d. per lb. was proved to be better than their samples at 5d. 6d. and 7d. Eviction also prevails in many of the counties, whole estates in the county of Norfolk have been cleared of tenants, and, owing to the system of levelling cottages in the last named county, more

than "five hundred agricultural labourers have to walk to their work distances varying from three to seven miles."

The moral effect of the overcrowding may be judged from the following, particularly in the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Hereford, Cumberland, and Essex. Bastardy is so common that it has ceased to surprise the magistrate, or to excite shame in the women; it is a crime so general that a clergyman stated, he never recollected to have married a woman who was not either pregnant at the time of her marriage, or who had not had one, or more, children before her marriage. Another clergyman who went to baptize the illegitimate child of a woman aged thirty-five years, found it impossible to convince the mother that she had done wrong. He said truly that "there appears to be, among the lower orders, a perfect deadness of all moral feeling upon this subject." Mothers of daughters, who have borne illegitimate children, state, "What was the poor girl to do? the chaps say that they won't marry 'em first, and the girls give way. I did the same myself with my husband." At Cossy, in Norfolk, a woman said that she and her daughter had each a child by a man who lodged with them, and who had promised to marry the daughter. Norfolk seems particularly depraved, and, in the city of Norwich, "out of 656 licensed public houses, there are not less than 220 which are known to the police as common brothels." Mr. Foy, an officer of the Romsey Union states, "In the parish of Mottisfont, I have known fourteen individuals of one family sleeping together in a small room, the mother being in labour at the time, and in the adjoining room seven other people sleeping, making twenty-one persons, in a space which ought to have been occupied by six persons at most. Here are the young woman and young man of eighteen or twenty years of age, lying alongside of the father and mother, and the latter actually in labour! It will be asked, what is the condition of the inmates? Just as might be expected." Thus reared who, it may indeed be very naturally demanded, can wonder at the unchastity of the English and Welsh agricultural laborers. Through the testimony of Captain Napier we know that immorality prevails, not only in the farm houses, where men and women are in constant association with each other, but the men roam through the country at night, and are admitted to other houses by the female servants who reside there; and on the evidence of Messrs. Roberts we can state, that amongst a population of 736, there are fourteen public houses, nearly all of which are scenes of frightful immorality. The Rev. John Griffith, vicar of Aberdare said,

"Nothing can be lower, I would say more degrading, than the character in which the women, married as well as single, live in the same house, *and sleep in the same room*. The men do not hesitate to wash themselves naked before the women; on the other hand, the women do not hesitate to change their under garments before the men. Promiscuous intercourse is most common, is thought of as nothing, and the women do not lose caste by it." But amidst all this wretchedness, moral and corporeal, the spirit of the mother and the woman still dwells within the heart, and the love for the child steals out in little acts of kindness. A close observer of the poor writes, "In one cottage which I visited I found the woman busily employed in chopping up some pieces of fat pork, which she was about to mix up with some cold potatoes and flour, for dumplings by 'way of a treat for the children, because it was Mary's birth-day.'" Some of these houses are so poor that no matter how, or of what disease, an inhabitant of a room may die, the survivors must continue to sleep in it during the time the corpse may remain unburied.

Drunkenness and ignorance are the popular characteristics, and as has been stated, education may counteract them, but mere instruction cannot. On this point all the witnesses agree, and the difficulty of checking these or any other vices may be gathered from the following statements of the Rev. L. H. Davies of Troedey Raur, and of the Rev. John Price, a magistrate, and rector of Bledfu :

"The young people often meet at evening schools in private houses, and this tends to immoralities between the young persons of both sexes, who frequently spend the night afterwards in the hay lofts together. So prevalent is the want of chastity among the females, that though I promised to return the marriage fee to all couples whose first child should be born after nine months from the marriage, only one in six years entitled themselves to claim it. Most of them were in the family way. It is said to be a customary matter for them to have intercourse together, on condition that they should marry if the woman becomes pregnant; but the marriage by no means always takes place. Morals are generally at a low ebb, but want of chastity is the giant sin of Wales. The prevailing vice of the country is a want of chastity, a breach of which is considered neither a sin nor a crime. Apparently there is no disgrace attached to it; the women who have had two or three illegitimate children are as frequently selected by the young men for their wives as those of virtuous conduct. But after marriage the women are generally well conducted."

These are truths, terrible truths; they would be melancholy were they but the records of frailty hiding itself from the light,

blushing at the discovery of its shame ; but in England and in Wales, more particularly in North Wales, this state of things is supported, advocated, suffered to riot unchecked by the masters, who should be the first to discountenance the very mention of these vices. We know of nothing more disgraceful than the state of feeling which the following evidence, given by the Rev. J. W. Trevor, chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Bangor, presents :

“ Both parents, or either of them, come forward to prove the parentage of their daughter's bastard, witnesses often to the very act. I might multiply such instances to prove the utter disregard of common natural decency and shame among the people. This evidence was given (with but few exceptions it is always given) without the slightest reluctance or modesty, and with a levity and confidence of manner, which prove the parties to be quite callous and lost to all sense of shame. When I have attempted at the union board to persuade the guardians to build a workhouse (we have done it in Anglesey), and used as an argument, that it would check the increase of bastardy, which is a monstrous charge on our poor-rates, as well as a disgrace to our community ; they quite scouted the notion of its being any disgrace, and they maintained that the custom of Wales justified the practice. In fact, the guardians, who are almost always country farmers, are so familiarised to this iniquity, and have so long partaken in it, that they are totally incapable of any right feeling on the subject. They absolutely encourage the practice ; they hire their servants agreeing to their stipulation for freedom of access for this purpose at stated times, or it may be, whenever they please. The boys and girls in farm houses are brought up from childhood with these filthy practices ever before their eyes and ears, and of course on the first temptation they fall into the same course themselves. In short, in this matter even in a greater degree than the other which I have noticed, the minds of our common people are become thoroughly and universally depraved and brutalised. To meet this appalling evil the present system of education in Wales is utterly powerless.”

Thus far we have endeavoured to show in the clearest terms, and by the most undeniable facts, the condition of the poor in the towns and counties of England and Wales. The matter is indeed most deplorable, matter which we would willingly forbear to record, but that we believe with Charron, “*La Philosophie se mesle et parle librement de toutes choses pour en trouver les causes, les juger et régler.*” There is no fiction in what we have written ; it is but the story of crime and error, and ignorance, in all their glaring horrors ; we, with Mr. Kay, have

“ Quoted the statements and statistics of government officers or eminent individuals on every branch of our enquiry. From those

statements and statistics, it is only too evident that the social degradation and misery of our labouring classes is appalling."

Although the condition of the adult poor is deplorable, yet one might hope that with the passing away of this generation, an improvement might be expected to take place in those who are now springing around us; but the hope must be delusive, so long as every incentive to vice, every lure to crime, is suffered to continue, and to corrupt the ignorantly reared, and still worse cared, children of the poor. There are no more depressing histories, of the social condition of a people, than those placed before us by Mr. Worsley and Mr. Kay, in describing the state of the juvenile population in country and town. Of religion they have no knowledge; of every phase of vice they are perfect masters; drunkenness and debauchery are but too common, and, in very many cases, children of both sexes attend our hospitals afflicted by sexual diseases, at an age much earlier than the years at which physiologists assume that puberty begins. But what man that has read the evidences contained in the *Report of the Committee of Criminal and Destitute Juveniles*,* or adduced by Mr. Mayhew in his *London Labour and the London Poor*, or so well condensed by Doctor M'Cormack, can doubt the existence of this state of things? Through the continuance of our present system, crime must spread with a rapidity, and with a certainty of increase, too painful for contemplation. In the year 1844, 13,600 persons, under twenty years of age, were taken into custody in London. In the year 1848, 16,917 were committed; and the total for five years, ending with that last named, was 76,895; and of 9,774 male prisoners, between the ages of seven and seventeen, confined in the prisons of England, in the year 1850, only 225 could read and write well.

These unfortunates sleep under dry arches, on door steps, or under hedges, or in dirty, unwholesome, ill-drained tenements, in rooms too small for the separation of the sexes, and for the purposes of decency—well have they been called "City Arabs." "As many as 40 and 50 'Arabs' sometimes sleep in one room, boys and girls promiscuously. At fifteen or sixteen years of age, the male 'Arab' is mated, but not with a wife. They indulge in intoxicating liquors—are afflicted with degrading and unmentionable diseases—and are far more vicious in their conduct, and filthy in their persons and their language, than full grown men and women of their own class." One

* Published by order of the House of Commons, 1852.

set steal provisions from shop doors; a second class pick men's pockets; a third devote themselves to picking the pockets of women, and a fourth steal from shop tills. The number of these "City Arabs" is supposed to be about 424,000. The following account was given by a boy aged sixteen, examined in September, 1851, in the Middlesex House of Correction:—"I live in Case-street, Whitechapel. Always a heap of boys there. Should think a hundred. About forty slept in the same room with me:—all thieves. I was there about a month, and paid 3*d.* a night. I have been thieving about eighteen months, and have only been caught twice. I have done about sixty robberies in the eighteen months. The most I ever got was £1 15*s.* 6*d.* from a woman's pocket in Whitechapel. I have never been in want the whole time. I did lead an uneasy life; but I used to say often to myself, when I was going to pick a pocket, 'I may be caught this time and transported; but I pray God I may be lucky, and shall not.'" Owing to the manner in which our poor are closely packed, the good and the bad residing in close proximity to each other, the evil, as Mr. Kay most truly observes, extends to the children of an honest, and even of a comparatively wealthy class, as by association in the streets, the innocent learn the vices of the guilty. The effect of this association is eloquently, vigorously, and undeniably shown by Mr. Beames in the following passages:—

"It is no uncommon thing for boys to stay out all night, and, when they return, not to be able to give a satisfactory account of themselves. Though their parents are honest, there is little doubt that they themselves have been entrapped by designing criminals, and made the instruments of nefarious practices. Thus the poor are often disgraced by their own offspring, who have fallen under the evil influence of some professor of wickedness. Boys are easily tempted by some bait suited to their years,—are initiated into the unhallowed mysteries of the craft,—are taught to deceive by plausible excuses the vigilance of their parents. A poor man is bereaved of his wife by disease,—is left with young children, his trade being one which takes him much from home; he leaves his children under the guardianship of a neighbour who has children of her own, and can feel no particular interest in the welfare of another's offspring. In the very Rookery which he inhabits are people of questionable occupation,—old and juvenile victimizers. What a tempting speculation, to make these poor motherless children—such at least as are old enough—the means of carrying out their iniquities! These harpies know the occupation of the father,—daily experience teaches them to calculate the moment of his return,—his habits are no secret, the dispositions

of his family easily ascertained,—they are tempted, in their ignorance, by a bait they cannot resist, and enter gradually on the course of crime. The writer has known more than one such instance, and has had reason to be thankful that Refuges for the Destitute afforded an asylum for those thus early betrayed. Too often—hard as it may seem to write such things—female children, in haunts like these, have fallen victims to the gross passions of abandoned men, when their tender age would have seemed to have put such dangers out of the way, and when their very ignorance was the cause of their fall. And recollect, the arrangements of Rookeries foster such things. When distinction of sex is practically ignored, can you expect decency to survive? When the sexes are thrown promiscuously together, do you wonder at paradoxes in immorality? When vice bears with it little disgrace, can you expect the blush of shame? and where exclusion from society is a penalty which cannot be carried out, do you look for the virtues which are the growth of mingled fear and self-respect? And some speculator will talk in set terms about the danger of interfering with capital, as though this capital by a native elasticity adapted itself to the necessities of those over whom its influence extended; much in the same way in which a novel machine feeds the steam engine with just so much and no more coals than it requires. Verily men must not have faith, but credulity,—reverence for great names, and the sway of large firms, who will believe it. Confide in this, and the Stock Exchange shall discourse sublime morality, and the Bourse endow a lecturer to declaim against avarice. Confide in this, and the kitchens of the Mansion House shall glow with the fires which cook the dinners of the poor, and the rafters of Guildhall ring with cheers from the denizens of St. Giles."

Mr. Kay in his pamphlet, *The Condition and Education of Poor Children*, with which we have headed this paper, thus enumerates the principal causes which have concurred in demoralizing the children of our great towns:

"1. The want, in very many districts, of sufficient school-rooms and of any kind of refuges for the children, whose parents are obliged, by their occupations, to desert them every day, and leave them exposed to the injurious influences I have mentioned. 2. The degraded and drunken character of numbers of parents, who are quite careless about their children, and utterly ignorant of the advantage of sending them to school. 3. The great poverty of many parents, who are unable either to pay the fees, which are required at most of the schools for the instruction of their children, or to provide them with decent clothing for attendance. This cause operates very extensively, even in the most prosperous of the manufacturing towns. And yet, the school managers can very seldom afford to dispense with the payment of the weekly fees, as these often form the principal, and sometimes the only fund, out of which to pay the teacher and support the school. 4. The want of any local organization, by means of which the municipal bodies might raise funds to assist such poor persons, by paying the school fees for them and providing decent clothing for their children.

5. The fact, that neither the police nor the municipal authorities have any power to compel bad parents to do their duty towards their children, or to save those children, who are neglected by the parents; although power is given them to punish the children severely, when they have committed crime. 6. The fact, that a great proportion of the existing schools in our towns have no play ground, so that even those children who go to school, are often turned out into the streets during the play time for exercise and amusement, and suffer all the evil, which the companions and scenes they come in contact with, must exercise upon them. It is thought in Germany so fatal a course to leave young children in the streets, without superintendence, that the law expressly provides that every school must have a roomy, dry play ground attached to it, and that the children must be exercised in it during the play hours, and in the middle of both the morning and the afternoon school hours."

Nearly all who have written upon the state of our juvenile poor, attribute many of the evils into which they fall to the shameful representations which they witness at the "Penny Gaffs," or cheap theatres. We dare not describe the exhibitions that are presented to the children at these places; their indecency is frightful, and the greater the indecency the more successful and more in favour with the audience. The shows are the same in London, and in all the large cities; they are the nightly haunts of the factory children; they lead to robbery, for the purpose of securing money to obtain admission, and their certain and well-proved result is drunkenness and prostitution. What the worst of these places is, may be gathered from the following description of one, not by any means bad, judged with relation to others. The room is in Preston and was visited, and the account which we here insert signed, by unimpeachable witnesses. We beg the reader to observe the publicity with which the affair was carried on, and the size which the building must have been to contain so many spectators—

"Having frequently heard of the demoralizing scenes to be witnessed in the principal singing-room in this town, and their effects on society, we were determined to visit it and judge for ourselves. Our visit was made on a Saturday evening. The advertisements announced that the 'Illustrious Stranger' would be performed; afterwards Singing and Dancing; to conclude with the 'Spare Bed.' On proceeding up the archway leading to the room, we passed several groups of very young boys, whose apparent poverty but not their will prevented their entrance. The price of admission is two-pence or four-pence. Desirous of seeing as much as we could, we paid four-pence. On receiving our tickets we went into the lower part of the room, and the sight which then presented itself baffles description. The performance had commenced, and what with the 'mouthings' of

the performers, the vociferous shouts, the maledictions, the want of sufficient light, and the smoke from about one hundred tobacco pipes, the effect was quite bewildering for a few minutes. The room is of an oblong form, about 80 yards by 10, and capable of holding with the galleries, from 800 to 1000 persons. One end is fitted up as a stage. The bar where the liquors are served out is placed in the middle. The place between the bar and the stage is appropriated to juveniles, or boys and girls from 10 to 14 years of age; of them there were not less than one hundred, they were by far the noisiest part of the audience, and many of the boys were drinking and smoking. The compartment behind the bar appears to have been fitted up for the 'respectables,' the seats being more commodious. Leaving this lower part of the room we had to proceed up a dark staircase (some parts being almost impassable, owing to the crowds of boys and girls), to the lower gallery which extends round three parts of the room. This gallery was occupied by the young of both sexes, from 14 years and upwards. To reach the top gallery we had to mount some more crazy stairs. This gallery is composed of two short side sittings and four boxes in the front. The occupants of these boxes are totally secluded from the eyes of the rest of the audience. They were occupied by boys and girls. From this gallery we had a good view of all that was passing in the room. There could not be less than 700 individuals present, and about one-seventh of them females. The pieces performed encouraged resistance to parental control, and were full of gross innuendoes, 'double entendres,' heavy cursing, emphatic swearing, and excitement to illicit passion. Three-fourths of the songs were wanton and immoral, and were accompanied by immodest gestures. The last piece performed was the 'Spare Bed,' and we gathered from the conversation around, that this was looked for with eager expectation. We will not attempt to describe the whole of this abominable piece; suffice it to say that the part which appeared most pleasing to the audience, was when one of the male performers prepared to go to bed. He took off his coat and waistcoat, unbuttoned his braces, and commenced unbuttoning the waistband of his trousers, casting mock-modest glances around him; finally he took his trousers off and got in bed. Tremendous applause followed this act. As the man lay in bed the clothes were pulled off; he was then rolled out of bed and across the stage, his shirt being up to the middle of his back. After this he walked up and down the stage, and now the applause reached its climax,—loud laughter, shouting, clapping of hands, by both males and females, testified the delight they took in this odious exhibition. This piece terminated about 11 o'clock, and many then went away. It is necessary to state that the man had on a flesh-coloured pair of drawers, but they were put on so that the audience might be deceived, and some were deceived. It needs little stretch of the imagination to form an opinion what the conduct of these young people would be on leaving this place—excited by the drink which they had imbibed,—their witnessing this vile performance—their uncontrolled conversation. We have heard many persons express their sorrow at the apparent increase in the number of prostitutes in this town, some

g it to one thing and some to another. Visit this place and a pable cause is manifest. It is the manufactory and rendez-thieves and prostitutes. We saw several boys who had been discharged from prison. The audience was composed en- young persons, the average age of the whole assembly would bove 17 years. We did not see during the evening half a respectable working men. The audience consisted of that of society which demands our most especial care and atten- e rising generation. Many of them we could tell, by their tion, were regular visitors. Some of the boys and girls abled to follow the singers in their songs; they could tell the f the performers, their salaries, and converse on their relative We did not see one female whose modesty seemed shocked or by anything done or said on the stage."

left the room about 11 o'clock, and there remained between 00 persons, one-fourth of whom would be juveniles. As we d, the room contained at one period 700 spectators; but the umber which *visited* it, during the night, must have reached We have visited many singing-rooms, both metropolitan and al, but for gross and open immorality, for pandering to the d tastes of an audience, for exciting the passions of the young, ual exhibitions, this place surpasses all. We left it with a iviction that we may build Mechanics' Institutes, erect and Churches, increase the number of Gospel Ministers, and im- ur Prison Discipline, but while we tolerate this nuisance we n vain.

CHARLES CASTLES.

AMOS WILSON.

—Since the above account was drawn up, a boy has been ted to the prison, to take his trial on several charges of —whom we saw taking a prominent part among the loud ap- s of 'The Spare Bed.' "

ar for the condition of our juvenile population; but the of the enquiry is painful in the extreme; and Mr. Hill, so distinguished an advocate of our improvement, con- that *crime is now hereditary*. He writes, "Nothing has ore clearly shown, in course of my enquiries, than that is, to a considerable extent, hereditary; crime appearing, respect, greatly to resemble pauperism, which, accord- the evidence collected by the Poor Law Commissioners, proceeds from father to son in a long line of succes-

We shall, in another part of this paper, refer to the ds best calculated to stay this evil of juvenile delin-

nkenness, all our records prove, is a most prolific source e; the Chaplain of the Glasgow prison stated to Mr. Hill, year 1843, that it is impossible to find one hundred

sober criminals in a single year. The vice grows upon the culprit with his age—parents send their children into the streets to steal, that whiskey may be purchased with the money. A boy, a habitual pickpocket, aged only sixteen, stated that he often drank twelve glasses of whiskey a day, that such a quantity was common to most of them when they could procure it—that it only made them bolder in thieving; and it is proved beyond all dispute, that whilst only *seventeen* felonious offences could be attributed to distress,—that being in many cases the consequence of drink or idleness,—*one hundred and seventeen* were caused by drunkenness. We are not contending that drunkenness has increased or decreased, because the returns may show how an increase or decrease is apparent in the number of gallons of whiskey on which duty has been paid. But we know that public houses and gin palaces have been extended in number within the past two years, and we regret to find that in Ireland drunkenness is once again enthralling, slowly but surely, our people. Thus in the Districts guarded by the Dublin Metropolitan Police, the total number of houses in which whiskey was sold in the year 1849, numbered 943; in the year 1850, 978; in the year 1851, 1016; in the year 1852, 1035; showing a gradual and steady increase. In the year 1849 the number of houses in which whiskey was suspected to be sold, without licence, numbered 39; in the year 1850 they amounted to 52; in the year 1851 they numbered 65. In the year 1850, 17 temperance coffee houses were opened, 23 were closed. In the year 1851, 23 were opened, 41 were closed. The total number of new coffee houses was 92 in the year 1849; 86 in 1850; 68 in 1851.

We have no anxiety to represent our Irish fellow-countrymen, or our English and Scotch brethren, as either more vicious or more ignorant than they really are; but truth and justice, and the support of those views which we hold, namely, that the nation is not socially and morally progressing, require that we should express, clearly and unmistakeably, the sentiments by which we are actuated. To talk of the Great Exhibition of 1851, or of popular amusements, or of Mechanics' Institutes, or Lectures on literary and intellectual subjects, whilst our people continue in their present condition, is a simple absurdity. We treat the poor and ignorant as if each man were a legislator, and fit to rule, as Byron bitterly yet truly wrote, "that heritage of woe"—himself. The whole mistake of our system of legis-

lation upon moral and social subjects is—we assume that every man has a right to do wrong until he shall have been convicted of crime. We could understand this principle were the people of these kingdoms educated, thoughtful, and moral; but springing as they do from foul beds of fetid immorality, can the legislature, in justice to itself or to the nation, suffer the continuance of the present abuses? We send Missionaries to the far-off islands of the Pacific; and by our “flannel waistcoats and scriptural, pictorial, moral pocket handkerchiefs,” attempt to teach Christianity and civilization to half converted heathens in every sea; but our Jellabys confine their efforts to the Colonies, and leave our home population of heathens to live on sinfully in our alleys, or to drag out life in our Penal settlements, or to perish ignominiously beneath the drop.

There is not, in all the history of our present social condition, a subject that chills the heart and oppresses the mind of the Christian or the philanthropist so deeply as the state of our female poor. We know that so long as human nature shall be constituted as from the beginning it has been, concubinage and prostitution must, and will, go step by step with population. We know too that a thousand sources conduce to foster these evils amongst the people of the nineteenth century; we are not contending for any such ridiculous impossibility as that brothels should be abolished; but we do assert that the present condition of these houses, and of the people who inhabit them, is a terrible injustice, a crime against the well being of the community, a disgrace to a nation civilized and thoughtful as the English. In each and every of the books—the most valuable books with which we have headed this paper—the question is brought prominently before the nation, the effects of the present system are clearly shown, and the evils are in no respect exaggerated. No check is placed upon the inhabitants of these abodes of sin at home; abroad, in the streets at noonday, they flaunt in all the pride of dress, and when, as the poor needle women, who, as the great lay preacher, Thomas Hood writes—

“Work! Work! Work!

In the dull December night;

Work! Work! Work!

When the weather is warm and bright—”

toil by, bearing to its owner the produce of that labor which

is to be paid by farthings numbered against hours, they see these daughters of sin apparently so happy and so content, who can wonder that they soon follow their example, or hide grief, and hunger, and pain, beneath the black and silent tide of the cold river—not more cold or silent than that world which misery taught them to know, and to cry—

“ Oh God, that bread should be so dear
And flesh and blood so cheap.”

If we analyse the statistics of the City Missions, we find that some women are thrown upon the streets from natural depravity; many because step-mothers or step-fathers treat them harshly; many because in their own homes, in which their own parents reside, poverty and want have annihilated all love and all family affection, till the girl falls, feeling with Goethe's poor *Margaret* in *Faust**:—

“ Our humble household is but small,
And I, alas! must look to all.
We have no maid, and I may scarce avail
To wake so early and to sleep so late;
And then my mother is in each detail
So accurate.”

But whilst we believe that to suppress these houses is neither judicious nor wise, our experience from history, and the truths taught and proved by Sabbatier, show that these evils may be checked or counteracted by making the calling infamous.†

It is a singular fact, that in Wales the rural population is more depraved than in England, although one would suppose that the strict tenets of John Wesley, a great and good man, might restrain the passions of his followers by the counsel and example which he left them; his error, however, was, that in his innate piety he assumed all the world to be John Wesleys. In Scotland, where it might be assumed the stern tenets of Calvinism could curb, with its iron dogmas, the vices of their supporters, the town populations are, judged by their numbers, the most depraved in the United Kingdoms. Of Wales we have already written; of drunkenness in Glasgow, Sir Archibald Alison has given evidence, that, in the year 1838, “ every

* Lord Ellesmere's translation.

† Histoire de la Législation sur Les Femmes Publiques et Les Lieux de Débauche. Par M. Sabbatier. Paris. J.—P. Boret. Quai des Augustins. 1828.

tenth house in Glasgow was a spirit shop ; the quantity of spirits drunk in Glasgow was twice or thrice as much as in any similar population on the face of the globe." The population of Glasgow was then 257,000 ; of these, 80,000 had hardly any religious or moral education. The people of Glasgow have not improved since the year 1838, they are now more drunken than ever ; and it is stated upon good authority, that Edinburgh has become more immersed in drunkenness than Glasgow. But Glasgow has vices peculiar to itself—prostitution there has become not a vice but an abomination. By the report of Mr. Logan, a City Missionary,* it appears that there were in Glasgow, in the year 1843, 3,600 prostitutes who received, as the wages of their sin, £9,900 weekly, or the annual sum of £514,800 ; and of these creatures 300 die annually ; six years the medical officers state to be the usual term of their lives. Leeds is in a condition equally degraded ; the number of prostitutes in it exceeds 1,425, and it is calculated that £4,500 are spent weekly in support of these women, making an annual sum of £218,400. In the year 1843, Mr. Logan stated that there were in Manchester about 15,000 prostitutes ; and that the sum of £470,000 was spent annually in debauchery ; and a medical man informed him that 250 of these girls died every year. There are, it is stated, 15,000 unfortunate females in London ; 2,000 in Liverpool ; 300 in Hull ; 250 in Paisley, and in Dublin there were, in the year 1851, 248 common brothels, 299 houses occupied or frequented by prostitutes, the total number of those unfortunates was 1170 ; the numbers showing a decrease of about 100 per annum, in four years. These figures refer to the year 1843 ; the Police reports prove that the numbers have increased, in some instances one-half, in others one-third, within the last ten years. There are no more frightful histories of human degradation than those painted by Mayhew, Ryan, Duchâtelet, and Tait. Want is the chief source of this crime ; of 5,183 courtézans in Paris, 2,696 had been cast off by relatives, 89 resorted to vice to procure sustenance ; 280, impelled by shame, had forsaken their homes ; 218, abandoned by their seducers, had no other mode of life to which they could turn. Alas ! true it is, that want is the chief cause of these miseries.—Of 1,200 sempstresses who, at his

* Glasgow : Gallie and Fleckfield.

request, attended Henry Mayhew's second meeting, four only, had under garments; 58 only, had blankets; 151 had no beds. We look upon this state of things, we know of its existence, and yet with it legislation never grapples. The seducer prowls abroad; the procuress, in street and in railway carriage; in the private house and in the factory; worst of all, in the Temple of the God of Purity, corrupts and destroys. Our streets are, after night-fall, no better than some town of Sparta, where ruled the antique wickedness of Lycurgus; and, as midnight tolls over our cities, the scenes witnessed in the public streets are but those of the Lupercula, with the actors clothed. It has been proved—in numberless instances, that initiation into crime may be laid to the temptation which this disgraceful condition of our towns places before our youth; thousands of cases clearly prove the fact; and when we know that ten amongst every fourteen of these women are foully diseased, we read with a shudder the terrible facts expressed by Dr. McCormack, when he writes—

“Hideous disorders attend the unlawful commerce of the sexes, blighting the infant unborn, inducing inevitable ruin and decay. The skin, throat, bones even, do not escape. The so beautiful structure of the eye is doubly implicated, first in syphilitic iritis, then in gonorrhœal ophthalmia, that wretched malady which, as I conceive, has housed itself in Egypt, and infects our race. These disorders are at once acute and chronic, nor does one attack yield exemption from another. The evil is urgent, the very remedy is dire. Medical writings are rife with details only to be surpassed by the yet more horrible reality. Very children even are found in the lock hospitals of great cities, while millions, it may be affirmed, are lavished on the wages of debauchery. No lady, Tait asserts, dare venture abroad after dark in the streets of Edinburgh! But is Edinburgh the only city? He counts it one-fourth the annual mortality among the female victims to prostitution, this so brutish vice and utter violation of the loftier destinies of our kind. Brothels, and low lodging houses, if possible worse, subsist by hundreds in all our large towns, and there, prostitution and syphilis, the sin and the soil, go hand in hand. Forty thousand illegitimate children, according to the Registrar, are yearly born in England, besides those who perish, sometimes mother and child together, through the execrable arts of hired aborters! In London alone, two thousand women, it is said, annually replace those who die amid their sin and misery.”

The evil of this system does not stop with the immediate victims, it spreads its baleful influence over all around; and because we will not adopt the wise rule of other nations, because we will not strive to remedy our neglect, or render less noxious

those evils which nature will not suffer us to destroy, we expose ourselves to that reproach which, more than two hundred and fifty years ago, Montaigne applied to his own country when he wrote, that legislators forgot the duty of their high office, in the neglect of those small rules for the guidance of petty officials in small things, which, disregarded, become great evils. Prostitution and drunkenness move with the pace of equal progression, and those females in our factories who have worked during day till the powers of life are all but exhausted, attempt to revive their failing energies by draughts of gin and porter. Years ago, able and christian patriots wrote and spoke in favor of the factory operatives. To the energies of Sadler we owe the *Report* of 1833; the horrors detailed in the evidence given before the Committee of 1818 were shown in the former year to be in few particulars altered. Children—infants—are no longer sent to work, as slaves never toiled amongst the cotton fields of Alabama; but there is a moral hell in our manufacturing towns most frightful to contemplate. The Rev. Henry Worsley writes—

“ In Birmingham juvenile prostitution greatly prevails, the ages varying from fourteen to eighteen; none under fourteen, except one case of a child under nine years of age. These females have principally worked in the factories of the town; most of them are notorious thieves. The men who frequent the brothels, are in age from fourteen to twenty. In a district, which witness could walk in fifteen minutes, there are 118 brothels, and 42 other houses of ill fame resorted to by prostitutes. The fact of boys and girls working together in the same factories leads much to prostitution. It is the beginning, the very first step towards both prostitution and stealing. In the low brothels and lodging houses of the town, there are many juvenile prostitutes not more than thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen. Among the causes of prostitution we must enumerate parental concubinage; as many as 120 and often 300 men and women are found living together unmarried, in a single district of the London City Mission, comprising no more than 550 families. Parental neglect, or even parental incitation, is one of the most frequent causes of prostitution. The prison reports afford many instances in which girls under twelve or thirteen years of age have been forced into the streets in order to supply a brutalised parent with *drink*.”

We have stated, that owing to the total neglect of police regulations upon the subjects to which we have last referred, whole neighbourhoods are corrupted; we now assert, that by this same neglect, every feeling of common morality is outraged. Drunkenness is fostered through the licence which the law gives to prostitution, for, as that most able and most

estimable man, the Rev. Mr. Clay, writes, quoted by the Rev. Mr. Worsley—

“My last year’s intercourse with the subjects of my ministry has made me acquainted with practices, resorted to in certain beer houses, which must be mentioned in order to show what demoralizing agencies are added to those already existing in them, viz.: the keeping of prostitutes. Sixteen houses in one town, harbouring, or rather maintaining, about 54 prostitutes, have been *named* to me. But this is not the full amount of the evil. The neighbourhood of those houses is corrupted. Women, married women, occupied to all appearance with their own proper avocations at home, hold themselves at the call of the beer house for the immoral purposes to which I have referred.”

How, it may be asked, can these vices be checked? We answer, by adopting those measures likely to render the course of life of those fallen women less glaring, less brazen in daring impudence, and by compelling them, and those who support them, to shun the public thoroughfares and public gathering places of our cities; by regulating more strictly the public houses, and the places of cheap and vicious amusement in which an incentive is held out to drunkenness; by education, and by low priced rational entertainment for the people: thus we may check drunkenness, and in checking it we lighten the criminal calendars of half the offences by which they are blackened.—Mr. Justice Wightman has observed, that four-fifths of the crimes in the kingdom are caused by “the besetting sin of drunkenness.” Baron Alderson has stated, that if we take away from the calendar all the cases with which drunkenness has any connection, they would make a large calendar a very small one. Mr. Justice Patteson has said frequently to juries, “if it were not for this drinking, you and I would have nothing to do.” Mr. Justice Coleridge has stated, “that he never knew a case brought before him which was not directly or indirectly connected with intoxicating liquors;” and one of the Scotch Justices has said, that “from the evidence brought before him, as a Judge, it seemed that every evil in Glasgow began and ended in whiskey;” and Dr. Gordon, Physician to the London Hospital, has stated, “that out of every hundred diseases, as many as sixty-five were found to be strictly attributable to the effects of ardent spirits.” If these drinking houses were carefully regulated, and if the French system of Police regarding prostitution were enforced, the evil of which we have complained would be most materially lessened. The regu-

lations of the French executive, upon the subject, are the following.—Brothels are suffered, by licence, to exist in certain quarters; but at and from the period of their establishment, they are placed under the entire management, the servile yoke of a portion of the police, whose office is to guard “attentats aux mœurs.” They are not permitted in the vicinity of public schools, or of a church, or, indeed, of any public institution. The keeper of the brothel is bound, within twenty-four hours, to forward to the prefecture of the police, the name, for the purpose of registration, of every young woman who may be anxious to reside in the house. The woman is then brought before the authorities, she is cautioned, warned, and is told, that if she enter upon this course of life, she must be under the surveillance of the police, and that her name once entered upon the list as “une fille inscrit,” must ever remain as a record of her degradation. If her youth be remarkable she is sent to the Hospital of St. Lazare, where she is employed in needle-work, and, if she be from the provinces, her parents, or the Mayor, is written to for the purpose of inducing her, through their, or his, interposition, to return to her home. If she be friendless, she is received in the hospital of St. Lazare, and if this fail, she is then suffered to place her name upon the roll, and her place of residence is numbered in the books of the prefecture; she is forced to carry with her, and to produce when required, *by any person*, the ticket showing the weekly medical report of her health, made by the physician appointed to inspect these houses, and the people who inhabit them. She cannot wear showy dress, and is forbidden to appear in public places, particularly in the gardens of the Luxembourg, of the Palais National, of the Tuilleries, or of the Jardin du Roi; she is on no account to appear at the windows of the house in which she may reside; and for a breach of any of these laws the punishment is imprisonment for two months. These who live quietly in this course of life are also watched by the authorities, and the *fille isolée* is tracked through her way of sin, and every indignity that woman can suffer is inflicted upon her by the active police.

So far we have written of the condition of Great Britain and Scotland; but our own country has its particular evils springing from, and engendered by, the peculiar moral and social state in which we exist. Our national crimes are not the foul, sensual offences common to Great Britain; agrarian outrage is

the evil which disgraces our people; and if in England women murder the children whom they themselves have borne, in Ireland life is taken by those who have never been injured by the victim. That this should be the one great crime of Ireland, can excite no astonishment in those who witness the unchecked efforts of the newspaper proprietor patriots, or the traders in popular politics, who harangue the tenant-farmers throughout the country, who deceive them by hebdomadal schemes of visionary tenures, and who, having entered Parliament to advance the interests of Ireland, forsake that trust in endeavouring to secure a code of legislation founded upon their own views of self-interest, of self-aggrandizement, and of factious scoundrelism.

Since the establishment of the Tenant League Society every right of property in land has been, in its discharge, rendered more difficult or dangerous than before; the murder of landlords has been inculcated as affording a salutary warning to the survivors of their class, and the abrogation of landlordism has been looked upon as a most desirable and necessary object of attainment. To the designs and demands of this society there are no reasonable limits, and kindness in a landlord seems but to render the tenant more unreasonable in his requirements. As a specimen of what these requirements are, and as showing how the peasantry are urged onward by their newspaper supporters, we give the following case, which was stated by several of these journals as one of great hardship and injustice—this virtuous and indignant protestation of the League supporters may be read in any of their papers published in the fourth week of February, 1852, and the cause is as follows.

Daniel Quig, a tenant upon the northern property of the Marquis of Waterford, agreed, when at the point of death, that the farm which he then held should pass into the possession of his brother Robert, upon the payment by Robert of £30 to the widow of Daniel. After the death of the latter, Robert called upon the agent of the Marquis of Waterford, stated the above facts to him, and explained that he was prepared to pay the £30 to the widow. The agent refused, upon the part of the landlord, to be bound by any such agreement as that in question, and thereupon the entire body of the League slang whangers, including the Dublin organs, raised the cry that it was an injustice, a breach of right, and high treason against all the principles of that Magna Charta of the tenant farmer,

the bill prepared by the most disinterested of legal patriots, and most oily appropriator of church revenues, Mr. Sergeant Shee. Some of our readers may remember that many months ago we exposed the falsehoods of this League, and proved—that the “banditti legislators” falsified and garbled the theories of political economists to suit their own purposes and designs.* All we then stated to be the probable result of this movement has been since proved true, and in the Thirtieth Report of the Inspectors-General of Prisons in Ireland, we find the following passage :—

“It is a fact worthy of attention, that in a district of inconsiderable extent, comprising co-terminous portions of the adjoining counties of Armagh, Down, Monaghan, and Louth, in which the system of Ribbonism has produced its deadliest results, and where justice has failed to overtake the agents of that fearful conspiracy, the preponderance of ‘threatening notices and letters,’ having reference to the possession of land, is very great. The aggregate of all such letters, for the whole kingdom, amounts to 395, of which no less than 144 are furnished by the locality specified—

Armagh,	56
Down,	21
Monaghan,	18
Louth,	49
			144

the latter county being the smallest but one in Ireland.”

To Irish readers we need scarcely add, that the three last named counties are those in which the tenant-right agitation has been carried on in a manner most audacious, most virulent, and most rampant.

In the four counties above named the comparative statement of agrarian outrage, as furnished to the Select Committee, was as follows :—

In the county of Armagh, population, by census of 1851—196,420 :—

“ Agrarian outrages reported in 1844	5
Ditto, ditto, in 1850	79
			—
Increase of 1850 over 1844	74

* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I., pp. 25, 246.

Agrarian outrages reported in 1845	18
Ditto, ditto, in 1851	96
		—
Increase of 1851 over 1845	78
Increase of 1851 over 1844	91
Total agrarian outrages for first Three Months of 1852	30."

In the county of Down, population, by census of 1851—
317,778 :—

" Agrarian outrages reported in 1844	6
Ditto, ditto, in 1850	84
		—
Increase of 1850 over 1844	78
Agrarian outrages reported in 1845	9
Ditto, ditto, in 1851	44
		—
Increase of 1851 over 1845	35
Increase of 1851 over 1844	38
Total agrarian outrages for first Three Months of 1852	21."

In the county of Monaghan, population, by census of 1851—
143,410 :—

" Agrarian outrages reported in 1844	20
Ditto, ditto, in 1850	48
		—
Increase of 1850 over 1844	28
Agrarian outrages reported in 1845	22
Ditto, ditto, in 1841	48
		—
Increase of 1851 over 1845	26
Increase of 1851 over 1844	28
Total agrarian outrages for first Three Months of 1852	11."

In the county of Louth, population, by census of 1851—
91,045 :—

" Agrarian outrages reported in 1844	5
Ditto, ditto, in 1850	34
		—
Increase of 1850 over 1844	29
Agrarian outrages reported in 1845	14
Ditto, ditto, in 1851	73
		—
Increase of 1851 over 1845	59
Increase of 1851 over 1844	68
Total agrarian outrages for first Three Months of 1852	23."

This is a startling array of facts, but it is only the natural course of events. So long as newspapers are suffered to write of landlord slaughter, and of the rights of property, as we every day read in the Tenant League journals, these agrarian outrages must of necessity increase. Shortly after the murder of Mr. Mauleverer, this passage appeared in the *Dundalk Democrat*, for August 3rd, 1850 :—" We have been in the last week on a tour through the neighbouring counties, and are assured that the murder of Mr. Mauleverer has been attended with very good effects in the neighbourhood of Crosmaglan." This is the teaching given to the people ; this is the paper which receives the support of all the tenant leaguers in the vicinity ; even the bloody prompting contained in the above extract, was palliated and explained by the Rev. Mr. Lennon in his evidence before the Select Committee on Outrages ;* and this teaching was inculcated amongst a people where all, of all religions feel, according to the evidence of the Rev. Mr. M'Meel,† a unity of dissatisfaction upon the land question.

We know that landlords have done injustice in many cases, and that hardships have been inflicted upon tenants, most pitiable to contemplate. It is the slang of those who drove the people into antagonism with the landlords at the late elections, that " vengeance " is now being taken upon the offending peasant. We are neither the supporters of the landlord interests when unfairly urged, nor the apologists of their actions when they make the assertion of right an oppression ; but surely the landlord has a duty to perform in endeavouring to prevent the mis-use of his tenant's vote, and a claim upon it equally strong with the usurpation of the parish priest or Presbyterian minister. It is easy to talk of popular right, and popular feeling, and the open, unbiassed vote of free subjects ; but before we grant the justice or good sense of the observations, or the arguments to be deduced from them, we require to find the Irish people capable of appreciating some other teaching than that given in the virulent language and unproved statements of Dr. Cahill's letters ; we require that the people, and not the " hierarchy and clergy " of any church, shall be the constituency of Ireland ; or, at least, that the " hierarchy and clergy " shall show some better sense of that which suits the country, than is proved by the return, as Parlia-

* See Questions 5,628 to 5,656.

† See Question 3,186.

mentary representatives, of an impeached traitor, with an impromptu qualification; or a mouthing English adventurer, thrust forward to slander Irish gentlemen, and to malign the motives of every man who will not be ruled by opinions of ultra-montane importation.*

It may be objected that our calculations of the increase or decrease of crime, by comparing year with year, are liable to many exceptions, and must prove fallacious, in various instances, from the inferences drawn; but our argument is to show that crime has not really decreased, and we have clearly proved that the state of stolid vice in which the people are immersed, which is unheeded by the legislature, and which increases day by day, until the moral and social state of the country has become marked by all the atrocities of the pagans. At the Chester Assizes held last April, the panel numbered 98 felonies; amongst these ten were charges of murder, nine wounding with intent to kill, four for manslaughter, eight for cutting and maiming, three for arson.

From the *Tables of Criminal Offenders in England and Wales* for the year 1851, drawn up by Mr. Redgrave of the Home Office, it appears that in the year 1850, 813 were convicted of simple larceny; in 1851 the number of convictions rose to 965; the total convictions for larceny were in 1850,

* It is a mistake of the writer's to suppose that the proprietor of *The Tablet* represents, in his holy ravings, the feelings of the Irish Roman Catholics as a body. For an insight into what those feelings were a few years ago, see *The Nation* on Mr. Lucas' betrayal of Mr. T. C. Anstey's confidence—for what they are now, amongst the thinking classes, see the scathing, crushing, letters of the Rev. Dr. Murray, Professor of Dogmatical and Moral Theology in Maynooth College, and the wicked articles in *The Telegraph*. "Lucas," said a most estimable and learned dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church to us a few days since, "is doing the Catholics more harm than any enemy they have, and if any Minister were inclined to disfranchise the Priests, Lucas's speeches and newspaper would afford the best excuse." Just so; speeches and writings which, if they represented the feelings of Irish Roman Catholics, would show that the Catholics are unworthy to hold a political position in any free country—as they would foster slavish and unconstitutional opinions, incompatible with our character and with our law. When out-speaking old George Buchanan went in the suite of his master to pay respect to the Pope, and when he saw him kiss the Pontiff's toe, he felt considerable uneasiness in surmising as to the quarter of the Papal body to which so insignificant a person as himself might possibly be expected to apply his lips—any Irish Roman Catholic holding the Lucas opinions could, in the old Scotchman's place, feel little uneasiness. Let the world say as it will of O'Connell, he never taught the Roman Catholics to forget that they were men, and that Ireland, not Rome, was their country.—Ed.

11,931; in 1851 they amounted to 12,145. In England, too, offences, by females, against the person are increasing in number. The proportion of this class of crimes committed by females was, in the year 1849, 24·2; in 1850, 24·4; in 1851, 24·8. In the year 1850, 28 males were convicted of offences against the person, and 24 females; in the year 1851, 33 males and 41 females. The total number of committals in London and Middlesex in the year 1850, was 3,732; in the year 1851, 3,974. With these facts before us, we must reluctantly agree with Mr. Porter when he writes:—"If we refer to our criminal returns, it will be found that in England and Wales, the number of persons committed for trial is now more than five times as great as it was at the beginning of the century; while in Ireland the proportional increase has been even more appalling, there having been, in 1849, twelve-fold the number of committals that were made in 1805, the earliest year for which our records are available. There are not any accounts of so early a date, by which we are able to make a similar comparison for Scotland; but comparing the number of committals in 1815 with those in 1849, we find that in these thirty-four years they have augmented nearly seven-fold."*

We have frequently differed in opinion with Mr. Hill, but we fully co-incide with his views as to the best means of reforming and ameliorating the condition of the poor. He clearly proves that prison discipline, prison labor, prison education, must be advantageous as they teach the culprit that although he has been guilty of a crime against the good order of the commonwealth, yet that he is a man subject to all the rules of self-government; then when he goes forth from the prison he may commence life anew, with hopes and wishes of advantages to himself, through honesty, and through that industry which have been inculcated in the gaol. Mr. Hill's plan of making the parents of juvenile offenders personally responsible for the evil conduct of their offspring, is, in our opinion, most meritorious, and worthy the consideration of our statesmen. "Not only," he writes, "should the parent whose child falls into crime, be compelled, except in peculiar cases, to pay its cost in prison (or in default be himself deprived of his liberty and forced to toil for its maintenance), but be required also to indemnify, to some extent at least, the party injured, if not to pay part of the reasonable expenses of the prosecution; if it be

* Progress of the Nation, p. 631. Ed. 1851.

thought that such a rule would press hard on parents, let it always be remembered that the loss and expense must fall on *somebody* ; and surely it is less hard that it should fall on the child's parent than on any one else. Nevertheless, to provide for peculiar cases, it might be proper, as it certainly would be liberal, when a parent could show to the satisfaction of the court, or other appointed authority, that he had used all reasonable means to prevent his child from becoming a criminal, for the State to pay part of the expense entailed by the child's misconduct."

Those who are desirous of learning the effects produced by a prison discipline, and by the properly managed silent, or solitary, or mixed discipline, and the changes of food and labor, we refer to the eighth chapter of Mr. Hill's book. The systems advocated by him, when through their means it is proposed to heal the monstrous evils we have in this paper displayed, may appear weak, more especially when we remember the unwillingness so frequently shown by the legislature, which is so prompt in punishment and tardy in prevention. But when we recollect that our system of factory labor was, thirty-two years ago, so cruel, so demoralising, so unchristian, and so brutal, that parents cursed the day that children were born to them ; children just in age beyond infancy tottered from their labor with hunger gnawing, and yet so worn and so exhausted, that they sank in uneasy slumber over their wretched food ; they were beaten with iron rods, buffeted and kicked like brutes ; their language was so obscene that married women refused to work in the same room with boys and girls, and so great was their immorality, that openly in these factories the common subject of inquiry was the safest method to prevent conception. These things were all proved in the Factory Committee of 1818, but till that indefatigable philanthropist, Sadler, broke down the grasping power of the millocracy in the committee of 1833, this system was in great part, if not wholly, defended ; and as he succeeded in his efforts to repair the blunders, or guilty omissions, of the legislature, because the evils were patent, we know not why those who are anxious for the moral and social advancement of the poor, should despair in days like these, when on all sides it is admitted that crime and sin lurk in every corner of the land, and increase, at least sin increases, because those whose bounden duty it is to educate and to elevate the poorer section of the people, forget their sacred

trust. Lord Ingestrie and Lord Ashley have done much in the cause of humanity ; they have gone in amongst the poor, have seen with their own eyes, believing with one who had sounded most of the heart's deepest depths—Sydney Smith,* that—

“ He who only knows the misfortunes of mankind at second hand, and by description, has but a faint idea of what is really suffered in the world. A want of charity is not always to be attributed to a want of compassion ; the seeds of this virtue are too deeply fixed in the human constitution, to be easily eradicated ; but the appeal to this class of feelings is not sufficiently strong ; men do not put themselves into situations where such feelings are likely to be called forth ; they judge of the misfortunes of the poor through the medium of the understanding, not from the lively and ardent pictures of sensation. We feel, it may be said, the eloquence of description ; but what is all the eloquence of art to that mighty and original eloquence with which nature pleads her cause ; to the eloquence of paleness, and of hunger ; to the eloquence of sickness, and of wounds ; to the eloquence of extreme old age, of helpless infancy, of friendless want ? What persuasiveness like the melancholy appearance of nature badly supported, and that fixed look of sadness, which a long struggle with misfortune rivets on the human countenance ! What pleadings so powerful as the wretched hovels of the

* It is to be regretted that, whilst the Rev. Sydney Smith's contributions to literature, as a critic and as a lecturer, are so well known and so fully appreciated, his sermons, preached at the Foundling Hospital, and at the Berkeley and Fitzroy Chapels, London, are so much neglected. They were published by Cadell in the year 1809, in two vols. 8vo. Their style may be judged from the three sermons given in the third volume of the collected edition of his works, published by Longman in 1845. The sermons are upon various subjects—that from which we have selected our extract is “ Upon the Best Mode of Charity,” Vol. I., p. 274, the text being from Deuteronomy xv., verse 11. Amongst the sermons are one on Scepticism ; On the Errors of Youth ; On Self-Examination ; On the Mode of Passing the Sabbath ; On the Judgments we Form of Others, &c. &c. About all these there is a Christian spirit which reminds us of the best sermons of that Protestant De Sales, Jeremy Taylor. To those who only know Sydney Smith the Reviewer, the following prayer, composed, and read in St. Paul's Cathedral, the Sunday after the birth of the present Prince of Wales, by Sydney Smith the Priest, must prove interesting :—“ We pray also for that infant of the royal race, whom, in thy good Providence, thou hast given us for our future king. We beseech thee so to mould his heart, and fashion his spirit, that he may be a blessing, and not an evil to the land of his birth. May he grow in favor with man, by leaving to its own force and direction the energy of a free people. May he grow in favor with God, by holding the faith in Christ, fervently and feelingly, without feebleness, without fanaticism, without folly ! As he will be the first man in these realms, so may he be the best—disdaining to hide bad actions by high station, and endeavouring always, by the example of a strict and moral life, to repay those gifts which a loyal people are so willing to spare from their own necessities to a good king.”

poor, and the whole system of their comfortless economy? These are the moments in which the world and its follies are forgotten, which throw the mind into a new attitude of solemn thought, which have rescued many a human being from dissipation and crime, which have given birth to many admirable characters, and multiplied, more than all exhortation, the friends of man, and the disciples of Christ."

The Model Lodging Houses, the Ragged Schools, the Shoe-Black Brigade, and the Messengers, tutored by the various charitable societies of London, are undoubtedly most admirable. Lord Ashley, Lord Carlisle, Lord Ingestrie, the Rev. Mr. Clay, and that most estimable man, Mr. Thomas Wright, of Manchester, are real benefactors to the kingdom, and have discovered the best means of advancing the social interests of the poor, by teaching them that they are an integral portion of the community, not outcasts, even though branded by poverty, and driven into crime through ignorance and neglect. Old Michael Montaigne wrote of human nature with his usual acuteness—"Notre bastiment et public et privé est plein d'imperfection. En toute police, il y'a des offices nécessaires, nonseulement objects, mais encore vicieux : les vices y trouvent leur rang, et s'emploient à la conservation de notre santé." So it is with the State; and as no soul is created purposeless, even those who are depraved, and fallen, or, it may be, reprobate, have all the impress of the Almighty upon their hearts; and he who despairs of their amendment may be a sound political economist, but is neither a good Christian, a good philosopher, nor, in the true sense of the word, a good patriot. The very worst offender may be rendered of service to his country—we attempt to accomplish this, *after* crime has been committed, by the labor of the convict; had we tried the school, and a moral police, whilst he was a juvenile offender, he would not have become, in manhood, a felon.

Our argument, as we have stated, is, that though crime may have slightly decreased, vice and immorality have increased; the latter we have proved, and the real condition of the United Kingdoms, as to the prevalence of crime, is exhibited in the following tables. In the first we show the number of offenders in the kingdoms committed to prison in the years 1850-51; we give the numbers in certain great offences, and the totals in each of the six classes into which the law divides crime. The digest is compiled from the Tables of Criminal Offenders in England, Wales, and Scotland, and from the most able and most valuable Reports of Mr. Galway and Mr. Corry Connellan, Inspectors-General of Prisons in Ireland:—

COMMITTALS.	ENGLAND AND WALES.		SCOTLAND.		IRELAND.	
	1851.	1850.	1851.	1850.	1851.	1850.
Murder, -	74	52	19	33	118	113
Sodomy, -	70	63*	3	3	None	None
Assault with in- tent to com- mit unnatural crime, }	41	35	2	3	1	None
Rape, -	148	137	19	11	57	53
Assaults and Common As- saults, }	661	607	806	1,000	2,259	3,526
Assaulting Police,	277	218	33	21	61	66
Total 1st Class,	2,218	1,886	981	1,192	2,930	4,202
Total 2nd Class,	2,060	2,014	665	676	2,215	2,224
Total 3rd Class,	21,906	21,253	1,923	2,150	14,029	16,737
Total 4th Class,	305	236	54	49	361	462
Total 5th Class,	808	680	126	170	244	250
Total 6th Class,	663	774†	252	231	4,905	7,451
GRAND TOTAL,	27,960	28,813	4,001	4,468	24,684	31,326
Convictions, -	21,579	20,537	3,070	3,363	14,377	10,307
Acquittals, -	6,359	6,238	233	258	17,108	14,218
Executions, -	10	6	1	2	2	8

* This crime seems increasing; the numbers were, in 1847, 42; 1848, 56; 1849, 54.

† To this class belong perjury and subornation; the numbers were, as shown in the following table:—

CONVICTIONS.	1851.	1850.
England, -	116	57
Ireland, -	42	47
Scotland, -	14	21

In writing of the amount of crime in the nation, and in our cities, it may be well here to state that, by the census of 1851, the population of the three kingdoms is given as follows :—

England and Wales	...	17,922,768
Scotland	...	2,870,784
Ireland	...	6,515,794

In our chief cities, by the same census, the population is stated thus :—

London	...	2,361,640
Dublin	...	254,850
Edinburgh	...	158,015
Glasgow	...	333,657

Having thus far observed on the state of the kingdom at large, and of its moral and social condition, and having included in our observations the great manufacturing cities and towns, and Dublin amongst the others, we now turn to a more particular inquiry into the state of the latter city, and in this we have happily been aided with facts stated to us by a gentleman, whose sources of information are most undoubted and genuine, and whose ability and truth are equalled only by his integrity, usefulness, and experience.

In reference to the Police institutions of the Irish metropolis, and their effect upon society within the scope of their operation, we feel that most important considerations are involved, and that most striking results would arise in a close examination of their nature and working. As to the police force, in point of appearance, they are the finest body of men, not even excepting the grenadier guards, in the British empire ; and as for their discipline, the paucity of complaints against the members of a body upwards of 1,209 in number, and possessing, individually, very extensive authority, is really surprising. The Police Commissioners divide, as far as possible, the discharge of the duties devolving upon them ; and whilst Mr. O'Ferrall devotes his attention to the investigation of reports, the direction of proceedings on complaints, and all other matters suited for the consideration of a man whose previous life was spent in attaining and practising the legal profession, Colonel Browne attends to the organization and discipline of the force, which he has certainly rendered a model for all similar bodies.

There are some erroneous opinions entertained respecting extraordinary inducements existing for constables to convict on any accusations which they prefer. We believe that nothing is more unfounded than the idea that a police constable, in Dublin, is personally interested in any case prosecuted by him. He is, of course, reprehensible for preferring frivolous or vexatious complaints, as he is laudable and likely to be remembered when an opportunity of promotion may offer, for having detected crime and rendered its perpetrators amenable; but nothing can be more absurd than the notion that a certain number of car fines, or publicans' penalties, or dirty footway cases, or gratings out of repair, or defective house spouts, or boys sliding in frosty weather, or drunken and disorderly passengers on his "beat," will suffice to make a constable a sergeant, or a sergeant an inspector. The habits, character, conduct, integrity, and intelligence of a constable, constitute his chance of promotion; and the citizens of Dublin are, perhaps, not aware that in the police force of their city the highest interest, or official influence, would not suffice to obtain admission or promotion for a candidate who had a better man for his competitor. In the year 1844, the writer of these pages recommended two men for admission, they had unexceptionable characters, were tolerably educated, and their persons were of powerful make and fine proportion. Two other candidates produced the personal request of a noble earl who was then on a visit with the Viceroy, but although a very close scrutiny was required to determine the choice, the nobleman's candidates were rejected and the others received, and the only explanation given for the preference was simply this—"We take the best value we can get for our money." There is another excellent point to be remarked in our metropolitan force, it is almost inaccessible to corruption or venality. The strict surveillance maintained through the various ranks of the service, prevents any connivance at the impunity of guilt; and the acceptance of reward for exertion, however effective, without the permission of the Commissioners, subjects the recipient to certain dismissal. An application for leave to present a man with a gratuity is seldom refused, and when a reward is permitted to be received, it is openly notified in orders, and thus operates, not only to the gratification of the deserving individual, but to the incitement of his comrades to use their best exertions in similar circumstances. We do not assume to be the censors

of other police establishments, but we know certain localities amongst our trans-channelite friends where, if the reader should ever require the assistance of the guardians of the public peace, we would strongly urge him to have money in his pocket before he makes his application, and to have less when his application is made.

The Dublin police owes much of its efficiency to the total absence of all religious or political preferences. In it, a very close watch is kept upon the performance of duty, but no inquiry is made as to the religious opinions of any member of the force. Controversial or political conversations are prohibited amongst them, and, consequently, there is peace, good feeling, mutual reliance, and, probably, not the less real religion.

In treating of the executive branch of the force, truth compels us to advance the opinion, that except in the very essential requisite of contributing to its support through the medium of the tax collector, the public do nothing to promote or maintain its character or efficiency. We have lately heard a divisional magistrate, who has had upwards of twelve years official experience of both public and police, declare that he has frequently been disgusted at the conduct of persons occupying respectable positions in society when complaints instituted by constables were under investigation. He stated that amongst some thousands of cases he had experience only of *two* instances in which the testimony of a police constable was deliberately false. One was the case of a young man, a respectable trader, who, intending to visit the theatre, was importuned by his sister to allow her to accompany him; he evaded compliance, but she watched him closely, and as he left the house, she ran into the street after him, and catching him by the arm, insisted on being taken to the play. At the moment a constable came up and took her into custody; the brother remonstrated, perhaps resisted, and was himself apprehended. The young and respectable female was charged at the station-house as "a disorderly prostitute," and her brother was charged with "disorderly conduct and attempting to rescue the prisoner, &c." On the hearing, the magistrate dismissed the constable's complaint, and desired the aggrieved parties to lodge informations for the gross assault committed on them, the impropriety of the constable's conduct being aggravated by his persisting in swearing to a charge which was totally disproved by most respectable witnesses. The young man and his sister refused to

comply with the magistrate's advice, *even for the purpose of a summary conviction*, and all that remained was to dismiss the constable from a force to which he was a disgrace. But, in a few days, the injured parties waited on the justice for the purpose of imploring his interference to procure the pardon of the constable, and they presented a memorial to the Commissioners, praying that the man who had acted so scandalously "should not be deprived of his bread." The memorial had no effect. The other case was the apprehension of a respectable citizen's wife at her husband's door, where she was standing whilst her husband was speaking to her brother on the other side of the street, where the brother resided. The charge described the woman as "a prostitute loitering on a thoroughfare for the purpose of prostitution;" but nothing could induce the parties to prosecute the constable, and the husband argued gravely, "that when *they* forgave the policeman, it was very unjust in his superiors to dismiss him." Upon these cases we must remark, that it is rather unreasonable in the public to expect perfection amongst a body of men, whose transgressions they refuse to aid in punishing, and for whose offences they seek forgiveness.

In treating, however superficially, of a police force, we cannot omit alluding to the prejudice so strong for a time, and still existing to some extent, against the employment of a "detective division." There are many who insist that a constable should adopt no disguise, but that in the uniform of the force to which he belongs he should perambulate the streets, suppress disorders, apprehend offenders, and when directed to execute warrants, he should go in search of the culprit openly and avowedly. To such we would suggest, that if in the organization of a police there is anything unconstitutional, it is rather to be found in the adoption of an uniform than in the attire of "plain clothes." The old common-law constable had no uniform; he went, and came, and mixed amongst other men, without a number on his collar or a crown on his buttons, and still his office and its functions were not denounced as unconstitutional. A policeman in uniform may patrol our streets, suppress riots, restrain indecency, and apprehend the pickpocket or drunkard; but it is not by such that the progress of the swindler is to be traced and stopped, the haunts of the burglar ascertained, or that the minute circumstances, trifling to the casual observer, but amounting, in the aggregate, to perfect conviction, are to be

discovered and concatenated to establish the fearful guilt of the murderer.

The editor of *Household Words* has occasionally given to his readers a few pages of the reminiscences of leading members of the English metropolitan detectives; and although the details of the cases are not in general so complicated amongst the Irish members of the "Catch Club," yet instances are not wanting of the quickest perception being evinced. Several years have elapsed since a clergyman was murdered near Bandon, on the high road, and in the open day. No clue was obtained to fix the guilt of his assassination on its perpetrators; but a soldier in a regiment quartered at Fredericton, New Brunswick, stated to his officer that he had been concerned in the crime, and he named two others as his accomplices: the man was sent home, and was brought before a divisional justice for examination. One of the Dublin detectives mentioned to the justice that he had been, at the period of the murder, orderly to the constabulary officer at Bandon, that he had been at the scene of the offence very soon after its commission, and that he wished to be present at the examination of the prisoner. This was acceded to, and the self-accusing caitiff detailed that on the day and at the hour when the man was murdered, he and the two men whom he named, met the unfortunate gentleman on his way home, that one of them seized his horse, and the other shot him with a blunderbuss; that they immediately fled, and he made a statement of where and how they spent the remainder of the day. The detective, through the magistrate, asked him, which of you backed the horse into the grip and overturned the gig? to which the reply was, I did. He then asked, which of you cut the traces? The response was, L—— did. He proceeded, which of you struck the poor woman who saw the murder, for screaming? He was answered, P—— did. The detective then said to the magistrate, that the fellow was telling a tissue of falsehoods, for the horse had not been backed into the grip, and the vehicle was not a gig but an outside jaunting-car; that the traces were not cut, neither was any woman near the place assaulted by the murderers. Subsequent inquiries established the fact, that one of the persons accused in the fellow's confession was, at the period of the murder, apprentice to a cabinet-maker in Cork, a reference to whose books showed that he had been on his concerns all that day, and it appeared that the statement was made for the mere

purpose of its fabricator being sent home from service in a regiment with which he was discontented.

The residence of the universally lamented Dr. Graves in Merrion-square, was robbed five or six years ago by the thief's entering the front drawing-room windows, which had been left unfastened. The balcony did not appear accessible by ordinary means, but was easily attained from that of the adjoining house. A detective at once perceived the traces left by a soiled foot in climbing by the pillars of the hall door next to Dr. Graves's; he then walked over to the rails of the square, and found marks where some person had recently crossed; amongst the bushes there were a few heaps of twigs, the parings or prunings of the shrubs; and beneath one of these he discovered an excavation or *cache*, in which was a quantity of the stolen property. At night he lay down at a little distance from the place, and was not long there when a person approached and proceeded to take up the articles, and whilst the robber was encumbered with his load, he was readily captured, subsequently convicted, and transported. His name, if we recollect rightly, was Cuddy, and he was, let us hope, the last of the regular, professional, Dublin burglars.

A most extraordinary class of miscreants has been almost entirely banished from Dublin by the sole agency of the detective division. A few years ago it was discovered that a nest of impostors had located themselves in Bridgefoot-street, and that the members of this nefarious association were levying contributions on the many thousands in whose disposition charity and credulity were united. Forty-one of them were arrested and committed for trial on charges of "conspiring to defraud, obtaining money under false pretences, and forgery at common law." They were, however, consigned to Newgate, exactly at the time when the State prosecutions against O'Connell had been commenced, and it was the received opinion in police quarters that they owed their escape—for they were not prosecuted—to a feeling on the part of the Attorney-General of that period, that all his attention was demanded in bringing down the eagle, and that none of his energies could be spared to scatter a flock of kites. But they were not relinquished by the detectives, and were brought in detail under the castigation of the law, until the confederacy was broken up. Their system consisted in writing begging letters and petitions, termed in their slang, "*Slums*," to all whom they considered likely to yield the

slightest attention to their requests. One represented that she was a clergyman's widow, with four or five female children, the eldest only eleven years of age; that her pious, exemplary, and most affectionate partner had died of malignant fever, contracted whilst whispering the words of Christian consolation to the departing sinner, and imparting the joyful assurance that the life flickering away, the socket glimmer of a mere earthly light, would be rekindled in a lamp of everlasting duration and unvarying brilliancy. That resigned to her suffering, and adoring the hand from which she had experienced chastening, she was not forbidden to hope that the blessed spirit of charity would be manifested in her relief, and in shielding her helpless, artless babes from the privations of distress in their infancy, and from the still more fearful danger of being, in advanced youth, exposed to the snares of sin and its depraving consequences. A contribution, however small, addressed to Mrs. —, at No. —, Bridgefoot-street, Dublin, would, it was respectfully hoped, be accorded by Lord — or Mr. or Mrs. —, whose well known, though unostentatious benevolence, must plead the poor widow's apology for such an intrusion. Another was an unfortunate man, who for many years had earned a respectable livelihood as a commercial agent, and supported a numerous and interesting family by his industry and intelligence, but having unfortunately been in the county of Tipperary, when a contested election was in progress, he unguardedly expressed a wish for the success of the Conservative candidate, and although not a voter, he was set upon by a horde of savage ruffians, and beaten so as to produce paralysis of his lower extremities, and that now nothing remained for him but to entreat the humane commiseration of one who could not, if the public testimony of his, or her generous disposition, was to be credited, refuse to sympathize with a parent whose helplessness compelled him to witness, with unavailing anguish, the poignant miseries of the offspring he had hoped, by his honest exertions, to have maintained and reared, without submitting to the galling necessity of soliciting that aid which nothing, but the most absolute destitution, could reconcile him to implore. A *military lady* announced herself as the widow of color-sergeant Robert —, who having served faithfully for twenty-seven years in India, had been severely wounded in a decisive battle in Nepaul, and when invalided and pensioned, was unfortunately drowned at Blackwall, in

consequence of the boat which was conveying him ashore, being run down by a Thames steamer. That she and her eight poor orphans had no resource on reaching her native city, where she found that all her relatives had died or emigrated, and where she was friendless and alone, but to throw herself upon the charitable feelings of one whose character emboldened her to hope that the humble appeal of the soldier's widow, for herself and her poor orphans, would not be unavailing. These and a thousand other *Slums* were manufactured in Bridgefoot-street, *alias* Dirty-lane, not an unsuitable name for the locale of such proceedings, and they were invariably accompanied by lists of subscriptions, and magisterial or municipal attestations, admirably got up in the first style of forgery. It must be mentioned, that one scoundrel represented himself to be the son of a gentleman in the south of Ireland, of an old family, and of the pristine faith; that he had been educated at Louvain, had an ardent wish to become a Catholic clergyman, that one of the most distinguished dignitaries of that church was inclined to ordain him, but that his father had died in debt, without leaving him the means of providing even the very humble outfit for such a vocation. One of his missives produced the effect of relieving the lady of a civic functionary of five pounds sterling, which the excellent and worthy matron piously suggested might be useful in providing the embryo priest *with vestments*.

This confederacy was not confined to Dublin. Its branches extended through Leinster, Connaught, Munster, and in almost every important town in England its connections were established. It is, however, very curious that the Scots and our Northern countrymen were left comparatively free of its attacks. Why? Is it because the rascally crew conceived the natives of Scotland and Ulster more cautious or less benevolent than their respective Southern neighbours? The reader may judge for himself; but swindlers are not, in general, very wrong in their estimate of character or disposition.

The head quarters of the society were in an obscure country town in a central county of Ireland, and there the *matériel* of the association was seized, according to our information, about the end of 1843 or beginning of 1844. We may close our notice of this respectable body by stating, that there was found at the source of their system, a chest of very elegant manufacture, and containing, in compartments admirably executed,

counterfeits of the public seals of Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Sligo, Drogheda, Dublin, Liverpool, Bristol, Southampton, Hamburg, Havre, and New York. These were used to seal forged certificates and attestations, which were transmitted for use to more populous places; but the seals were cunningly kept in a remote, and, for a long time, an unsuspected locality.

We now turn to the police courts, in which the magisterial business of the city of Dublin, and of the most important portion of its suburbs, is discharged by seven divisional justices. To the persons acquainted with this city, it cannot but appear extraordinary that the police offices are so close together; each of them is almost on the edge of the division to which it belongs; a quick walker could pass the three in about five minutes, and as the public do not declare that they are inconvenient, it is a fair supposition that the entire business might be consolidated into one building in which two magistrates, sitting in separate courts, could, between nine in the morning and four in the afternoon, dispose of the criminal charges and civil complaints. At present the labor, although in the aggregate by no means light, is extremely unequal in its pressure. A review in the Park fills Capel-street court with cases of detected pickpockets, disorderly drunkards, furious drivers, toss players, and thimble-riggers, whilst, perhaps, the other offices are empty. Donnybrook fills the south side with cases, whilst it depletes the blackguardism of the northern division. One police court, with two chambers, would suffice to do the business, and prevent its uneven pressure. A consolidation would also effect the advantageous result of inducing a greater uniformity of decision, and in imparting increased facilities of attendance to respectable legal practitioners.

The present police code of Dublin consists of nine or ten statutes, expressly framed for the regulation of the district; and it is favored with occasional scraps of legislation from other acts. Until the 5th Vic., sess. 2, c. 24, passed, the police institutions of Dublin were principally regulated by the 48th George III. c. 140, which passed on the 30th June, 1808. It consists of 128 sections; and when we consider the state of society here forty-five years ago, and the various requirements existing now, which were unheard, nay undreamed of then, this statute appears to indicate very peculiar power of arrangement;

and it is remarkable for a plain, simple mode of expression, which the bungling attempts of subsequent legislators to amend and explain it, have not sufficed entirely to obscure and mystify. The greater portion of it has been repealed, but such parts as still remain are clear, distinct, and intelligible. It is understood to have been concocted, and some sections are believed to have been drawn by ARTHUR WELLESLEY, who filled the office of Irish secretary from 1807 until 1809. He was a man capable of drawing either a parliamentary enactment or a sword with some effect. Through the entire of this old act the closest knowledge of the city and of the habits of its people is manifested. It forms a strong contrast to the 5th Vic., in which ignorance, or laziness, or perhaps a combination of both, produced the insertion of a section giving jurisdiction to the divisional justices over the disputes and differences arising between the *watermen, coal-whippers, &c.*, in or upon *the River Liffey*. It would have been an additional improvement if the framer of the latter enactment, when he imagined the existence of watermen and coal-whippers in Dublin, had stretched his fancy to the creation of a fishery upon the Poddle, and had provided for its encouragement and protection.

In the police courts, the good and bad points of the people of this city very prominently appear. It is worthy of remark, that only *one* committal for a capital crime has been signed by any Dublin police magistrate now living. The offence of burglary is of very rare occurrence. Shoplifting genteely restricts itself to the better classes, and is very unfrequent, when the opportunities for its indulgence are taken into account. Petty larceny is almost entirely in the hands of juvenile practitioners, who are very expert in this pursuit, and who ought to be proficient, as *they have been taught nothing else*. There is nothing more deplorable than the state of the boy robbers of Dublin—most of them without parents, friends, or habitation; the children of strangers who have died or deserted them, they have no claim for admission into our workhouses, and no means of subsistence except by thievery and earning imprisonment. Many of them are in a state of loathsome disease, and they look forward to transportation as their ultimate destiny, without much dread, for they have no ties to bind them to society, or to make their severance from their native land painful. They are singularly communicative, and frequently has the writer of this page observed the young eye glisten with

resuscitated hope, at any suggestion which offered a chance of escape from a life of crime to an existence even of privation. One of this class was lately brought before a police magistrate, charged with thieving, and he acknowledged the offence at once; he stated that he was a native of Limerick, that his mother was dead, and his father had gone to England about four years ago, and had not been heard of since; that he had walked to Dublin, and since his arrival, had lain in halls and dairy-yards at night, and had stolen whatever he could pilfer by day. He said "it would be a *murther to beat him*, that he was willing to work, and if he was *sent aboard ship*, he would go to any part of the world readily." He was a fine stout made boy, who, with good food, clothing, and instruction, would soon pull a rope or handle a capstan bar well; but although we are told that the navy is short of hands, that poor boy is feeding at the public expense in a prison, *but he was not flogged*. It is horrible to think that in a Christian country there should be hundreds of children of both sexes left unreclaimed and uninstructed. Knowing the law, not in its protective influences, but in its punishments, they are living nuisances on our streets, and are reared by us to be adult miscreants, we repeat, reared, for they are supported by the public; to-day, upon the proceeds of an individual's rifled pocket—to-morrow, lodged and fed in a prison, where their criminal education is perfected by their depraved associations.

In listening to the summonses of a police court, we cannot fail to remark upon the mild and forgiving tendencies of the men, and the vindictive rancour of the women, of Dublin. The man claims the protection of the law; "he has no wish to injure the party he complains of, but he wants him bound to the peace, just to keep him quiet." The woman wants "the coorse of the law," and to have her adversary "chastised, and kept from killing the whole world, like a murderin' vagabone as she is; it's no use in talkin', but the street will never be quiet until she gets *some little confinement* just to *larn* her manners." Summonses for abusive language, or, as the fair complainants term it, "street scandal," are, perhaps, the most numerous cases as a class; and on the hearing of them, there is generally elicited an amount of vituperation beyond anything that Billingsgate could attempt to supply. In every case a total absence of chastity is imputed, as a matter of course; and if a foreigner would only believe both sides of a police summons book, he

would be forced to the conclusion, that chastity was a rare virtue amongst the lower order of Dublin females. Yet the contrary is the fact; furious in their resentments, uncontrollable in their invectives, and inveterately addicted to assassination of reputation, they are, in general, extremely chaste, and attest the value they attach to female virtue by invariably imputing its absence to their opponents. Sometimes, indeed, a novel term of reproach arouses volcanic fury, and an eruption of indignation is excited by the most extraordinary and unmeaning epithet. A late instance occurred of a fish-vender from Patrick-street roaring to the magistrate, that if her enemy was not punished, her life, and her child's life (for she was *enciente*). would be lost. But what did she say? was the query. "What did she say! yer worship, what did she say! Why she come down *forenenst the whole world at the corner of Plunket-street*, and called me "a bloody ould excommunicated gasometer." We may mention, that as female invective generally ascribes incontinency to its opponent, so the male scolds, happily not very numerous, have their favorite term of reproach, and when they wish to destroy a man's reputation, they designate him a thief? no, a robber? no, a murderer? no, they satiate all their malignity in calling him "an informer."

A late statute, which has enabled justices of peace to determine ejectments of tenements in cities and market towns, held at a rent not exceeding £1 per month, has produced a satisfactory alteration in the relation of landlord and tenant in the poorer portions of this city. Formerly, a regular notice to quit and a civil bill ejectment were requisite, and the landlords considered that process too tardy to get rid of an over-holding room-keeper. They accordingly ordered the defaulter out, and in case of refusal, war was declared. The door was sometimes torn off its hinges, the window sashes removed, and the grate taken away, the chimney was stopped above. If the landlord had possession of the room beneath, he broke upwards, and smoked the tenant out. If he had command of the room above, he raised the flooring, and deluged the luckless defaulter with water, not of the cleanest description: however, a few heavy fines checked this practice, and a total stop was put to it by the summary power of ejectment, on a magistrate's order. This law has been of great benefit to landlord and tenant in the poorer localities. A man can now obtain a lodging with greater facility, as his landlord knows he may easily dispossess him in case of

non-payment of the rent ; and the landlord lets his tenements at more moderate rents, as he has not the same risk as formerly, of having his premises unproductive until the execution of a civil bill decree.

We cannot avoid, when treating of police, to mention a body of men who are taxed very highly in Dublin, and are peculiarly under the control of the police authorities, we allude to the pawnbrokers, and we introduce them more readily to our readers' notice, because we believe they will bear a most favorable comparison with the members of the same trade in any other part of the empire. With many facilities, and still more numerous inducements, to shelter and screen depredators, they have long maintained a high reputation for strict integrity, and have manifested, almost invariably, the utmost readiness to assist in the detection of crime, and the repression of dishonesty. Within the last twenty years there was but one person in the pawnbroking trade who was supposed to be the willing recipient of stolen property, and he is not now in business. The pawnbrokers have, however, occasionally suffered from fraud or rapine ; and in such cases, we regret to say, they have not met with more public sympathy than is expressed in a laugh at "my uncle." About four years ago some ingenious rogues cut out portions of tea and coffee pots, sugar bowls, ladles, &c., made of copper or Britannia metal, and grafted into the excised spaces pieces of silver taken out of articles of smaller size, and on which the genuine "hall marks" were impressed. These vessels were then subjected to the electro-plating process, and when well silvered, were pawned in various offices as real plate. In several instances the depositors brought them with the appearance of having been recently cleaned, and with some of the reddish "plate powder" still in the crevices and chasing of the articles. Upon such there was a sum of about £1,100 levied. It is needless to say that the pledges were never released, and that the lenders had not sixpence to the pound of real value for their advances. They are also occasionally deceived by borrowers who bring bundles of clothes to pawn, and regularly release them at a week's interval. At last the pawnbroker takes the bundle, pays the required and usual loan, and without examining it, throws it on his shelf. This continues for a week or two longer, and at last the bundle remains without redemption. Then "my uncle" finds that he has a bundle of rags,

or a piece of old carpet, instead of "the blue frock coat," or "the olive cloth cloak," upon which he *thought* his money was advanced. Latterly, however, the perpetration of this fraud has been very rare, the lenders are more "wide awake," and are seldom "done twice."

Let us now turn to that extraordinary body peculiar to Dublin—peculiar in their slovenliness, their wit, their *sobriety*, their conversational powers, and quickness of repartee, their *honesty*, their union without combination, and their hatred of law—the carmen of the Irish metropolis. There is no subject, connected with the police of the city, more curious than the efforts heretofore vainly made to civilize this class of persons. They recoil from all authority, and are deaf to all advice. Their good qualities are their own, for they would not acquire them from any precept, or adopt them through any compulsion. They have a defence, satisfactory to their own minds, for every accusation, and an objection, quite valid in their own opinions, to every improvement. There is not a police constable employed on carriage duty that would not gladly relinquish it for any other service, however slavish; and no one has attempted to regulate them without being convinced that, at the end of his exertions, he had only "his labor for his pains." The difficulty of managing these men may be gathered from the following instances:—

When a Dublin carman is summoned by a police constable, he almost invariably meets the accusation by a direct contradiction, and generally offers to swear to his statement. If he is called upon to answer for being shabbily dressed, and dirty in his apparel, he buys or borrows a good suit of clothes, shaves, and puts on a clean shirt, and then states boldly to the magistrate that he was just in the same state when "the policeman wrote him," and "that if he's let to the book he'll swear it." If he is summoned for being absent from his beast and vehicle, he insists that he was "holding a lock of hay" to his horse all the time. If the complaint is for furious driving, the defence is set up that "the baste" was dead lame, that it was just after taking up a nail, and was on three legs "when he was wrote." If it is alleged that the horse was in wretched condition, and unfit to ply for public accommodation, he expresses his wonder that any fault should be found with a horse that could "rowl" four to the Curragh and back, without "turning a hair." Whatever statement is made for the

defence, it is one that evinces imaginative power, for the plain, dull truth is never permitted the slightest admixture in the excuse offered; and even when the truth would amount to a defence, it is discarded "upon principle." A fellow waiting at a corn shop for a feed of oats declares that he was only ordering "a mash of bran;" his impression being that the truth is unlucky; besides, he never hears any one else telling truth, and why should he be singular? An old man named Pat Markey, formerly belonging to Baggot-street stand, and now some years dead, made a statement on one occasion utterly at variance with all probability, and directly opposed to the evidence adduced against him; however, upon the prosecutor's own showing, the case was dismissed, as the charge was not legally sustained. Pat was then asked why he did not tell the truth, as it would have been better for him, upon which he exclaimed—"Musha, cock him up with the truth! that's more than ever I towld a magistrate yit." A Dublin carman never mentions the offence for which he is punished; he always substitutes for it the inducement which caused him to commit the fault. A fellow goes into a tobacconist's, and while he is making his purchase, his horse moves on, and is stopped by a constable, who summons the driver. A fine is imposed, and if the mulcted party is afterwards asked what it was for, his reply is, "for taking a blast of the pipe." Another, on a Saturday evening, leaves his horse and car to mind themselves, and betakes himself to a barber's shop to have the week's growth taken off his chin, and when punished for being absent from his vehicle, he tells his friends that the "polis wrote him" for getting himself shaved. And on Sunday morning, if a devotional feeling prompts him to get "a mouthful of prayers," whilst his beast is left, without any control, upon the public street, he expresses his indignation at a consequent fine "for going to Mass," with, perhaps, the remark, that when such things can be done, there is very little use in having a Catholic Commissioner.

It is perfectly impossible to adapt the existing law, or perhaps any other, effectually to compel the Dublin carmen to keep themselves in a cleanly, respectable attire, or their vehicles in proper order. When summoned, and fined, their comments evince the inutility of the punishment. The magistrate enunciates, "Your car has been proved to be in a most disgraceful state, and I shall fine you ten shillings." The car-

man replies, "I thank yer worship, shure that fine will *help me to mend it.*" The magistrate changes his tone with the next, and tells him he will suspend his license for a month; but this only elicits a request for an order to admit the man and his family into the poor-house during the suspension. If a complaint is preferred (a very rare occurrence), by a private individual for having an ineffective or dangerous vehicle, the defendant insists that the gentleman should not be so hard upon a poor man, and asks what good it will do the complainant to ruin him? But these complaints are generally disposed of previous to the hearing; the delinquent sends his wife to the complainant's residence, or sometimes borrows a wife, if he has not one of his own, to beg him off, and the importunity of the female mollifies the anger of the injured or insulted party. She besets the door, and applies to all who enter or depart, "to save her an' her childher from the waves of the world," that the magistrate is a "rale Turk," and if her poor man is brought before him, he'll be destroyed "out of a face." Such complaints are generally dismissed for the non-appearance of the prosecutor; but sometimes the fellow who has been "begged off" appears, states that he is ready to answer any complaint, and insists on the hardship to which he is subjected in attending a summons to which the plaintiff does not appear. This almost always produces an award of costs against the forgiving party, who, for ten or twelve shillings, which he is obliged to pay in default of prosecuting an ill-conducted carman, acquires nothing but the wholesome lesson not to summon a Dublin driver without appearing to prosecute. But occasionally a gentleman attends, relates the gross treatment he has experienced, protests that such conduct should not be tolerated, and then expresses his wish that the fellow should be reprimanded *severely*, but not fined or imprisoned. The comments of the other carmen on such a case generally amount to such observations as "Well, Jem, we may do what we like with that chap from this out, for as he forgave Peter for this 'little business,' *that magistrate* 'ill lean light upon any one he brings here for any case." Not long ago a Mr. C—— preferred a complaint for most outrageous insolence and actual violence, against a driver, who was informed by the magistrate, that as soon as Mr. C—— lodged an information, he (the delinquent) would be committed for two months with hard labor. Mr. C—— immediately declared that he would not consent to send the unfortunate

man to gaol, but that he wished him to be "bound to keep the peace." To this the magistrate acceded, and filled the condition of the recognizance with his own hand, binding the fellow to keep the peace to all her Majesty's subjects, *except Mr. C——*.

The late Major Sirr was peculiarly obnoxious to the Dublin carmen, and yet he was not a severe judge of their delinquencies; for, he dismissed nearly half the complaints preferred before him, and the average of his fines was three shillings and sixpence; still they hated the "Major;" and although he preached to them very many sermons in the Carriage-court, and occasionally sought to impart Scriptural truths to their minds, the benighted carmen detested the magisterial apostle; and, as one of them said, "If he showed them the road to heaven, and gave them liberty to drive it, d—l a many would go, even *there*, at *his biddin'*." At last the "Major" died; his illness was very short, and his indisposition commenced in a covered car; he drove home and never rallied, but sank in a few hours. The story went abroad that he actually died in a covered car, and his successors were, for some months, treated occasionally to the hearing of summonses preferred by covered car-drivers against the outsiders for taking their fair turns, and defrauding them of their jobs. It was, and is, very unusual for carmen to summon members of their own body; but in the cases to which we refer there was a peculiar grossness of offence. "Yer worship," the plaintiff would exclaim, "I would not mind him *stumping me*, but he roared out to the people that were takin' me, that 'that was the very car the owld Major died in,' and, yer worship, I could'nt forgive *that*."

The Dublin carmen are an extremely sober class. We refer to the personal experience of our Dublin readers for the truth of the assertion, that a drunken driver is indeed a *rara avis* here. London, in each year, affords upwards of five hundred complaints, in which the intoxication of the driver forms part of the alleged offence. In the entire of the last twelve years there have not been half that number in the Irish metropolitan district. They are also very honest towards the public, as the quantity of property restored by them to the owners, when forgotten in their vehicles, very strongly attests; and although they are rather fond of getting more than their fare, they become the dupes and victims of dishonest and tricky employers, and, to use their own term, are "sconced" much more

frequently than is generally supposed. The Four Courts constitute the frequent scene of such rascality. There is seldom a day in Term that some poor carman is not left "without his costs" by a plausible fellow, who alights at one door, and passing through the hall, goes out at another, leaving the driver, whom he assured that "he would be back in a minute," to find that he had been driving, for perhaps an hour or two previously, a heartless blackguard, who desired no better fun than "sconcing" him.

Two young men, brothers, residing in a street adjoining Stephen's-green, were invited to an early evening party at Summer-hill; they disputed as to who should pay for a car, and at last one of them said he would take a covered car without any payment. Accordingly, having walked to the nearest "hazard," they got in, and when seated, the gentleman who was averse to paying, directed the driver to proceed "to Santry." "Santry!" exclaimed the astonished jarvey; "is it joking you are? D—l an inch I'll go to Santry to-night. Get out of my car if you plaze, the baste is tired, and I won't go." "My good fellow," was the answer, "I shall not get out, and you may as well get on at once." "By Gorra, if you don't get out, I'll pull you out," said the carman. "If you lay a finger on me," answered the occupant, "I will resist you as well as I can, and I shall prosecute you for an assault." It was a bad business. The carman changed his tactics. "Why, yer honor," he mildly urged, "it is an unreasonableness thing to ax a man to go to such a place even in the day time, for there's nothin but murder and robbery on that bloody road, an' if I *do* go we'll be all kilt, an you'll be robbed into the bargain; shure ye haven't right sinse to think of such a jaunt." "My friend," said the fare, "there may be something in what you say, but I shall call at a house on Summer-hill and get firearms for myself and my companion, and with two case of pistols I fear no robbers." The carman grumbled, but he had a sturdy customer, and he mounted his seat and drove on. When they came to Summer-hill he was desired to pull up, and the two sparks alighted, assuring him that they would immediately procure the arms and resume their journey. As soon as they were inside the hall-door the jarvey plied his whip, and rattled off as fast as he could, congratulating himself that he had escaped a drive to Santry, and leaving the two scamps to enjoy

the joke of having had a gratuitous jaunt from Stephen's-green to Summer-hill.

A carman is the greatest hyperbolist in existence. The Spaniard, who described the rain as so heavy that "it wet him to the marrow," was not so poetical or forcible in his exaggeration as are some of our jarveys. When a gentleman complained of the choking dust of the Rock road, and declared that he did not think it possible for a road to be so dusty, his driver remarked—"It's thrue for yer honor; but this road bates all others for dust, for, *by all accounts, there was dust on this road the day afther Noah's flood.*" A lady who resided at Castleknock was wont to give a carman who lived in her neighbourhood a glass of grog, along with his fare, at the conclusion of his engagement. However, she became too sparing of the spirits, or too generous of the water; but the grog eventually became so weak, that its recipient criticized it, of course with an oath, by asserting, that "if you threw a naggin of whiskey over Essex-bridge you might take up as strong grog at the Light-house."

When we commenced these remarks, it was our intention to have laid before our readers some statistical information, which our limits, we now find, will not admit, and which we postpone with the less regret, because it can appear more distinctly in a future number. Important changes have been effected by the operation of the powers confided to the Corporation, in reference to lodging-houses, night cellars, and sanitary regulations. At present our readers must be satisfied with the assurance of our belief that these powers are wisely and efficiently exercised, and that, although the police is totally apart from corporate control, there is the fullest confidence between the police and corporate authorities. We have also reason to believe, that the time is near at hand when measures of practical improvement will be adopted in reference to houses of public entertainment, and that a stringency of regulation alike inconvenient to the public, and injurious to the trader, and indiscriminate in its operation upon the well conducted as well as the disreputable, will be judiciously and generously relaxed. We have no party predilections, and are not disposed to be the adulators of power. There is very little in the past history of our police institutions creditable to the various executive governments, Whig, Tory, Liberal, or

Conservative, by which the local interests of Dublin have been most impartially—neglected. We have strong hopes, however, for the present, and for the future our expectations are derived from the feeling, that the existing members of the Irish executive are “men of business.”

We have already written, at some length, upon the sanitary and crowded state of the poorer portions of the English and Scotch cities. We regret to find that Dublin is not in a condition superior either to Whitechapel or the Rookeries. Through the kindness of the gentleman to whose attention we are indebted for the information upon Dublin, we are enabled to present the following statement of the mode in which the poor are packed in the Liberty, and in its neighbourhood :—

Return of the Sanitary Condition of a few of the Fever Sites of the City of Dublin, 1852.

Districts.	Houses occupied by Room-keepers.	Rooms.	Beds.	Persons.	Privys.
The Coombe -	102	513	784	1890	72
Cole-alley - -	34	177	131 and 273 wads on floor	980	26
Skinner's-alley-	18	77	158	304	14
Pimlico - -	24	110	182	424	16
Thomas-street-	80	491	751	1656	49
Bridgefoot-st.-	28	151	319	658	21
Meath-street -	70	421	641	1599	41
Francis-street-	72	467	777	1626	58
Church-street-	105*	635	872	2435	77

From this it will be seen that we have no reason for self-congratulation upon the sanitary state, however much we may rejoice at the moral and social condition, of Dublin when we compare it with the other great cities of the kingdoms. What all want is care, combined with education. Ragged Schools have been started in Dublin, but we regret that they have been divided into Protestant and Roman Catholic: to

* The greater number of the above are common lodging-houses, taking nightly lodgers, not included in the statement of occupants.

this we do not object, however we may lament it. If the Roman Catholics believe that heresy and unbelief are clothed in tatters, if Protestants consider that idolatry and superstition can be inhaled from rags, each section of religionists is right. It is better teach them anything, and teach it practically, so Christ be its foundation, than send them adrift with parrot piety and vague ideas of religion, producing such effects as we find to spring from the Sunday Schools of England. That there are great difficulties in the path of education in Ireland we admit. One set of men say you must teach the whole Bible without note or comment, another set contend—You shall only teach such portions of the Bible, or of its history, as we approve, and thus, so far as in them lies, those who will not join the National Board, do an injury to the country, and retard its political well-being and its social advancement. The ultras on each side, the Cullens and Dalys, make a peculiar Christianity a vantage ground, and may battle for its particular possession; but we contend that until this country shall have become totally Protestant or entirely Roman Catholic, he who maligns, or, we may say, will not support the Board of National Education, is no friend to the interests of Ireland. What our position is now, all men know; what the difficulties were in the way of even our present advancement have been most truly shown, particularly as regards Ireland, by that very early friend of National Education, Thomas Wyse:—

“England never thoroughly subdued Ireland, and had the folly always to war against her. She contented herself with merely *garrisoning*, when she should have *incorporated* her. This, perhaps, was impracticable so long as she had a separate parliament: a separate parliament constitutes a distinct ‘*corps de nation*’; the patriotism of such a country must necessarily consist in maintaining this separation and distinction. England governed her, therefore, not in the sense of an integral portion of the empire, but as a dangerous rival; finding amalgamation impossible, she resorted as her only security to division. She set up an opposing creed, an opposing property, an opposing code, all English; and made the rich the exclusive enjoyers and guardians of all. No wonder, then, the functionary was hated with the same hatred as the system; that the aristocracy was confounded with the hereditary enemies of the country. A sullen servile war, at various intervals, and under various designations, was waged against a body which was likened far more to a hostile nation camping ‘*in transitu*,’ than an integral portion of the same political and social system. The aristocracy on their side were not less hostile than the people. They hated and despised; but it was not the scorn of real superiority, it was the spurious

pride of sect and party. Here was no clanship; the country was divided between the descendants of the invaders and invaded: here was no transfusion from the lower classes into the higher; aristocracy was religious caste not to be polluted by the admission of the Catholic Paria. It will easily be conceived that such a state of things must necessarily have been prodigal of all sorts of social discords and disasters; such an aristocracy must have been stained with much ignorance and many vices; oppression debases as much as slavery. Of what use was superior knowledge, when superior force was always ready? Who dared to require instruction from a master? The indolent squire, succeeding to the extensive domains of his father, could not be more indifferent to all means of acquiring personal respect than the great majority of this class, heirs to the monopoly of their ancestors, were to the esteem or attachment of the nation. One set of ideas was studiously inculcated,—the inherent, incontrovertible superiority of the favoured class. Every term used in England to designate common rights and common interests was indeed retained. Men talked of country, religion, property, constitution, &c. &c., but their country was faction; their religion, anti-catholicism; their property, many offices and few candidates; their constitution, despotism. Senate, privy-council, bar, corporation, magistracy (to say nothing of the Church, their especial pasture), were all and each, their private hereditaments. They held both the legislation and government of the country, as if by patent. From such assumptions soon flowed innumerable other errors and oppressions. Prejudices the most gross, refuted by the experience of every other nation, were taught as undeniable truths; passions the most selfish were encouraged, under the name of patriotism; sectarianism, bitter and blind, in direct contradiction to the wisdom and mercy of the Gospel, was preached as the reformed Christianity of the country. Nor was this a condition of society arising out of some temporary derangement of the political system. It was the political system itself, not merely the practice, but the doctrine, to which every act and thought of the performers, from infancy to old age, was directed. The legislature and the government took the utmost pains to train up the aristocracy to these perversities. In return, the aristocracy, so trained, poured in new absurdities and corruptions into the legislature and executive. A detestable reciprocation of vice and ignorance was established. Barriers, almost insurmountable, were raised to the progress of all moral and intellectual enlightenment. The events of the last ten years have, indeed, corrected many of these vices; whatever may be the wish, the power to oppress is in all instances shortened, in some entirely taken away. The letting in of the great body of the nation into their old inheritance has broken up the monopoly; the infusion of a popular spirit has for ever scattered the exclusive pretensions of sect and caste. The first great act of national incorporation has taken place; not merely of Ireland with England, but of every class of Irishmen with each other. Catholic Emancipation was the first decided departure from the old system of ruling by sections, and encouraging by preferences. It has not only checked

existing abuse, but has rendered a *long series of reforms indispensable*. The harmony in wrong is destroyed; a new organization, more consonant to the real rights and true interests of all, has become inevitable. But it must not, therefore, be supposed that none of the old corruptions remain. The legislature and government have begun to do their duty; they have led the country into a new path, but the old impulses are still felt; the course for some time longer must necessarily be in a diagonal. Reformers have unfortunately to do with grown-up men; men who have contracted under another system habits conformable only to that system. It is long before these habits can be superseded, or that another generation can arise with new. The political sanction and encouragement may be withdrawn by a law, but the political education and its effects cannot be so easily eradicated. The actual aristocracy of Ireland, it must be remembered, are not only pupils of the old anti-national regime, but, as a necessary consequence of such training, are anxious, in despite of all changes which have since intervened, to impart the same to their children. This may be a great folly, and a great crime: incapacitating for the new duties and functions to which under this altered state of society their children may be called, and perpetuating, by the maintenance of the old prejudices, the old distrusts and animosities; but it is not less the usual accompaniment of all changes. It ought not to discourage. Its worst aspect has its consolation. The obstacles which at present are opposed to Education, it clearly demonstrates, must arise only from *misgovernment and mis-education*. The first of these causes is wearing away; the second must soon follow. So far, from considering, then, their existence as an argument for deferring Education-Reform, amongst the Upper classes, it is precisely because they do exist, that it ought not one instant to be deferred. Good government cannot possibly work without well-educated governors; there is no motive for bad education, if bad government be expelled. The factitious support is, in great degree, taken away; with the unassisted force of the bad habits it produced, we have now only to contend. But to vanquish such—to diminish their resistance to education—there is no better expedient than education itself. Its diffusion may be difficult, but it is essential. The country cannot be allowed to remain disorganised in all its ranks. The evils of the existing ignorance and perversion are of too enormous a magnitude to be any longer tolerated, without the greatest peril, even to the *Upper class itself*.*

* It is to be regretted, that some Irish member does not devote his attention, as Mr. Wyse used, to small Irish questions as well as large: however, we observe that Mr. Cogan, the parliamentary representative of Kildare, has given notice that he will move the extension of the Marriage Registration Act of England to Ireland. Would it not be well that an incorporated general registry of births, marriages, and deaths, should be secured by legal enactment? The Wesleyan and Presbyterian clergy are not required to keep a register; the Roman Catholic Pastors, by a decree of the 24 Session of the Council of Trent, are bound to do so; but we know not if the decree is in the county districts rigidly complied with; but all births, marriages, and deaths, should be enrolled in a proper office. We know of one town in which the Roman Catholic

Satisfactory, in many points, as our statement of the condition

Dublin is, we were not entirely unprepared for it. From whatever cause the effect may spring, it is an undeniable fact that the Irish are in every place, the most moral or the most sinful of the community; and in Ireland they appear, excepting the hideous instance of agrarian murder, amongst the best conducted poor of the kingdoms. Let this state of things spring from race, or creed, or disposition, or from what the reader will, the fact cannot be denied, and, as Mr. Beames writes, the Irish are, when vicious, the very worst of the bad, because their descent in crime is always sudden and violent. The following extract from *The Rookeries* shows the Irish in their best phases of character, where nature is the great teacher and the great soother; and when we remember the murders and infanticides already recorded in this paper, we feel justly proud of the poor Irish who toil for bread amongst a strange race, and amidst a people who, though ever meaning to act most kindly, too frequently mistake the Irish heart and the Irish feeling. Mr. Beames is describing a visit to Church-lane, and writes:—

“No. 3 was the front attic at the top of the house, it was a low square room, inhabited chiefly by Irish. Although our visit took place in the day time, there were three or four families there,—women suckling their children, men lounging about the floor or cooking potatoes, a little heap of sacking for bed-clothes; sundry lines running across the room, on which were hung divers articles of clothing; the walls were discoloured, blackened by soot, or the plaster was peeling off; shelves were extemporized with marvellous dexterity. One of the women had been in Ireland during the fatal Skibbereen fever in 1847; she spoke in warm, and even eloquent terms of the kindness of a Protestant clergyman, whose name was Tyrrell, a man of property, who, having given his substance, at last gave his life, dying by fever, caught in visiting those who were stricken; the poor creatures round her, although Catholics, joined heartily in the benediction she poured out upon his head, saying, ‘Aye, Sir, he is rewarded for it now!’ There was all the courtesy

Sacristan ran away from his creditors, taking with him, for the purpose of vexing the Parish Priest, the general registers of ten years. It was no body’s business to interfere, and yet hundreds of thousands of pounds, and the legitimacy of hundreds of children, may yet depend on the production of books. We trust, therefore, that Mr. Cogan will not forego his motion, and will bear in mind that an Irish member may go to parliament for the purpose of doing something better than voting in factious minorities, or making speeches for the delectation of the *gobe-mouches*. Were Mr. Cogan a beggar, living on his politics, or a newspaper proprietor, living upon his journal, we should not think it of any avail to offer these suggestions.

and warmth of heart about these poverty-stricken tenants, which we find generally in the Irish; the language, although betraying the brogue, good and appropriate, reminding us strongly of Miss Edgeworth's description of them, where she says, 'That instead of the Englishman's benediction, long life to your honour, the Irishman prays that you may live as long as water runs, or the sun shines.' They were playing with, or nursing the children, and when asked whether their rest was not disturbed by the crying of infants, where so many were brought together, the answer was, 'the children are very good.' In the room we have called No. 4, seventeen men, women, and children, lived and slept; the size of the room was as follows,—length, 10 feet, or thereabouts, width in one part, 8 feet; in the other, where the fireplace was, 5 feet. We doubted whether it were possible that on such an area seventeen people could be placed? The answer was, 'We make shift.' This room was half filled with onions, the children must have slept on them; there were a few pieces of the coarsest brownest crockery, old hats and bonnets, no chairs, or tables—two men, and several women and children were here. One of the men was what is called a mud larker, or one who prowls about the banks of the river, and picks up the coals which are scattered there by the men who unload colliers; another, nearly blind, was supported evidently by the earnings of the rest. Their welcome to us rung cheerily on our ears, and the salute which they gave us as we left, was full of warmth, and in a style which would not have disgraced noble blood. Round the room were the same number of cords, cupboards, and shelves, as in the other; a small fire was burning, at which an old woman was cooking. Children seemed, if we may judge by the number we saw, to thrive there, and to be fondled with an affection, the want of which renders many mansions desolate. You could not but grieve, that so much kindness and courtesy should be neutralised by wretchedness,—and that these poor creatures should live in the neighbourhood of the worst thieves and lowest prostitutes of London."

Mr. Beames is not unsupported in this testimony to the character of our poor in London. Comparing the English street-sellers with the Irish, Henry Mayhew writes:—

"The women present two characteristics which distinguish them from the *London* coster-women generally—they are chaste, and, unlike the 'coster-girls,' very seldom form any connection without the sanction of the marriage ceremony. They are, moreover, attentive to religious observances. The religious fervour of the people whom I saw was intense. At one house that I entered, the woman set me marvelling at the strength of her zeal, by showing me how she contrived to have in her sitting room a sanctuary to pray before every night and morning, and even in the day, 'when she felt weary and lonesome.' The room was rudely enough furnished, and the only decent table was covered with a new piece of varnished cloth; still, before a rude print of our Saviour, there were placed two old plated candlesticks, pink with the copper shining through; and here it was

that she told her beads. In her bed-room, too, was a coloured engraving of 'the Blessed Lady,' which she never passed without curtsying to. Of course I detail these matters as mere facts, without desiring to offer any opinion here either as to the benefit or otherwise of the creed in question. As I had shown how *English costermongers neither had nor knew any religion whatever*, it became my duty to give the reader a view of the religion of the Irish street sellers. The Irish fathers and mothers do not allow their daughters, even when they possess the means, to resort to the 'penny gaffs,' or the 'twopenny hops,' unaccompanied by them. The better class of Irish lodging-houses almost startle one by the comfort and cleanliness of the rooms. One, in particular, that I visited, had the floor clean and sprinkled with red sand, while the windows were sound, bright, and transparent; the hobs of the large fire-place were piled up with bright tin pots, and the chimney-piece was white and red with the china images ranged upon it."

The evils upon which we have written can be cured in great part by education, but it must be an education founded on religion and on truth. Mere reading and writing, as the tables we have given prove, can never make youth honest, or moral, or christian. A witness examined before the *Select Committee on Criminal and Destitute Juveniles*, and who was himself a reformed offender, stated that amongst all the youths whom he had known whilst a criminal, very few were unable to read. When we remember this, and recollect how parents, who are vicious, send their children upon the streets as beggars, or thieves, or prostitutes, and when we likewise remember the evidence of the Rev. Mr. May before the same Committee, that parents mis-state the ages of their children, representing them as older than they really are, or the purpose of securing employment in the factories, we cannot fail to understand how weak the hope must be of improving the condition of the people whilst the government remains inactive. According to the evidence given by Mr. John Ball, who was, when examined, a Poor Law Commissioner for Ireland, the class of destitute juveniles is increasing in this country; and, both in England and Ireland, cheap vicious literature is gradually corrupting the youth of our humbler classes. Speaking of this literature, the Rev. Mr. Clay observed:—"The demoralizing effect of those *Mysteries of the Court of London*, by Reynolds, must be beyond anything that can be conceived; demoralizing, not only as regards the excitement of

* London Labour and the London Poor. By Henry Mayhew, 65, Fleet-street, London. Part II., pp. 104, 108, 109, 111.

the bad passions, but the mischief which he intends politically; all the profligates represented in those works are persons of rank, mentioned by name, but many of them have absurd stories attached to their names."* No apophthegm of the wise has been so much misused or misunderstood as that of Bacon which declares, that KNOWLEDGE IS POWER. Knowledge is power to the philosopher, who, like Galileo, clings to discovered truth amid persecution and despite the tyrant, leaving a record of his struggles and of his triumph, to be effaced only when the stars shall be out-fired in a light more brilliant and more powerful than their own—knowledge is power to the statesman who pursues a line of policy receiving but the derision of the opposition of his time, supported only by the energy of his own convictions, and the wisdom of his own deductions—knowledge is power to him who, in the vigor of life and hope, can dare and battle against the difficulties of life, in amongst the heaving, surging, conflicts of interest, and who, secure in his own strength, feels and knows no doubt, like, in all but his dishonor, Bulwer Lytton's fine conception, *Randal Leslie*. But knowledge is not power to the artisan, or the son of the artisan, who, in learning but to read and write, acquires only the elements of noble things, which may make him a man more honorable and more worthy than the child of prince or peer, but which, misdirected and misused, make him a traitor to his Queen, a pest to his order, and a virulent enemy to the well-being of his country.

The great object of the legislator should be to place all means of improvement within reach of the people, his chief anxiety to remove from them all easy and convenient aids to immorality, and all incentives to sin. The plan adopted in these kingdoms is the very reverse, and hence it is, that whilst such melancholy books as those of Mr. Kay, of Mr. Beames, of Mr. Worsley, and of Dr. M'Cormac, can be written with perfect truth, Mr. Hill's volume can, with equal correctness, be compiled; for our code of liberty means that every thing shall be done to punish the offender, but nothing is contrived to save him from the commission of crime when tempted. The rights of the subject, and the rights of property, have been selected as the pass-words of every faction; we have permitted the increase of abuse after abuse; a moral nuisance has been suffered to spring up amongst us, where drunkenness and vice riot together in congenial filth, and, as has been well observed,

* Question, 1686.

"Beer-houses and gin-palaces, as they are now, are moral pest-houses; they want severe legislation. We know not how to think decently of this our government, while notorious haunts of thieves, prostitutes, murderers, are almost protected, and brutalities increase. The police reports make up a history of disgrace to any government."^{*}

By adopting the suggestions of Mr. Kay and of Doctor Mac Cormac, who advise that parents should be compelled to send their children to *some* school; by adopting the plan of parental responsibility proposed by Mr. Hill; by carrying out, fully and strenuously, the measures necessary to secure the health, in mind and body, of the town poor suggested by Mr. Beames, some steps towards justice and right will be taken—but till this shall have been at least attempted, he who writes of the decrease of crime mistakes our real condition; and, in judging only by a decrease in great atrocities is falsely secure. The fact that all the vices of paganism are taking wide and deep root in England, is but too clearly proved by the late calendars; and if the grand total of offences be something less than in other years, in *reality* it was greater in 1851 than in 1850—yet with the evidence we have adduced, with the statements made to the *Select Committee on Criminal and Destitute Juveniles*, that crime in the manufacturing town is increasing, with the knowledge of the fact stated by Mr. Mayhew, that thousands of the poor never enter a church, and that they hate the upper classes of society, we see little ground for congratulation, even though young thieves learn shoemaking or tailoring in the gaol. It is not these within gaol who should engage our attention; the report of the Registrar-General is of far more importance than the half essay, half report, of the Prison-Inspector. In the latter we learn, that these who have been declared criminal are tended judiciously; in the former, we discover the horrible condition of those who are not malefactors in law, but who are plunged in vice, and rearing vicious offspring. In the year 1848, the births, in England and Wales, were 563,059, and of these, 36,747 were illegitimate. The births in 1850 were 578,159, and of these, 39,334 were illegitimate. The result of this is, as Mr. Kay writes, "that a greater part of the poorer classes in this country are in such a frightful

* See Blackwood's Magazine for April, 1853, p. 410.

depth of hopelessness, misery, and utter moral degradation, that even mothers forget their affection for their hopeless little offspring, and kill them, as a butcher does his lambs, in order to make money by the murder, and therewith to lessen their pauperism and misery." If the infants escape this fate, the life of sin begins in childhood—for, according to the testimony of Captain W. J. Williams: "In many cases, boys of fourteen are living with women of the lowest order: they are deeply diseased at 12 or 13 years of age." This shocking evidence was given before the *Committee on Criminal and Destitute Juveniles*, in May, 1852.

Here our duty ends; but we cannot conclude before we recommend the books of Mr. Kay—the most valuable of their kind we have ever read; and they contain most excellent suggestions upon the Land Question, and upon Education, founded on the systems of Prussia and Switzerland. Mr. Beames' work is most able, most useful, and most interesting, and discloses information peculiarly its own; besides, it is the production of a christian, a scholar, and a gentleman. Mr. Worsley's essay is worthy the place it holds in the estimation of all who are anxious for the good of the juvenile poor; and in Doctor M'Cormack's treatise, all the facts bearing upon Moral and Sanitary reform, are condensed most admirably, and connected by commentaries, evidencing great ability in the learned writer. This book should be extensively circulated amongst those who are unable to purchase, or it may be to appreciate, the more elaborate works of Mr. Kay. Mr. Hill's book requires no comment from us; he is, as we have shown, an optimist in prison discipline and reformation. Upon these subjects he is, as he ought to be, a very considerable authority; and the volume before us is valuable, as it embodies those experiences, which from time to time, have attracted attention in his various prison reports. From all these books, some good must spring, and they inculcate most forcibly the truth expressed, twenty-three years ago, by Archbishop Whately, when he said: "If the lower orders are to be the property, the slaves of their governors, and to be governed, not for *their own advantage*, but entirely for the benefit of their rulers—then, no doubt, the more they are degraded towards the condition of brutes, the more likely they are to submit to this tyranny. But if they are to be governed as rational

ings, the more rational they are made, the better subjects they will be of such a government.'''*

If the poor could be induced to attend the Churches, it would induce, no doubt, to the advancement in morality; but the or in the Protestant churches are not treated so as to induce them to adhere to the doctrines of the Church of England, and indeed, its service, to uninstructed minds, is cold and unimpressive. Hence it is that they join the Roman Catholics, or the Wesleyans, or entirely neglect attendance on public worship. This fact has struck the mind of M. Leon Faucher, who observed, that in the manufacturing towns of England and of Scotland, those who attended church service were almost all of the upper classes.†

We name the very best authority for the facts above stated, and we know from undoubted sources, that in Glasgow and Preston, the public houses and brothels are much more fully attended on the sabbath. Referring to this state of things, and to its causes, Mr. Kay writes,—

‘How seldom, in the course of a year, are the poor of the cellars, attics, or lodging-houses of the towns visited by any religious minister! How often are these poor creatures never visited at all! And yet how else is religion to be spread among the masses of the town poor? Sermons will not do it. Constant personal intercourse between the ministers of the church and the poor can alone succeed in effecting this result. That intercourse, under the existing state of things, is often quite impossible. The number of clergy is too small. The social rank of the clergy is too much removed above that of the poor. Another class of clergy is required. Most of the town churches, too, are virtually closed to the poor. Go into the churches and see how little room is reserved for the poor. It is as if the churches were built exclusively for the rich; and as if the English Church thought it was of much less importance that the poor should enjoy the consolations of religious worship than that the rich should do so. In the Roman churches there are no closed pews and reserved places. In their churches, all men are treated as equals in the presence of their God. In the Roman churches, the poor are welcomed with an eagerness, which seems to say,—the church was meant especially for such as you; and in the Roman Church, many of the priests are chosen from the body of the poor, in order that the ministers of religious consolation may be able the better to understand the religious wants of their poor brethren. Let the English Church take warning. In these democratic days we want institutions

Sermon for the Benefit of the Halesworth and Chediston National School. 1830, p. 15.

Etudes sur l'Angleterre, Tom. I.

for the poor ; and especially do we want religious institutions for the poor ; and it is partly because we have in our towns no church, no religious ministers, and no effective religious ministration for the masses of the poor, that they are still in so unsettled a condition."

It has been resolved, within the last few months, to build fifty-eight new churches in the diocese of London ; two of these are to be erected in St. James's, Westminster, and two in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, the districts upon which Mr. Beames has so ably commented. Churches and religious teaching can do nothing for the repression of evil, until the state of overcrowding in which the poor live is abolished ; until a check is given to vicious amusements ; until the police authorities receive fuller powers of supervision ; and, above all, and in addition to all, until the education of the poor is carefully and sedulously watched, fostered, and made, to some extent, compulsory. By adopting such means as these, in conjunction with Mr. Hill's project of parental responsibility, we could stem the torrent of evil, and might eventually render our poor, moral, sober, Christians. Prison discipline, too, is of vast importance, and we are every day improving in this point ; but the question is of too great moment to be embraced in a paper extending to so considerable a length as the present. Dublin is most remarkable in having carried out a plan of prison discipline which has excited the admiration of French and American writers ; and, in examining the Mountjoy Model Prison, there is matter for great and laudable self-satisfaction. English and foreign tourists who may, during the next three months, pass a few days in Dublin, should visit this prison, and, at the same time, inquire into the admirable working of the National Schools in Marlborough-street, the Christian Brothers' Schools in Richmond-street, the School for Industrious Blind in Sackville-street, the Protestant School for Deaf and Dumb at Claremont, and the Roman Catholic Schools for Deaf and Dumb Males at Prospect. In the first the mixed system can be observed ; in the second the exclusive system ; and in the two last, the wonderful goodness with which the Almighty has repaired the loss of one faculty by the increased strength of another can be studied. We regret that the Christian Brothers' Schools are exclusive ; and we rejoice to find little Protestants and little Catholics learning, at the National Schools, from the same books ; as their ancestors murdered each other, as their fathers squab-

led, and all because neither knew the goodness of the other, we have hopes that the next generation of Irishmen will prove religion through brotherly love, and that the school friends may grow into manhood, loving each other, not because they are Roman Catholics or Protestants, but because they are Irishmen. We have hope for Ireland, too, from these schools, because in all there is inculcated that species of information which Milton indicated, in the *Tractate of Education*, when he wrote—
 And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he had not studied the *solid things* in them, as well as the words and figures, *he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his other dialect only.*"

If, through this paper, our views are those of a pessimist, it is because we love these kingdoms, their stability, their history, their liberty—and we cannot believe that whilst paganish sin continues, their integrity is secure, or their condition satisfactory to the Christian or the Patriot. We cannot heal the deep moral ulcer, but we have endeavoured to probe its black extent. Indian conquests, steam ships and electric telegraphs, line of battle ships and noble armies of brave and trusty soldiers, wealth and power at home and abroad—all these this great and United Kingdom possesses; but the true strength of a nation is not all in these: it is more, a thousand times more, in the virtue and dignity of its people. We have not tried to elevate Ireland, in moral excellence, above England or Scotland—she has her own faults—we only assert for her, that no nation is superior in the qualities forming a people—for how few, misgoverned as Ireland has been, could so much be asserted, and asserted truly.

ART. V.—THE HARP OF THE NORTH.

1. *Poems, Narrative and Lyrical.* By William Motherwell. Glasgow: David Robertson. 1832.
2. *Songs.* By the Ettrick Shepperd. Now first collected. Edinburgh: William Blackwood. 1831.
3. *Fugitive Verses.* By Joanna Baillie, Author of "*Dramas on the Passions*," etc. A New Edition. London: Edward Moxon. 1842.
4. *The City of the Plague, and other Poems.* By John Wilson, Author of "*The Isle of Palms*," &c. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Archibald Constable and Co. 1817.
5. *Tales, Essays, and Sketches.* By the late Robert Macnish, L.L.D., Author of the *Anatomy of Drunkenness*, the *Philosophy of Sleep*, and various Contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, with the Author's Life. By his Friend, D. M. Moir. Second Edition. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1844.
6. *The Poetical Works of David Macbeth Moir. (Delta.)* Edited by Thomas Aird, with a Memoir of the Author. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 1852.
7. *The Poetical Works of Thomas Aird.* Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 1847.
8. *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, and other Poems.* By William Edmondstone Aytoun, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Letters in the University of Edinburgh. Fifth Edition. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 1852.
9. *Poems.* By Alexander Smith. London: David Bogue. 1853.

Is the age of poets passed? The interrogation has been suggested to us through reading the third and fourth volumes in Moore's *Journal*, and whilst there we have been mentally associated with all the bright and brilliant minds, springing from the beginning of the century, or arising in it, we have thought how the world of genius and of fancy has deteriorated from the time of which Moore wrote.

"Star after star decays."

re, they rise, culminate, decline; but, who are the representatives of Byron, of Moore, of Crabbe, of Wordsworth,

Southey? Rogers, he whose *Pleasures of Memory* first taught Moore the charms of our modern school of poetry, is still living and breathing; but the fancy is weak and the lyre is sullen with the last of all that bright band, each of whom would sing—"I too in Arcadia." Tennyson and Charles Lamb are the only verse writers of the last ten years who can be named *English Poets*. By this we mean to set aside all those writers who head our paper, because some have grown to public notice within the years above mentioned, some were known long before, and they are all Scotchmen.

We regret that Ireland has not taken a higher place within the same ten years, in the poetic ranks of the kingdom, than that which we can assign her. What has become of John Anster, the author of *Xaniola*, and the translator of *Faust*? He has been merged in the lecturer on civil law in our University, and has forsaken the stories of eccaccio for the amatory theories of Sanches, and has forgotten the novels of our day, in the *Novels* of Justinian. Where is Samuel Ferguson, of whose *Forging of the Anvil*, *Christopher North* wished to be the writer, declaring that the world would yet hear of him, and that he was proud of inducing Ferguson to the public in the pages of *Blackwood*? Twenty-one years have rolled by since then, and though *The Fairy Queen*, and many exquisite contributions have proceeded from his pen, fully justifying the prediction of the renowned *Christopher*, yet he has subsided into the lawyer, and may be seen every day in the Four Courts, looking so grave and demure, and a pair of hard, pretentious, spectacles, that one can scarcely suppose he ever sang of *Una Phelemy*, or of *The Petty Girl of Lough Dan*. The gushing, hopeful, young poets, who used to rave like sorcerers in the *Nation* newspaper, and who sang of rebellion, and blood, and fire, and war, all fierce, as if, like Washington Irving's hero, "brimful of wrath and cabbage," have all vanished. Some are among the kangaroos of New Zealand, some are refugees amongst the half-American humbugs, disgracing their country in the face of the great people who have received them, mouthing their riotism, and fancying themselves Emmets, whilst they are y monkey Tones, and forgetting the sterling, but fruitless,

because idiot, honesty of Martin, the honesty and self-sacrifice of Smith O'Brien.* Speranza, who was so fierce, and yet so tender, such a very woman, and yet such an Amazon—Sappho and Boadicea commingled—has forsaken the lyre for the rocking-chair, and though *she* never can “suckle fools,” yet her pen, oh desecration! may “chronicle small beer.” All who hoped to sing the Irish into a people, and Ireland into a nation, have passed away, and we may well ask—

“Where are those dreamers now?”

In our country poetry is no more; for years we have had only one poet, but then he was a poet, like Burns, of every passion of the heart, and, as he said of his friend Dalton, we may now say of himself—“He too is gone, how fast they go.”

* We find that nearly all the Irish-Americans have “gone the Democratic Ticket” for Pierce, we presume because he expresses a hatred of England. It is strange to discover the Roman Catholics voting for the party who were most violent against them in the Philadelphia riots—but all Irishmen in America are anomalous—and Dr. Hughes, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, who now contends that you may not revolutionize a hereditary government, but only reform it, subscribed, in the year 1848, the sum of five hundred dollars to aid the Ballygarry invincibles, stating, that he gave his money to “buy a shield for Ireland.” If Mitchel was only a reformer, what would the archbishop consider a revolutionist? There is, of course, a difference between “the bloody old British Empire” and the kingdoms of Naples, Austria, and particularly the Dukedom of Tuscany. There was a good moral in the observation of the Paris inn-keeper in “The Sentimental Journey”—“Does the difference of the time of day at Paris make a difference in the sin?” asked Yorick. “It makes a difference in the scandal,” replied the innkeeper. Yorick adds—“I like a good distinction in my heart; and cannot say I was intolerably out of temper with the man.” Nor ought we to be with archbishop Hughes, although he does impugn the title of his sovereign to her crown, and of a nation to dethrone a false and perjured pious fool. Brownson, an American Lucas, supports in “Brownson’s Quarterly Review,” the opinions of Dr. Hughes, and writes of Louis Napoleon and the Irish—“If the new French Emperor give ample security against becoming too formidable, he may count, in a war with England, on the sympathy very nearly of the whole world. The Irish, will they shed their blood for the power that is gorged with the spoil of their church, that oppresses the land of their fathers, and deprives them of their dearest rights?” This is neither Irish nor American in tone. If not Roman Catholic, why is this man undenounced? Dr. Hughes could crush him, as Cardinal Wiseman crushed Lucas some few years ago. Brownson and Dr. Hughes are ardent supporters of the “Catholic University.” Are their views of loyalty and constitutional government to be inculcated?

we have, to be sure, Slingsby, with his sweet, William Spencer, drawing-room prettiness; and Elrington, who now writes cleverly, and who may yet be a poet, if he will but give himself time, and treat Pegasus as a racer rather than as a cover-
 —but our only POET, now living, is M'Carthy, and we regret that he has squandered so much of his fine genius on translation, whilst possessing powers capable of producing poems so charming as his *The Bell Founder*, and *The Voyage St. Brendan*, or papers so exquisite as *April Fancies*, printed in a recent number of *The Dublin University Magazine*. Perhaps it is that poets, now-a-days, may say to a nation, as Touchstone said to Audrey:—"When a man's verses cannot be understood, 'tis a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly: I would the gods had made thee poetical."
Audrey.—I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?"—and the world may think that not a true thing; but true or false, the palm belongs not to England, but to Scotland, for, with the exception of M'Carthy, we now possess neither poet nor dramatist. With Sheridan Knowles the sword has outworn the sheath, and truth compels us to state that neither the harps of the south, nor of the west, can now compete with those of one district of Scotland alone. Glasgow and Edinburgh have outsung London and Dublin, and against Motherwell and Alexander Smith, both, the proud boasts of Glasgow, we have no living poet capable of contending.

We like Scotchmen, we like them as a nation, we like them individually; and when men remind us of Samuel Johnson's opinions, we recollect the great old man's eulogy for Boswell, for Strahan, and for his other Caledonian friends. And truly the Irish may well regard the Scotch with kindly feelings; we spring from the same old stock; we have both been conquered, and bullied, and bribed, and bought, by England. We have fought her fights stoutly and bravely—on every battle field where the standard of Britain has waved, on every sea where the red flag has floated, every fortress breach where danger has been deadliest, and ere the mêlée of the forlorn hope, or of the storming party, has been the fiercest, there the wild-swelling hurra of the Irish, and the yelling slogan of the Scotch, have risen above the roar of the clashing conflict, and wherever Pat has placed his ad-

vancing foot against that of the foeman, Sandy has been beside him, shoulder to shoulder.* Our parliament, like theirs, has been merged in that of England; the national religion of Scotland has been preserved in all its integrity like that of Ireland, despite the sword of the soldier, the legislation of the statesman, the banning of the churchman. The Scotch, like the Irish, have sent forth those whose genius in art, in science, in eloquence, and in learning, have formed the brightest glory of the nation; and in the fancy of Burns and of Moore—in the grand oratory of Erskine, of Chalmers, of Curran, of Grantan, and of Burke—in the bright creations glowing on the canvas of Barry, of Wilkie, and of Maclise—in the labors of Brewster, of Bell, of Boyle, and of Kane—in the pages of Scott, of Edgeworth, of Banim, and of Griffin, England finds the noblest proofs of her mental triumph,—the glory of England is not so much in those who have sprung from her own soil, as in those who are subject to her sway, and who speak her language.

Amongst the many poets of the second order, whose muse forms the poetic and lyric charm of English literature, the names gracing this paper are the most remarkable. Scott was a mighty bard; his song soared upward in the full diapason of an organ's swell, and though the fancies of those poets to whom we have devoted this paper never rise upon the wings of inspiration, powerful as that of the great Northern Ariosto, yet in the bright, glowing, visions, in the calm musings and deep poetic visions, in the heart-touching, in the playful, genial and, when the subject requires, bold strains of the poets before us, there are charms and perfections little inferior to those which distinguish the works of the greatest of Scotchmen.

Hundreds of years ago, Horace wrote that he who possesses genius, poetic inspiration, and a noble style in which to express grand thoughts, is a poet: of all the authors named above there is not one ungifted by genius, and by high poetic fancy, and they possess, too, when necessary to employ it, the "*os magna sonaturum*." Each sings in the true melody of the genuine poet. In reading the contemplative poems of Moir, and of Wilson, we experience that gentle charm such as comes over the mind when, on a summer noon, on shipboard in some quiet bay, as the vessel rises and falls with the long,

* In the Legend of Montrose, Captain Dalgatty says of us:—"The Irish are pretty fellows—very pretty fellows—I desire to see none better in the field."

, swell, we dreamily muse of past and future—years seeming yesterday, yesterday a long gone time,—and, drunk on the calm beauty of nature, we enjoy an hour of euthanasia. In the metrical ballads there rings a chord that rouses the spirit like the clashing blades in *Korner's Sword*. In the pathetic ballads and poems of Aird, of Motherwell, of Hogg, of Wilson, of Joanna Baillie, and of Aytoun, there is a tenderness so sweet, yet sad, that one scarce knows whether to admire more the beauty of the thoughts, or the truthfulness of their expression.

We have called these poems the productions of poets of the second class, and yet we might write without qualification that they are *poets*. True, they want the fiery genius of Burns; their muse cannot, like that of Moore, touch all of which it sings with the smiling light of a rosy eye ever beaming; they cannot, like Scott—

“Rule us from the page in which they live,”—

like Byron, or Crabbe, or Wordsworth, sound all the depths of thought; they cannot, like Shakspeare, analyze all human passion and feeling in the alembic of their own hearts, nor prove all true by the test of an art, which is not an art, but only intuition. They can, however, in the ballad, the story, the word painted narrative, or the poem descriptive of external nature, prove their title, fully and thoroughly, by the noble name of poet.

Swift said that a good style meant proper words in proper places. Voltaire tells us that it consists in proper thoughts on proper subjects, and no poets more clearly prove the truth of the latter than William Motherwell and James Hogg. Reading the pathetic poems of either is like walking through some lonely Highland glen, when the wind sighs through the long grass at midnight; in a gayer mood they seem just such songs as the poets might have sung, when, at the close of evening they sat upon some mossy bank, gazing on the bright faces of their own winsome lassies. They were gay and laughing measures, too; they were both good songs, and “heard the chimes at midnight” many a time, and in these songs we find glad thoughts, so jovial and so genial, that Rab and Allan might have sung them and the brewing of “the peck o’ maut,” and “*The Shepherd*,” and “*Tickler*,” and “*O’Doherty*,” might have amused them at the most rollicking evening of the immor-

tal NOCTES Every thought is true to nature, because they have written from the dictates of that greatest of all teachers, the heart of a true poet. Thus it is that by one word, one touch, the whole story of a life, all that pages could not express, the poet tells. This was the art which Wordsworth showed when he called Desdemona—

“The gentle lady wedded to the Moor.”

The gentle lady who had, with all her woman's love, married the hero, the man; but she is the gentle lady, always gentle; he is to us no longer the hero, but the black-a-moor; the black savage who murdered her. Again, when Wordsworth says that ‘Una,’ the ‘heavenly Una,’

“Makes a sunshine in a shady place,”

all who know Una see she must have made the sunshine, as a sporting child, or a gay, dancing, girl makes a charm, a brightness for the heart, like a floating sunbeam gliding to a mountain top. Thus, when the mad fool Othello calls Desdemona the foulest name that man can give to woman, Shakespeare knew she could not repeat the word; the thought was degradation, to speak it were infamy, and so she cries to the devil, Iago—

“Am I that name, Iago?”

Iago.—What name, sweet lady?

Desdemona.—That name which she says my lord did say I was.”

Again, when Imogen reads the letter of her husband, accusing her of being “False to his bed,” Pisanio, watching its effect upon her as she reads, cries—

“What! shall I need to draw my sword? The paper
Has cut her throat already! No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword!”—

and then, poor Imogen, bursting into anger, at the very thought, of the imputed infamy, cries—

“False to his bed!—what is't to be false?

To lie and watch there, and to think of him?

To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,

And cry myself awake?—that's false to his bed,

Is it?”

And then who, in some summer morning, with the sky-lark

ing away towards heaven, and the grass waving, and the buds offering the praise of perfume, as the matin worshiper, to the Omnipotent, has not felt his soul swell beyond self, and known, with Wordsworth—

‘The meanest flower that blows can give,
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.’

se are the attributes like to the Omniscient’s, the power of elementary perception, which our great Mother gives to her own son—the poet; this gift it was which taught Motherwell to see as in the succeeding lines. He paints a young girl and dying—not dying unforgivingly, but pityingly. Her passion is the opposite to that fierce, despairing, passion which Byron exemplified, when he makes his hero cry, apostrophizing his false mistress—

letter thou and I were lying, hidden from the world’s disgrace,

toll’d in one another’s arms, and silent in a last embrace.”

see her dying, she is plain before us; her hope all a wreck, drifting drearily away, upon a black lone sea of blank desolation; the lover has returned—her head rests upon his breast—his eyes look into his—heart beats against heart—and, with a dying spirit, she sighs—

held is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break—
I wearin’ aff my feet, Willie,
I’m dyin’ for your sake!
Lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Put your hand on my breast-bane—
Say ye’ll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane!

It’s vain to comfort me, Willie,
My grief maun ha’e its will—
It let me rest upon your breast,
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair!

I’m sittin’ on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life—
My heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair—
It will burst the silken twine
Sae strang is its despair!

I wae’s me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met—
I wae’s me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!

Oh wae’s me for the loanin’ green
Where we were wont to gae—
And wae’s me for the destinie,
That gart me luv’e thee sae!

Oh! dinna mind my words, Willie,
I downa seek to blame—
But oh! it’s hard to live, Willie,
And dree a world’s shame!
Het tears are hallin’ ower your cheek,
And hallin’ ower your chin;
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow and for sin?

I’m weary o’ this world, Willie,
And sick wi’ a’ I see—
I canna live as I ha’e lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine—
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun’ gaes through my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun’ through my heart—
Oh! hand me up and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa part.
Anither, and anither yet!—
How fast my life-strings break!
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-
yard
Step lichtly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That lifts far ower our held,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-drops shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh! remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be—
And oh! think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
And oh! think on the cauld, cauld moola,
That file my yellow hair—
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
Ye never sall kiss mair!

In the following song we can suppose Motherwell meant us to understand that a lover had returned after a long absence, and is recounting to his sweetheart, Jeanie Morrison, the hopes and fears which had filled his breast whilst he was away; and the picture Motherwell gives of their childish love for each other is beautiful in the extreme of poetic tenderness. The song reminds us of poor Gerald Griffin's *A Place in Thy Memory, Dearest*, and his still more charming *Gilla Machree* :—

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luvie o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luvie grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygone years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh blink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae bulk on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said,
We cleek'd thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon),
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' luvie!
Oh lightsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh mind ye, luvie, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood,
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trickled down your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I ha'e been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye ha'e been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

undered east, I've wandered west,
borne a weary lot;
my wanderings, far or near,
ever were forgot.
unt that first burst frae this heart,
travels on its way;
annels deeper as it rins,
lve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygone days and me!

These two songs we have always considered most beautiful for their tenderness; we are not claiming for them a place against the great poems of the language; they are not immortal, like Gray's *Elegy*; they can never hold the place of Dryden's *Locksley's Hall*; but there is no heart capable of appreciating truth of feeling, or tenderness of expression, over which the thoughts they suggest will not come like some melody of which, when past, we said—

“ ’Twas whispered balm,—’twas sunshine spoken.”

yet he who wrote these songs was a gay, jovial fellow. He was born in Glasgow in October, 1797, and was reared by uncle at Paisley. He was “an apprentice of the law,” and his ability was so remarkable, that in his 21st year he was appointed Sheriff-Clerk-Depute at Paisley. He was of strong views on politics, and in the year 1828, became editor of the *Paisley Advertiser*, and conducted also a very clever periodical, entitled the *Paisley Magazine*. In the year 1829 he resigned his office as Sheriff-Clerk-Depute, and removing, in 1830, to Glasgow, was engaged as editor of an old and respected journal, *The Glasgow Courier*. Before leaving Paisley he published his *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*,* and, in the year 1832, contributed a very elaborate and remarkable preface to a collection of Scottish Proverbs, published by his friend, the late Andrew Henderson, and, in the same year, prepared for publication the poems forming the book now before us. He was also a very frequent contributor to the Glasgow paper entitled *The Day*, started by the late John Donald Carrick in the year 1832; he also edited, conjointly with Hogg, the edition of the works of Robert Burns, in five volumes, published in the year 1833. Motherwell was of rather small stature and strong frame of body; his head was large, his neck and coat short and thick. He was fond of associating with a few friends, but in mixed society was silent or common-place; his chief friends were Carrick above mentioned, and Henderson,

In the “Introductory Remarks upon Popular Poetry,” prefixed to “Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,” Sir Walter refers to this work as “illustrated with learning and acuteness.”

the Glasgow painter. To *The Day*, to which we have already referred, he contributed a most amusing and racy sketch, entitled *Memoirs of a Paisley Baillie*. It is, in humor, quite equal to Galt's *Provost*, to Mrs. Johnson's *West Country Exclusives*, or even to Moir's *Mansie Wauch*. On the first of November, 1835, Motherwell dined some miles from Glasgow, and on returning home, after a few hours' illness, his life was terminated by a stroke of apoplexy. He was interred in the High Church burial-ground of Glasgow, where, close beside him, his friends Carrick and Henderson are laid; the latter died of apoplexy in April, 1835, the former expired in August, 1837.

Motherwell had other powers than the tender; there is a dash, a clashing fierceness, in the two following, that sounds like the clanking tramp of a mailed foot:—

THE BATTLE-FLAG OF SIGURD.

I.

THE eagle hearts of all the North
Have left their stormy strand;
The warriors of the world are forth
To choose another land!
Again, their long keels sheer the wave,
Their broad sheets court the breeze;
Again, the reckless and the brave,
Ride lords of weltering seas.
Nor swifter from the well-bent bow
Can feathered shaft be sped,
Than o'er the ocean's flood of snow
Their snoring galleys tread.
Then lift the can to bearded lip,
And smite each sounding shield,
Wassalle! to every dark-ribbed ship,
To every battle-field!

So proudly the Skalds raise their voices of triumph,
As the Northmen ride over the broad-bosom'd billow.

II.

Aloft, Sigurd's battle-flag
Streams onward to the land,
Well may the taint of slaughter lag
On yonder glorious strand.
The waters of the mighty deep,
The wild birds of the sky,
Hear it like vengeance shoreward sweep,
Where moody men must die.
The waves wax wroth beneath our keel—
The clouds above us lower,
They know the battle-sign, and feel
All its resistless power!
Who now uprears Sigurd's flag,
Nor shuns an early tomb?
Who shoreward through the swelling surge,
Shall bear the scroll of doom?
So shout the Skalds, as the long ships are nearing
The low-lying shores of a beautiful land.

III.

Silent the Self-devoted stood
Beside the massive tree;
His image mirror'd in the flood
Was terrible to see!
As leaning on his gleaming axe,
And gazing on the wave,
His fearless soul was churning up
The death-rune of the brave.
Upheaving then his giant form
Upon the brown bark's prow,
And tossing back the yellow storm
Of hair from his broad brow;
The lips of song burst open, and
The words of fire rushed out,
And thundering through that martial crew
Pealed Harald's battle shout;—
It is Harald the Dauntless that lifteth his great voice,
As the Northmen roll on with the Doom-written banner.

IV.

"I bear Sigurd's battle-flag
Through sunshine, or through gloom:
Through swelling surge on bloody strand
I plant the scroll of doom!
On Scandia's loneliest, bleakest waste,
Beneath a starless sky,
The Shadowy Three like meteors passed,
And bade young Harald die;—
They sang the war-deeds of his sires,
And pointed to their tomb;
They told him that this glory-flag
Was his by right of doom.
Since then, where hath young Harald been,
But where Jarl's son should be?
'Mid war and waves—the combat keen
That raged on land or sea!"
So sings the fierce Harald, the thirster for glory,
As his hand bears aloft the dark death-laden banner.

V.

Mine own death's in this clenched hand!
 know the noble trust;
 these limbs must rot on yonder strand—
 these lips must lick its dust,
 'till shall this dusky standard quail
 at the red slaughter day;
 nor shall this heart its purpose fail—
 his arm forget to slay?
 trample down such idle doubt;
 Harald's high blood hath sprung
 from sires whose hands in martial bout
 have ne'er belied their tongue;
 or keener from their castled rock
 rush eagles on their prey,
 than, panting for the battle-shock,
 young Harald leads the way."
 Thus that tall Harald, in terrible beauty,
 forth his big soul to the joyance of
 heroes.

VI.

The ship-borne warriors of the North,
 the sons of Woden's race,
 battle as to feast go forth,
 with stern, and changeless face;
 and I the last of a great line—
 the self-devoted, long
 to lift on high the Runic sign
 which gives my name to song.
 The battle-field young Harald falls
 amid a slaughtered foe,
 it backward never bears this flag,
 while streams to ocean flow;—
 I, on above the crowded dead
 his Runic scroll shall flare,
 and round it shall the lightnings spread,
 'mid swords that never spare."
 Thus the hero-words from the Death-
 ned one,
 Skalds harp aloud the renown of his
 era.

VII.

Flag! from your folds, and fiercely
 wake
 war-music on the wind,
 the tenderest thoughts should rise to
 shake
 the sternness of my mind;
 Brynhilda, maiden meek and fair,
 the watcher by the sea,
 near thy wailings on the air,
 thy heart's dirge sung for me;—
 vain thy milk-white hands are wrung
 above the salt sea foam;
 the wave that bears me from thy
 bower,
 shall never bear me home;
 Brynhilda! seek another love,
 it ne'er wed one like me,
 whose death foredoomed from above
 lies in his destiny."
 The mourned young Harald as he thought
 of Brynhilda,
 his eyes filled with tears which glit-
 tled, but fell not.

VIII.

On sweeps Sigurd's battle-flag,
 the scourge of far from shore;

It dashes through the seething foam,
 But I return no more!
 Wedded unto a fatal bride—
 Bound for a bloody bed—
 And battling for her, side by side,
 Young Harald's doom is sped!
 In starkest fight, where kemp on kemp
 Reel headlong to the grave,
 There Harald's axe shall ponderous ring,
 There Sigurd's flag shall wave;—
 Yes, underneath this standard tall,
 Beside this fateful scroll,
 Down shall the tower-like prison fall
 Of Harald's haughty soul."

So sings the Death-seeker, while nearer and
 nearer
 The fleet of the Northmen bears down to
 the shore.

IX.

"Green lie those thickly timbered
 shores
 Fair sloping to the sea;
 They're cumbered with the harvest
 stores
 That wave but for the free:
 Our sickle is the gleaming sword,
 Our garner the broad shield—
 Let peasants sow, but still let's lord
 Who's master of the field;
 Let them come on, the bastard-born,
 Each soil-stain'd churl!—alack!
 What gain they but a splitten skull,
 A sod for their base back?
 They sow for us these goodly lands,
 We reap them in our might,
 Scorning all title but the brands
 That triumph in the fight!"

It was thus the land-winners of old gained
 their glory,
 And grey stones voiced their praise in the
 bays of far isles.

X.

"The rivers of yon island low,
 Glance redly in the sun,
 But ruddier still they're doomed to glow,
 And deeper shall they run;
 The torrent of proud life shall swell
 Each river to the brim,
 And in that spate of blood, how well
 The headless corpse will swim!
 The smoke of many a shepherd's cot
 Curls from each peopled glen;
 And, hark! the song of maidens mild,
 The shout of joyous men!
 But one may hew the oaken tree,
 The other shape the shroud;
 As the LANDEYDA o'er the sea
 Sweeps like a tempest cloud!"—

So shouteth fierce Harald—so echo the
 Northmen,
 As shoreward their ships like mad steeds
 are careering.

XI.

"Sigurd's battle-flag is spread
 Abroad to the blue sky,
 And spectral visions of the dead,
 Are trooping grimly by;

The spirit heralds rush before
Harald's destroying brand,
They hover o'er yon fated shore
And death-devoted band.
Marshall stout Jarls your battle fast!
And fire each beacon height,
Our galleys anchor in the sound,
Our banner heaves in sight!
And through the surge and arrowy
shower
That rains on this broad shield,
Harald uplifts the sign of power
Which rules the battle-field!"

So cries the Death-doomed on the red strand
of slaughter
While the helmets of heroes like anvils are
ringing.

XII.

On rolled the Northmen's war, above
The Raven Standard flew,

THE SWORD CHANT OF THORSTEIN RAUDL

'Tis not the grey hawk's flight
O'er mountain and mere;
'Tis not the fleet hound's course
Tracking the deer;
'Tis not the light hoof print
Of black steed or grey,
Though sweltering it gallop
A long summer's day;
Which mete forth the Lordships
I challenge as mine;
Ha! ha! 'tis the good brand
I clutch in my strong hand,
That can their broad marches
And numbers define.
LAND GIVER! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses,
Base tillers of earth,
Gaping, ask me what lordships
I owned at my birth;
But the pale fools wax mute
When I point with my sword
East, west, north, and south,
Shouting, "There am I Lord!"
Wold and waste, town and tower,
Hill, valley, and stream,
Trembling, bow to my sway
In the fierce battle fray
When the star that rules Fate, is
This falchion's red gleam.
MIGHT GIVER! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harps sounding,
In brave bower and hall,
I've drank the sweet music
That bright lips let fall,
I've hunted in greenwood,
And heard small birds sing;
But away with this idle
And cold jargoning;
The music I love, is
The shout of the brave,
The yell of the dying,
The scream of the flying,
When this arm wields Death's sickle,
And garners the grave.
JOY GIVER! I kiss thee.

Nor tide nor tempest ever strove
With vengeance half so true.
'Tis Harald—'tis the Sire-bereaved—
Who goads the dread career,
And high amid the flashing storm
The flag of Doom doth rear.
"On, on," the tall Death-seeker cries,
"These earth-worms soil our heel,
Their spear-points crash like crisping ice
On ribs of stubborn steel!"
Hurra! hurra! their whirlwinds sweep,
And Harald's fate is sped;
Bear on the flag—he goes to sleep.
With the life-scorning dead.
Thus fell the young Harald, as of old fell his
sires,
And the bright hall of heroes bade hail to
his spirit.

Far isles of the ocean
Thy lightning have known,
And wide o'er the main land
Thy horrors have shone.
Great sword of my father,
Stern joy of his hand,
Thou hast carved his name deep on
The stranger's red strand,
And won him the glory
Of undying song.
Keen cleaver of gay crests,
Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
Grim slayer of heroes,
And scourge of the strong,
FAME GIVER! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding
Than that the heart knows,
For maiden more lovely
Than summer's first rose,
My heart's knit to thine,
And lives but for thee;
In dreamings of gladness,
Thou'rt dancing with me,
Brave measures of madness
In some battle-field,
Where armour is ringing,
And noble blood springing,
And cloven, yawn helmet,
Stout hauberk and shield.
DEATH GIVER! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye,
Soon may depart;
And light is the faith of
Fair woman's heart;
Changeful as light clouds,
And wayward as wind,
Be the passions that govern
Weak woman's mind.
But thy metal's as true
As its polish is bright;
When ill's wax in number,
Thy love will not slumber,
But starlike, burns fiercer,
The darker the night.
HEART GLADENER! I kiss thee,

Kindred have perished
By war or by wave—
W, childless and sireless,
I long for the grave.
When the path of our glory
Is shadowed in death,
With me thou wilt slumber
Below the brown heath;

Thou wilt rest on my bosom,
And with it decay—
While harps shall be ringing,
And Scalds shall be singing
The deeds we have done in
Our old fearless day.
SONG GIVEN! I kiss thee.

We now close our notice of Motherwell with the following poems. The first is calm and contemplative enough to have merited a Sabbath Matin Song for Wordsworth. The whole tone of quietude and peace is before us, and the poem shows a true is that thought of Cowper's—

“There is in souls a sympathy with sounds.”

A SABBATH SUMMER NOON.

Calmness of this noontide hour,
The shadow of this wood,
The fragrance of each wilding flower,
Are marvellously good;
Here crazed spirits breathe the balm
Of nature's solitude!

Is a most delicious calm
That resteth every where—
The holiness of soul-sung psalm,
Is felt but voiceless prayer!
The hearts too full to speak their bliss,
And God's creatures silent are.

They silent are; but not the less,
In this most tranquil hour
Deep unbroken dreaminess,
They own that Love and Power
Rich, like the softest sunshine, rests
In every leaf and flower:

How silent are the song-filled nests
That crowd this drowsy tree—
How mute is every feathered breast
That swelled with melody!
And yet bright bead-like eyes declare
This hour is ecstasy.

Art forth! as uncaged bird through air,
And mingle in the tide
Of blessed things that, lacking care,
Now full of beauty glide
Round thee, in their angel hues
Of joy and sinless pride.

Here, on this green bank that o'er-views
The far retreating glen,
Nearth the spreading beech-tree muse,
On all within thy ken;
No lovelier scene shall never break
On thy dimmed sight again.

Now stealing from the tangled brake
That skirts the distant hill,
The noiseless hoof two bright fawns make
For yonder lapsing rill;
Seek children of the forest glom,
Drink on, and fear no ill!

And buried in the yellow broom
That crowns the neighbouring height,
Couches a loutish shepherd groom,
With all his flocks in sight;
Which dot the green braes gloriously
With spots of living light.

It is a sight that filleth me
With meditative joy,
To mark these dumb things curiously,
Crowd round their guardian boy;
As if they felt this Sabbath hour
Of bliss lacked all alloy:

I bend me towards the tiny flower,
That underneath this tree
Opens its little breast of sweets
In meekest modesty,
And breathes the eloquence of love
In muteness, Lord! to thee.

There is no breath of wind to move
The flag-like leaves, that spread
Their grateful shadow far above
This turf-supported head;
All sounds are gone—all murmurings
With living nature wed.

The babbling of the clear well springs,
The whisperings of the trees,
And all the cheerful jargonings
Of feathered hearts at ease;
That whilome filled the vocal wood,
Have hushed their minstrelries.

The silentness of night doth brood
O'er this bright summer noon;
And nature, in her holiest mood,
Doth all things well attune
To joy, in the religious dreams
Of green and leafy June.

Far down the glen in distance gleams
The hamlet's tapering spire,
And glittering in meridian beams,
Its vane is tongued with fire;
And hark how sweet its silvery bell—
And hark the rustle choir!

The holy sounds float up the dell
To fill my ravished ear.
And now the glorious anthems swell
Of worshippers sincere—
Of hearts bowed in the dust, that shed
Faith's penitential tear.

Dear Lord! thy shadow is forth spread
On all mine eye can see;
And filled at the pure fountain-head
Of deepest piety,
My heart loves all created things,
And travels home to thee.

Around me while the sunshine flings
A flood of mocky gold,
My chastened spirit once more sings
As it was wont of old,
That lay of gratitude which burst
From young heart uncontrolled,

When, in the midst of nature nursed,
Sweet influences fell
On childly hearts that were athirst,
Like soft dew in the bell
Of tender flowers that bowed their heads,
And breathed a fresher smell.

So, even now this hour hath sped
In rapturous thought o'er me,
Feeling myself with nature wed—
A holy mystery—
A part of earth, a part of heaven,
A part, great God! of Thee.

Fast fade the cares of life's dull sweven,
They perish as the weed,
While unto me the power is given,
A moral deep to read
In every silent throe of mind
External beauties breed.

The next and last specimen is so charming and so graceful, so full of fancy, and all the glories of "the leafy month of June," that it might be the conjoint lay of two such minds as those of Thomas Moore and Felicia Hemans:—

THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

THEY come! the merry summer months of
Beauty, Song, and Flowers;
They come! the glad some months that bring
thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad, fling
cark and care aside,
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peace-
ful waters glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patri-
archal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in
rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful
to the hand,
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze
is sweet and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup are nodding
courteously,
It stirs their blood, with kindest love, to
bless and welcome thee:
And mark how with thine own thin locks—
they now are silvery grey—
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whis-
pering "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean
of yon sky,
But hath its own winged mariners to give it
melody:
Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread
all gleaming like red gold,
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their
merry course they hold.
God bless them all, these little ones, who
far above this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent
a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear uncaught a sound, from
yonder wood it came;
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe
his own glad name;—
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that apart
from all his kind,
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft
western wind;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again—his notes
are void of art,
But simplest strains do soonest sound the
deep founts of the heart!

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-
crazed wight like me,
To smell again these summer flowers be-
neath this summer tree!
To suck once more in every breath their
little souls away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of
youth's bright summer day,
When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the
reckless truant boy,
Wandered through green woods all day long,
a mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now, I have had cause; but oh!
I'm proud to think
That each pure joy-fount loved of yore, I yet
delight to drink;—
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the
calm unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in
the days gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light fall
round me dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart
that hath waxed old!

Who is here now? James Hogg, James Hogg the Ettrick
Shepherd—James Hogg bringing bright thoughts, gay fancies,

gentle humour, the soul of poetry ringing through every line, because he was always the natural man and the born poet. When we come to consider Hogg's position in life, and how, even only the shepherd boy, he had sung as sweetly and artistically as in later years, and when we know, too, that he died and died but the shepherd, we must acknowledge that his poems and his tales are little less than wonderful. He was introduced, in the year 1800, to Walter Scott, by William Blacklock, to whose father, at Blackhouse, Hogg had been a shepherd. From the first moment of their acquaintance, Scott, Blacklock writes, "found him a brother poet, a true son of nature and genius, hardly conscious of his powers. He had taught himself to write, by copying the letters of a printed book, as he lay watching his flock on the hill side, and had probably reached the utmost pitch of his ambition when he found that his artless rhymes could touch the heart of the milkmaid, who partook the shelter of his mantle during the driving storm. As yet his naturally kind and simple character had not been exposed to any of the dangerous flatteries of the world; his heart was pure—his enthusiasm buoyant as that of a happy child; and well as Scott knew that reflection, sagacity, and wisdom, was scattered abundantly among the ablest rangers of these pastoral solitudes, there was here depth and a brightness that filled him with wonder, combined with a quaintness of humour, and a thousand little touches of originality, which afforded him more entertainment, as I have often heard him say, than the best comedy that ever set the nation a roar."

Scott endeavoured to push Hogg's interest, as he ever did of all with whom he was connected, he enabled him to publish his *Mountain Bard*, and through his influence with Duke of Buccleuch, obtained for the shepherd a farm on Grace's property. Here he wrote his *Poetic Mirror*, his *First Minstrel*; and at Altrive, his *Queen's Wake*, *Jacobites* and his *Tales*. He was a frequent visitor in Edinburgh, and occasionally extended his trips to London, and his conversation on these occasions, his little egotism, mingled with his deep poetic feeling, furnished the outlines for the exquisite conversations, in which, in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, Wilson has made him take considerable part. As he advanced in fame his worldly prospects appeared to brighten, and he married a handsome amiable woman much above his own original rank in life.

In the expectation of receiving with her a marriage portion of £1,000, he resolved to become, what we in Ireland call, a "strong farmer," and took, on lease, the farm of Altrive from the Duke of Buccleuch, "He is," writes Scott to Byron, in November, 1813, "a wonderful creature for his opportunities, which were far inferior to those of the generality of Scottish peasants. Burns, for instance, (not that their extent of talents is to be compared for an instant,) had an education not much worse than the sons of many gentlemen in Scotland. But poor Hogg literally could neither read nor write till a very late period of his life; and when he first distinguished himself by his poetical talent, could neither spell nor write grammar. When I first knew him, he used to send me his poetry, and was both indignant and horrified when I pointed out to him parallel passages in authors whom he had never read, but whom all the world would have sworn he had copied." Scott, indeed, was right in all he has here written; and it is to be regretted, that his kindness to Hogg did not meet from the shepherd either the gratitude, or the heartfelt appreciation, to which it had the fullest and most rightful claim. Hogg lived but a very few months longer than Scott, yet in these months he threw dirt upon the memory of his old friend. He died on the 21st day of November, 1835. There was a racy humour, a species of pushing, poetic vulgarity about Hogg,—that is, if one can fancy a vulgar poet. He wished to know every body famous, because each was famous; he wished to know every body influential, because each was influential; and he never suffered the feeling of the moment to be guided by prudence, or by the rules of ordinary social life; but then he never was prudent, even for his *own* interest's sake. Thus—Byron wrote to him, giving his opinion of what was called the Lake School of Poets, and Hogg showed the letter to John Wilson, even whilst knowing, as he must have known, that it was precisely the very thing which he should not do; and excused himself to Byron by saying—"he'd be damned if he could help it." Byron, however, forgave him, and some short time after wrote to Moore:—"Oh! I have had the most amusing letter from Hogg, the Ettrick Minstrel, and Shepherd. He wants me to recommend him to Murray; and, speaking of his present bookseller, whose 'bills' are never 'lifted,' he adds, *totidem verbis*, 'God damn him and them both!' I laughed, and so would you

at the way in which this execration is introduced. The Hogg is a strange being, but of great, though uncouth powers. I think very highly of him as a poet; but he, and those Scotch and Lake troubadours are spoilt by living in the circles and pretty societies." With this introduction, surely it would be difficult to introduce a poet under a greater or better prestige than that afforded in the praise of Burns and Byron, we present the following selections. The song was written to an air in Purdie's *Border Garland*: it appeared before Shelley's celebrated *Ode to the Sock* :—

THE SKYLARK.

RD of the wilderness,
 lthesome and cumberless,
 be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
 nblem of happiness,
 est is thy dwelling place—
 side in the desert with thee!
 ild is thy lay and loud,
 ur in the downy cloud,
 ives it energy, love gave it birth.
 here, on thy dewy wing,
 here art thou journeying?
 y is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
 Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Bleat is thy dwelling-place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee!

The following songs are quite in the pastoral style of Burns, below him, and fully equal to Allan Ramsay :—

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

OME all ye jolly shepherds
 That whistle through the glen,
 I tell ye of a secret
 That courtiers dinna ken:
 That is the greatest bliss
 That the tongue o' man can name?
 is to woo a bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame.
 When the kye comes hame,
 When the kye comes hame,
 ween the gloaming and the mirk,
 When the kye comes hame.

is not beneath the coronet,
 Nor canopy of state,
 is not on couch of velvet,
 Nor arbour of the great—
 is beneath the spreading birk,
 In the glen without the name,
 I' a bonny, bonny lassie,
 When the kye comes hame.
 When the kye comes hame, &c.

ere the blackbird bigs his nest
 For the mate he loes to see,
 nd on the topmost bough,
 O, a happy bird is he;
 here he pours his melting ditty,
 And love is a' the theme,
 nd he'll woo his bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame.
 When the kye comes hame, &c.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
 And the daisy turns a pea,
 And the bonny lucken gowan
 Has fauld it up her ee,
 Then the laverock frae the blue lift
 Doops down, and thinks nae shame
 To woo his bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame.
 When the kye comes hame, &c.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
 That lingers on the hill,
 His ewes are in the fauld,
 An' his lambs are lying still;
 Yet he downa gang to bed,
 For his heart is in a flame,
 To meet his bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame.
 When the kye comes hame, &c.

When the little wee bit heart
 Rises high in the breast,
 An' the little wee bit starn
 Rises red in the east,
 O there's a joy so dear,
 That the heart can hardly frame,
 Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
 When the kye comes hame!
 When the kye comes hame, &c.

Then since all nature joins
 In this love without alloy,

O, wha wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And *miss* his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame?

When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame!

THE WOMEN FO'K.

O SAIRLY may I rue the day
I fancied first the womenkind;
For aye sinsayne I ne'er can hae
Ae quiet thought or peace o' mind!
They hae plagued my heart an' pleased
my ee,
An' teased an' flatter'd me at will,
But aye, for a' their witcherye,
The pawky things I lo'e them still.
O the women fo'k! O the women fo'k!
But they hae been the wreck o' me;
O weary fa' the women fo'k,
For they winna let a body be!

I hae thought an' thought, but darena tell,
I've studied them wi' a' my skill,
I've lo'ed them better than mysell,
I've tried again to like them ill.
Wha sailst strives, will sailst rue,
To comprehend what nae man can;
When he has done what man can do,
He'll end at last where he began.
O the women fo'k, &c.

That they hae gentle forms an' meet,
A man wi' half a look may see;
An' gracefu' airs, an' faces sweet,
An' waving curls aboon the bree;
An' smiles as soft as the young rose-bud,
An' een sae pawky, bright, an' rare,
Wad lure the laverock frae the cludd—
But, laddie, seek to ken nae mair!
O the women fo'k, &c.

Even but this night nae farther gane,
The date is neither lost nor lang,
I tak ye witness ilka ane,
How fell they fought, and fairly dang.
Their point they've carried right or wrang,
Without a reason, rhyme, or law,
An' forced a man to sing a sang,
That ne'er could sing a verse ava.
O the women fo'k! O the women fo'k!
But they hae been the wreck o' me;
O weary fa' the women fo'k,
For they winna let a body be!

BONNY MARY.

Where Yarrow rows among the rocks,
An' wheels an' boils in mony a linn,
A brisk young shepherd fed his flocks,
Unused to wranglement or din;
But love its silken net had thrown
Around his breast, so brisk an' airy,
An' his blue eyes wi' moisture shone,
As thus he sang of bonny Mary.

O Mary, thou'rt sae mild and sweet,
My very being clings about thee;
This heart would rather cease to beat,
Than beat a lonely thing without thee.
I see thee in the evening beam—
A radiant, glorious apparition;
I see thee in the midnight dream,
By the dim light of heavenly vision!

When over Benger's haughty head
The morning breaks in streaks sae bonny,
I climb the mountain's velvet side,
For quiet rest I get nae ony.
How dear the lair on yon hill cheek,
Where many a weary hour I tarry,
For there I see the twisting reek
Rise frae the cot where dwells my Mary!

When Phoebus keeks outower the muir,
His gowden locks a' streaming gaily;
When Morn has breathed her fragrance pure,
An' life an' joy ring through the valley,
I drive my flocks to yonder brook—
The feeble in my arms I carry,
Then every lammie's harmless look
Brings to my mind my bonny Mary!

Oft has the lark sung ower my head,
And shook the dewdrops frae his wing,—
Oft hae my flocks forgot to feed,
An' round their shepherd form'd a ring.
Their looks condole the lee-lang day,
While mine are fix'd and never vary,
Aye turning down the westlin brae,
Where dwells my loved, my bonny Mary!

When gloaming, creeping west the lift,
Wraps in deep shadow dell and dingle,
An' lads an' lasses mak a shift
To raise some fun around the ingle,
Regardless o' the wind or rain,
Wi' cautious step and prospect wary,
I often trace the lonely glen
To steal a sight o' bonny Mary!

When midnight draws her curtain deep,
An' lays the breeze among the bushes,
An' Yarrow in her sounding sweep,
By rock and ruin raves and rushes,
Though sunk in deep and quiet sleep,
My fancy wings her flight so airy,
To where sweet guardian spirits keep
Their watch around the couch of Mary!

The exile may forget his home
Where blooming youth to manhood grew;
The bee forget the honey-comb,
Nor with the spring his toll renew;
The sun may lose his light and heat,
The planets in their rounds miscarry,
But my fond heart shall cease to beat
When I forget my bonny Mary!

THE WEE HOUSIE.

thee weel, my wee auld house,
 igh laigh thy wa's an' flat the riggin',
 n round thy lum the sourock grows,
 rain-drops gaw my cozy biggin'.
 ast thou happit mine and me,
 ead's grown grey aneath thy kipple,
 e thy ingle cheek was free
 h to the blind man an' the cripple.

gart my ewes thrive on the hill,
 kept my little store increasin' ?
 ch man never wish'd me ill,
 poor man left me aye his blessin'.
 I maun greet wi' thee to part,
 ough to a better house I'm flittin';
 's will never glad my heart
 've had by thy hallan sittin'.

any bairns around me smiled,
 sonsy wife sat by me spinning,
 lting o'er her ditties wild,
 notes sae artless an' sae winning.

Our frugal meal was aye a feast,
 Our e'enin' psalm a hymn of joy;
 Sae calm an' peacefu' was our rest,
 Our bliss, our love, without alloy.

I canna help but haud thee dear,
 My auld, storm-batter'd, hamely shieling;
 Thy sooty lum, an' kipples clear,
 I better love than gaudy ceiling.
 Thy roof will fa', thy rafters start,
 How damp an' cauld thy hearth will be!
 Ah! sae will soon ilk honest heart,
 That erst was blithe an' bauld in thee!

I thought to cower aneath thy wa',
 Till death should close my weary een,
 Then leave thee for the narrow ha',
 Wi' lowly roof o' sward sae green.
 Fareweel, my house an' burnie clear,
 My bourtree bush an' bowzy tree!
 The wee while I maun sojourn here,
 I'll never find a hame like thee.

The following song Robert Burns might be proud to own ;
 as few better, and many, highly prized, are not so poetical
 yet so gay. It appeared originally in a volume of the
 ual, entitled *Friendship's Offering* :—

AULD JOE NICHOLSON'S NANNY.

laisy is fair, the day-lily rare,
 a bud o' the rose as sweet as it's bonny;
 here ne'er was a flower, in garden or
 bower,
 e auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nanny!
 O, my Nanny!
 My dear little Nanny!
 weet little niddlety-noddlety Nanny!
 There ne'er was a flower,
 In garden or bower,
 auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nanny!

ay she came out, wi' a rosy blush,
 milk her twa kie, sae couthy and
 nanny;
 wer'd me down at the back o' the
 bush,
 watch the air o' my bonny Nanny.
 O, my Nanny, &c.

looks that stray'd o'er nature away,
 ae bonny blue een sae mild an' mellow,

Saw naething sae sweet in nature's array,
 Though clad in the morning's gowden
 yellow.
 O, my Nanny, &c.

My heart lay beating the flowery green
 In quaking, quivering agitation,
 An' the tears cam' tricklin' down frae my
 een,
 Wi' perfect love an' wi' admiration.
 O, my Nanny, &c.

There's mony a joy in this warld below,
 An' sweet the hopes that to sing were
 uncanny
 But of all the pleasures I ever can know,
 There's nae like the love o' my bonny
 Nanny.

O, my Nanny!
 My dear little Nanny!
 My sweet little niddlety-noddlety Nanny!
 There ne'er was a flower,
 In garden or bower,
 Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nanny.

Who comes now before us?—An old man, worn and tot-
 ing; an aged Hercules, bringing with him thoughts of
 er times, when in pathos, in humor, in eloquence, in
 rring criticism, in fierce invective, in staunch and stern
 ryism, he was amongst the first of his era—and that era
 s an epoch of mental giants—John Wilson—CHRISTOPHER
 ORTH—the writer of *THE NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ*. Is he a

great poet? No; but he is a poet of a very high order, and to whose discriminating criticism Wordsworth owes half his fame, and Tennyson his whole poetic existence.

John Wilson was born at Paisley in the year 1788; he was educated at the University of Glasgow, and subsequently entered Magdalen College, Oxford, where he obtained the Newdigate Prize for the English poem. He was called to the Scotch bar, and, in the year 1820, was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy, in the University of Edinburgh. Whilst the necessary canvassing for this office was being carried on, great and powerful opposition was raised against Wilson, and against his pretensions. In this state of affairs the name and support of Sir Walter were most invaluable, and he was enlisted in Wilson's cause. Of the whole affair, Lockhart furnishes the subjoined particulars:—

“While Scott remained in London, the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh became vacant by the death of Dr. Thomas Brown; and among others who proposed themselves as candidates to fill it, was the author of the *Isle of Palms*. He was opposed in the Town Council (who are the patrons of most of the Edinburgh Chairs), on various pretences, but solely, in fact, on party grounds—certain humorous political pieces having much exacerbated the Whigs of the North against him; and I therefore wrote to Scott, requesting him to animate the Tory Ministers in his behalf. Sir Walter did so, and Mr. Wilson's canvass was successful. The answer to my communication was in these terms:—

To J. G. Lockhart, Esq., Great King-street, Edinburgh.

London, 30th March, 1820.

Dear Lockhart,—I have yours of the Sunday morning, which has been terribly long of coming. There needed no apology for mentioning anything in which I could be of service to Wilson; and, so far as good words and good wishes *here* can do, I think he will be successful; but the battle must be fought in Edinburgh. You are aware that the only point of exception to Wilson may be, that, with the fire of genius, he has possessed some of its eccentricities; but did he ever approach to those of Henry Brougham, who is the god of Whiggish idolatry? If the high and rare qualities with which he is invested are to be thrown aside as useless, because they may be clouded by a few grains of dust which he can blow aside at pleasure, it is less a punishment on Mr. Wilson than on the country. I have little doubt he would consider success in this weighty matter as a pledge for binding down his acute and powerful mind to more regular labour than circumstances have hitherto required of him, for indeed, without doing so, the appointment could in no point of view answer his purpose. He must stretch to the oar for his own credit, as well as that of his friends; and if he does so, there can be no doubt that his efforts will be doubly blessed, in reference both to himself and to public utility. He must make

ry friend he can amongst the Council, Palladio Johnstone would not be omitted. If my wife canvasses him, she may do some good. You must, of course, recommend to Wilson great temper in canvass—for wrath will do no good. After all, he must leave off kick, purge and live cleanly as a gentleman ought to do; otherwise people will compare his present ambition to that of Sir Terry O'Fag, and he wished to become a judge. 'Our pleasant follies are made whips to scourge us,' as Lear says; for otherwise, what could sibly stand in the way of his nomination? I trust it will take care, and give him the consistence and steadiness which are all he needs to make him the first man of the age.

WALTER SCOTT."

Blackwood's Magazine was started in the year 1817, and Wilson was one of its earliest contributors. In it he wrote much, and his chief contributions have been republished in three volumes, bearing the title, *Recreations of Christopher North*. He has also published three sets of Tales—*Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, *The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay*, and *The Forresters*. His poetical works are *The Isle of Palms*, *The City of the Plague*, and the *Minor Poem* contained in the latter volume, that now before us. It is, however, to the *Noctes Ambrosiana*, and the *Dies Boreales*, that we look with the greatest pleasure. The former were contributed to *Blackwood's* about five and twenty years; the latter were commenced three years ago—and, if we recollect rightly, only five parts have appeared. The *Noctes Ambrosiana* were supposed to be the conversations carried on at Ambrose's Tavern, in Edinburgh, and were originally suggested by Lockhart. The speakers are, in general, writers for the Magazine, Christopher himself being always President; Maginn, Hogg, and the others, carrying on the conversation, each under his own nom de plume. Poetry, criticism, politics—all in fact that men could talk about, form the subject matter of the papers; and whether a book received praise or dispraise; whether O'Connell, or Peel after the enactment of the Emancipation Act, or the Whigs and Radicals, during the agitation which preceded the passing of the Reform Bill, were before the meeting, wit, and wisdom, quip, and song, and joke, were bestowed upon all, powerfully, judiciously and judiciously. Of Wilson, as an author, Henry Hallam has stated it as his opinion, that his genius is the most ardent and enthusiastic—his eloquence like the rushing of a mighty torrent. *The City of the Plague* is founded upon the Great Plague of London. *Frankfort*, and his friend *Wilmot*, two naval officers, disembark on the banks

of the Thames, and all their hopes of finding friends, and home, and happiness, are crushed by an old man, who thus tells them of the raging pest:—

Old Man.—Know ye what ye will meet with in the city?
 Together will ye walk through long, long streets,
 All standing silent as a midnight church.
 You will hear nothing but the brown red grass
 Rustling beneath your feet; the very beating
 Of your own hearts will awe you; the small voice
 Of that vain bauble, idly counting time,
 Will speak a solemn language in the desert.
 Look up to heaven, and there the sultry clouds,
 Still threatening thunder, lower with grim delight,
 As if the Spirit of the Plague dwelt there,
 Darkening the city with the shadows of death.
 Know ye that hideous hubbub? Hark, far off
 A tumult like an echo! on it comes,
 Weeping and wailing, shrieks and groaning prayer;
 And, louder than all, outrageous blasphemy.
 The passing storm hath left the silent streets.
 But are these houses near you tenantless?
 Over your heads from a window, suddenly
 A ghastly face is thrust, and yells of death
 With voice not human. Who is he that flies,
 As if a demon dogg'd him on his path?
 With ragged hair, white face, and bloodshot eyes,
 Raving, he rushes past you, till he falls,
 As if struck by lightning, down upon the stones,
 Or, in blind madness, dash'd against the wall,
 Sinks backward into stillness. Stand aloof,
 And let the Pest's triumphal chariot
 Have open way advancing to the tomb.
 See how he mocks the pomp and pageantry
 Of earthly kings! a miserable cart,
 Heap'd up with human bodies; dragg'd along
 By pale steeds, skeleton-anatomies!
 And onwards urged by a wan meagre wretch,
 Doom'd never to return from the foul pit,
 Whither, with oaths, he drives his load of horror.
 Would you look in? Grey hairs and golden tresses,
 Wan shrivell'd cheeks that have not smiled for years,
 And many a rosy visage smiling still;
 Bodies in the noisome weeds of beggary wrapt,
 With age decrepit, and wasted to the bone;
 And youthful frames, angust and beautiful,
 In spite of mortal pangs,—there lie they all
 Embraced in ghastliness! But look not long,
 For haply 'mid the faces glimmering there,
 The well-known cheek of some beloved friend
 Will meet thy gaze, or some small snow-white hand,
 Bright with the ring that holds her lover's hair.
 Let me sit down beside you. I am faint
 Talking of horrors that I look'd upon
 At last without a shudder.

The next scene is in the City—an Astrologer is haranguing a crowd—a young and beautiful lady approaches him, and cries—

O man of fate! my lovely babes are dead!
 My sweet twin-babes! and at the very hour
 Thy voice predicted did my infants die.
 My husband saw them both die in my arms,
 And never shed a tear. Yet did he love them
 Even as the wretch who bore them in her womb.
 He will not speak to me, but ever sits
 In horrid silence, with his glazed eyes

Full on my face, as if he loved me not—
 O God! as if he hated me! I lean
 My head upon his knees and say my prayers,
 But no kind word, or look, or touch is mine.
 Then will he rise and pace through all the rooms,
 Like to a troubled ghost, or pale-faced man
 Walking in his sleep. O tell me! hath the Plague
 E'er these wild symptoms? Must my husband perish
 Without the sense of his immortal soul?
 Or,—bless me for ever with the heavenly words,—
 Say he will yet recover, and behold
 His loving wife with answering looks of love.

The scene changes to St. Paul's Cathedral—*Magdalen* is kneeling before the altar—another character, *Stranger*, enters, and in his despair and terror thus describes to the girl the hideous life he has led during the plague:—

Stranger.—'Mid all the ghastly shrieking,
 Black sullen dumbness, and wild starting frenzy,
 Pain madly leaping out of life, or fetter'd
 By burning irons to its house of clay,
 Where think you Satan drove me? To the haunts
 Of riot, lust, and reckless blasphemy.
 In spite of that eternal passing-bell,
 And all the ghosts that hourly flock'd in troops
 Unto the satiated grave, insane
 With drunken guilt, I mock'd my Saviour's name
 With hideous mummery, and the holy book
 In scornful fury trampled, rent, and burn'd.
 Oh! ours were dreadful orgies!—At still midnight
 We sallied out, in mimic grave-clothes clad,
 Aping the dead, and in some church-yard danced
 A dance that oftentimes had a mortal close.
 Then would we lay a living Body out,
 As it had been a corpse, and bear it slowly,
 With what at distance seem'd a holy dirge,
 Through silent streets and squares unto its rest.
 One quaintly apparell'd like a surpliced priest
 Led the procession, joining in the song:—
 A jestful song, most brutal and obscene,
 Shameful to man, his Saviour, and his God.
 Or in a hearse we sat, which one did drive
 In masquerade-habilliments of death;
 And in that ghastly chariot whir'd along,
 With oaths, and songs, and shouts, and peals of laughter,
 Till sometimes that most devilish merriment
 Chill'd our own souls with horror, and we stared
 Upon each other all at once struck dumb.

Magd.—Madness! 'twas madness all.

Stranger.—Oh! that it were!

But, lady! were we mad when we partook
 Of what we call'd a sacrament?

Magd.—Hush! Hush!—

Stranger.—Yes—I will utter it—we brake the bread,
 And wine pour'd out, and jesting ate and drank
 Perdition to our souls.

Magd.—And women too,
 Did they blaspheme their Saviour?

Stranger.—Aye, there sat
 Round that unhallow'd table beautiful creatures,
 Who seem'd to feel a fiend-like happiness
 In tempting us wild wretches to blasphemy.
 Sweet voices had they, though of broken tones;
 Their faces fair, though waxing suddenly
 Whiter than ashes; smiles were in their eyes,
 Though often in their mirth they upwards look'd,
 And wept; nor, when they tore distractedly
 The garments from their bosoms, could our souls
 Sustain the beauty heaving in our sight

With grief, remorse, despair, and agony.
 We knew that we were lost, yet would we pluck
 The flowers that bloom'd upon the crater's edge,
 Nor fear'd the yawning gulf.

Magd.—Why art thou here?

Stranger.—Riot hath made us miserably poor,
 And gold we needs must have. I heard a whisper
 Tempting me to murder, and thy very name
 Distinctly syllabled. In vain I strove
 Against the Tempter—bent was I on blood!
 But here I stand in hopeless penitence,
 Nor even implore thy prayers—my doom is seal'd.

(He flings himself down before the altar.)

Magd.—Poor wretch, I leave thee to the grace of God.—
 Ah me! how calmly and serenely smile
 Those pictured saints upon the holy wall,
 Tinged by that sudden moonlight! That meek face
 How like my mother's! So she wore her vell;
 Even so her braided hair!—Ye blessed spirits,
 Look down upon your daughter in her trouble,
 For I am sick at heart. The moonlight dies—
 I feel afraid of darkness. Wretched man,
 Hast thou found comfort? Groans his sole reply—
 I must away to that sad Funeral.

The chief objection to the poem is, that it deals too much with the horrible. Shortly after its publication Southey wrote to Wynne—"Is there not something monstrous in taking such a subject as the Plague in a Great City? Surely it is out-germanizing the Germans. It is like bringing racks, wheels, and pincers upon the stage to excite pathos. No doubt but a very pathetic tragedy might be written upon 'The Chamber of the Amputation,' cutting for the stone, or the Cæsarean operation; but actual and tangible horrors do not belong to poetry. We do not exhibit George Barnwell upon the ladder to affect the gallery now, as was originally done; and the best picture of Apollo slaying Marsyas, or of the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, would be regarded as more disgusting than one of a slaughter-house or of a dissecting-room." Wilson might have defended himself by citing many old examples, even that of *The Red Cross Knight*, in *The Fairy Queen*, although many will agree with the opinion of Fuseli, who says that "when Spenser dragged into light the entrails of the serpent slain by the Red Cross Knight, he dreamt a butcher's dream, and not a poet's." The following passages from *The Children's Dance*, are as graceful as they are natural:—

HAIL to the Night! whose image oft beguiled
 Youth's transient sadness with a startling cheer!
 The *Ball-night* this by youngers proudly styled!
 The joy, at distance bright, burns brighter near—
 Now smiles the happiest hour of all their happy year!
 All day the earthen floors have felt thier feet
 Twinkling quick measures to the liquid sound
 Of their own small-piped voices shrilly sweet,—
 As hand in hand they wheel'd their giddy round.
 Ne'er fairy-revels on the greensward mound

To dreaming bard a lovelier show display'd :—
 Titania's self did ne'er with lighter bound
 Dance o'er the diamonds of the dewy glade,
 Than danced, at peep of morn, mine own dear mountain-maid.
 Oft in her own small mirror had the gleam,
 The soften'd gleam of her rich golden hair,
 That o'er her white neck floated in a stream,
 Kindled to smiles that infant's visage fair,
 Half-conscious she that beauty glistened there !
 Oft had she glanced her restless eyes aside
 On silken tash so bright and debonnair,
 Then to her mother flown with leaf-like glide,
 Who kiss'd her cherub-head with tears of silent pride.
 But all these glad rehearsals now are o'er,
 And young and old in many a glittering throng,
 By tinkling copse-wood and hill-pathway pour,
 Cheering the air with laughter and with song.
 Those first arrived think others tarrying long,
 And chide them smiling with a friendly jeer,
 "To let the music waste itself was wrong,
 So stirringly it strikes upon the ear,
 The lame might dance," they cry, "the aged-deaf might hear."
 And lo ! the crowded ball-room is alive
 With restless motion and a humming noise,
 Like on a warm spring-morn a sunny hive,
 When round their Queen the waking bees rejoice.
 Sweet blends with graver tones the silvery voice
 Of children rushing eager to their seats
 The Master proud of his fair flock employs
 His guiding beck that due attention meets,—
 List ! through the silent room each anxious bosom beats !
 Most beautiful and touching is the scene !
 More blissful far to me than Fancy's bower !
 Arch'd are the walls with wreaths of holly green,
 Whose dark-red berries blush beside the flower
 That kindly comes to charm the wintry hour,
 The Christmas rose ! the glory white as snow !
 The dusky roof seems brighten'd by the power
 Of bloom and verdure mingling thus below,
 Whence many a taper-light sends forth a cheerful glow.
 There sit together, tranquilly array'd,
 The friends and parents of the infant band.
 A mother nodding to her timid maid
 With cheering smiles—or beckoning with her hand,
 A sign of love the child doth understand.
 There, deeper thoughts the father's heart employ :
 His features grave with fondness melting-bland,
 He asks his silent heart, with gushing joy,
 If all the vale can match his own exulting boy.
 See ! where in blooming rows the children sit—
 All loving partners by the idle floor
 As yet divided—save where boy doth flit,
 Lightly as small wave running 'long the shore,
 To whisper something, haply said before,
 Unto the soft cheek of his laughing May !
 The whiles the Master eyes the opening door—
 And, fearing longer than one smile to stay,
 Turns on his noiseless heel, and jocund wheels away.

The next poem, entitled *The Sisters*, is, in its thoughts and feelings, bright enough to be the offspring of Mrs. Norton's fancy :—

SWEET Creature ! issuing like a dream
 So softly from that wood !
 — She glideth on a sunny gleam—
 In youth, in innocence so bright,
 She lendeth lustre to day-light,
 And life to solitude !
 O'er all her face a radiance fair,
 That seemeth to be native there !

No transient smile, no burst of joy,
 Which time or sorrow may destroy,
 A soul-breathed calm that ne'er may cease !
 The spirit of eternal peace !
 The sunshine may forsake the sky,
 But the blue depths of ether lie
 In steadfast meek serenity.

Onward she walks—with that pure face
 Shedding around its gladdening grace—
 Those cloudless eyes of tenderest blue
 Sparkling through a tearlike dew—
 That golden hair that floats in air
 Fine as the glittering gossamer—
 That motion dancing o'er the earth
 Without an aim—in very mirth—
 That lark-like song, whose strengthening
 measure

Is soaring through the air of pleasure—
 — Is she not like the innocent Morn ?
 When from the slow-unfolding arms
 Of Night, she starts in all her charms,
 And o'er the glorious earth is borne,
 With orient pearls beneath her feet,—
 All round her, music warbling sweet,
 And o'er her head the fulgent skies
 In the fresh light of Paradise.
 Lo ! Sadness by the side of Joy !
 — With raven tresses on her brow
 Braided o'er that glimpse of snow—

O'er her bosom stray locks spread
 As if by grief dishevelled—
 Unsparkling eyes where smiles appear
 More mournful far than many a tear—
 Voice most gentle, sad, and slow,
 Whose happiest tones still breath of woe—
 As in our ancient Scottish airs
 Even joy the sound of sorrow wears—
 Motion like a cloud that goes
 From deep to more profound repose—
 Seems she not in pensive light
 Image of the falling night ?
 — Still survive faint gleams of day,
 But all sinking to decay—
 There is almost mirth and gladness,
 Temper'd soft with peace and sadness,
 Sound comes from the stream and hill,
 But the darkening world is still—
 The heavens above are bright and holy,
 Most beautiful—most melancholy—
 And gazing with suspended breath,
 We dream of grief—decay—and death !

Of Joanna Baillie it is unnecessary that we should write at any length. A woman who was applauded by Scott and Jeffrey, and, in many respects, the equal, if not the superior, of most of the dramatists who have arisen in England during the past two hundred years, and whose poems are so genial and so kindly in spirit, that they go to the heart, like the revived memory of half forgotten pleasures, is best judged from the succeeding extracts.

Upon her *Plays Illustrative of the Passions*, the fame of Joanna Baillie must chiefly rest. As a song and as a verse writer, her ability is of the first order ; but those whose genius has enabled them to excel in the higher branches of art, can never, with justice, be judged by their productions in the lower. Sir Walter, who was a sincere friend, dedicated to her his drama—*Mac Duff's Cross*, which appeared originally in a small volume of miscellaneous poems published, by her for a charitable purpose, in the year 1823 ; and in the *Introduction* to the third canto of *Marmion*, he thus writes of her, referring to her tragedy *De Montfort* :—

" Or, if to touch such chord be thine,
 Restore the ancient tragic line,
 And emulate the notes that wrung
 From the wild harp, which silent hung
 By silver Avon's holy shore,
 Till twice an hundred years roll'd o'er ;
 When she, the bold Enchantress, came,
 With fearless hand and heart on flame !
 From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
 And swept it with a kindred measure,
 Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
 With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
 Awakening at the inspired strain,
 Deem'd their own Shakspeare lived again."

Her best tragedy is entitled *De Montfort*. It was first represented at Drury Lane Theatre, on the 29th of April,

1799—John Kemble playing *De Montfort*, to the *Jane de Montfort* of Mrs. Siddons. Writing of this piece, Thomas Campbell thus expresses his opinion of the genius of the authoress:—"She brought to the drama a wonderful union of many precious requisites for a perfect tragic writer: deep feeling, a picturesque imagination, and, except where theory and system misled her, a correct taste, that made her diction equally remote from the stiffness of the French, and the flaccid flatness of the German school—a better stage style than any we have heard since the time of Shakespeare, or, at least, since that of his immediate disciples."

It has been a favorite custom with dramatic authors to give a word-painted portrait, in describing the heroine, of the actress by whom she is represented. Thus, in *Adelaide*, Richard Sheil pourtrays Miss O'Neill:—

"Those fair blue eyes
Where shines a soul most pensive and most loving,
Her soft variety of winning ways,—
And all the tender witchery of her smiles,
That charm each sterner grief, her studious care
In all the offices of sweet affection,
Would render the world enamoured."*

Joanna Baillie followed the custom, and in describing *Jane de Montfort*, in the dialogue between the *Page* and the *Countess Friberg*, gives the following portrait of Mrs. Siddons:—†

Page.
Madam, there is a lady in your hall
Who begs to be admitted to your presence.

Lady.
Is it not one of our invited friends?

Page.
No; far unlike them. It is a stranger.

Lady.
How looks her countenance?

Page.
So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled,
Methought I could have compassed sea and land
To do her bidding.

Lady.
Is she young or old?

* In "Evadne" he has given another fine portrait of Miss O'Neill. See Sheil's Memoir in IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 3, Vol. I. p. 379.

† Act II. Scene I.

Page.

Neither, if I right guess ; but she is fair.
For Time has laid his hand so gently on her,
As he too had been awed.

Lady.

The foolish stripling !

She has bewitch'd thee. Is she large in stature ?

Page.

So stately and so graceful is her form,
I thought at first her stature was gigantic ;
But, on a near approach, I found in truth
She scarcely does surpass the middle size.

Lady.

What is her garb ?

Page.

I cannot well describe the fashion of it ;
She is not deck'd in any gallant trim,
But seems to me clad in the usual weeds
Of high habitual state.

Lady.

Thine eyes deceive thee, boy.

It is an apparition thou hast seen.

Friberg.

It is an apparition he has seen,
Or it is Jane de Montfort.

The play was not very successful, owing, perhaps, to the fact that the authoress was ignorant of all stage matters. It was, however, revived at Drury-lane in December, 1821, Edmund Kean playing *De Montfort*. "Kean of course," Barry Cornwall writes, "acted the principal character ; and, in order, we suppose, to invest it with sufficient gloom, studied it by night in the church-yard at Hastings ! The tragedy, which possesses very great merit, failed in becoming popular, even when supported by John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons (a host in herself) ; and it is, therefore, no reproach to Kean, that his performance was attended with no better success. Every body seems to allow that he filled this character with great ability. The authoress herself complimented him highly on his acting, and the critics were almost unanimous in his favour." Campbell, however he may have been deceived in his estimate of the play, and in his admiration of it, must have been undeceived by the last-named actor, as he writes—"When I congratulated Kean on having rescued *De Montfort*, he told me that though a fine poem, it would never be an acting play." The following

extracts will show the powers of Joanna Baillie's mind, excluding, of course, the tragic :—

THE KITTEN.

Wanton droll, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
When, drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged crone and thoughtless lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting till his supper cool,
And maid, whose cheek outblossoms the rose,
As bright the blazing faggot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light,
Piles her task with busy sleight;
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coiled and crouching low,
With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,
The housewife's spindle whirling round,
Or thread or straw that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin ay
Held out to lure thy roving eye;
Then stealing onward, fiercely spring
Upon the tempting faithless thing.
Now, wheeling round with bootless skill,
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As still beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide;
Till from thy centre starting far,
Thou sidelong veer'st with rump in air
Erected stiff, and gait awry,
Like madam in her tantrums high;
Though ne'er a madam of them all,
Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
More varied trick and whim displays
To catch the admiring stranger's gaze.

Doth power in measured verses dwell,
All thy vagaries wild to tell?
Ah no!—the start, the jet, the bound,
The giddy scamper round and round,
With leap and toss and high curvet,
And many a whirling summerset,
(Permitted by the modern muse
Expression technical to use,)
These mock the dearest rhymester's skill,
But poor in art though rich in will.

The featest tumbler, stage bedight,
To thee is but a clumsy wight,
Who every limb and sinew strains
To do what costs thee little pains;
For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
Requite him oft with plaudits loud.

But, stopped the while thy wanton play,
Applauses too thy pains repay:
For then, beneath some urchin's hand
With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,
While many a stroke of kindness glides
Along thy back and tabby sides.
Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
And loudly croons thy busy purr,
As, timing well the equal sound,
Thy clutched feet beat the ground,
And all their harmless claws disclose
Like prickles of an early rose,
While softly from thy whiskered cheek
Thy half-closed eyes peer, mild and meek.

But not alone by cottage fire
Do rustics rude thy feats admire.
The learned sage, whose thoughts explore
The widest range of human lore,
Or with unfettered fancy fly
Through airy heights of poesy,
Pausing smiles with altered air
To see thee climb his elbow-chair,
Or, struggling on the mat below,
Hold warfare with his slippered toe.
The widowed dame or lonely maid,
Who, in the still but cheerless shade
Of home unsocial, spends her age
And rarely turns the lettered page,
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
The rounded cork or paper ball,
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch,
The ends of ravelled skein to catch,
But lets thee have thy wayward will,
Perplexing oft her better skill.

Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
In lonely tower or prison pent,
Reviews the coil of former days,
And loathes the world and all its ways,
What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
Hath roused him from his moody dream,
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
His heart of pride less fiercely beat,
And smiles, a link in thee to find
That joins it still to living kind.

Whence hast thou then, thou witless puss!
The magic power to charm us thus?
Is it that in thy glaring eye
And rapid movements, we descry—
Whilst we at ease, secure from ill,
The chimney corner snugly fill—
A lion darting on his prey,
A tiger at his ruthless play?
Or is it that in thee we trace
With all thy varied wanton grace,
An emblem viewed with kindred eye,
Of tricky, restless infancy?
Ah! many a lightly sportive child,
Who hath like thee our wits beguiled,
To dull and sober manhood grown,
With strange recoil our hearts disown.

And so, poor Kit! must thou endure,
When thou becom'st a cat demure,
Full many a cuff and angry word,
Chased roughly from the tempting board.
But yet, for that thou hast, I ween,
So oft our favoured play-mate been,
Soft be the change which thou shalt prove!
When time hath spoiled thee of our love,
Still be thou deemed by housewife fat
A comely, careful, mousing cat,
Whose dish is, for the public good,
Replenished oft with savoury food.
Nor, when thy span of life is past,
Be thou to pond or dunghill cast,
But, gently borne on goodman's spade,
Beneath the decent sod be laid;
And children show with glistening eyes
The place where poor old pussy lies.

The succeeding lines are in a mood more grave, but very poetical:—

ST. JOHN XXI. 1.

TOIL-WORN upon their wavy sea,
With empty nets and wasted store,
The fishermen of Galilee
Are steering cheerless to the shore.
But lo! upon the shelving strand
A form, like one of Abraham's race,
Beckons, with friendly outstretched hand,
Yet moves with more than mortal grace.

And words came wafted on the wind,—
"Friends, have ye meat?"—they answered,
"None."
"Cast to the right and ye shall find;"
And to the right their nets were thrown,
When all the treasures of the deep
Into their meshy cells were poured.
"Who may it be?"—within them leap
Their yearning hearts—"It is the Lord."

So he, traversing life's broad main,
Who long hath toiled and nothing won,
Will feel how profitless and vain
A worldling's task when it is done!
His hands hang listless by his side,
With languid eye and gathered brow
He wanders, hope no more his guide,
For what hath she to offer now?

But hark, a voice! he turns his head;
A treasure rich before him lies;
And rays of light from heaven are shed,
To gleam the fair unfolded prize.
Who doth this better gift impart
Than earth or ocean can afford?
O feel, and rouse thee, grateful heart!
And gladly own it is the Lord.

With the following gay song we close our notice of the best female poet of Scotland—perhaps of the kingdom:—

HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

(Founded on an old Scotch Song).

Oh, neighbours! what had I a-do for to marry!
My wife she drinks possets and wine o' Canary,
And ca's me a niggardly, throw-gabbit cairly:
O, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

She supe wi' her kimmers on dainties enow,
Aye bowing and sminning and wiping her mou,
While I sit aside, and am helpit but sparely:
O, gin my wife wad feast hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O, gin my wife wad feast hooly and fairly!

To fairs and to bridals and preachings and a',
She gangs sae light-headed and buskit sae braw,
In ribbons and mantuas that gar me gae barely:
O, gin my wife wad spend hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O, gin my wife wad spend hooly and fairly!

I' the kirk sic commotion last Sabbath she made,
Wi' babe o' red roses and breast-knots o'erlaid!
The Dominie stickit the psalm very nearlly:
O, gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O, gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly!

She's warring and flyting frae morning till e'en,
And if ye gainsay her, her een glowr sae keen,
Then tongue, nieve, and cudgel she'll lay on ye sairly:
O, gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O, gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly!

When tired wi' her cantrips, she lies in her bed,
The wark a' neglectit, the chaumer unred,
While a' our guld neighbours are stirring sae early:
O, gin my wife wad work timely and fairly!
Timely and fairly, timely and fairly,
O, gin my wife wad work timely and fairly!

A word o' guld counsel or grace she'll hear none;
 She bandies the Ellers, and mocks at Mess John,
 While back in his teeth his own text she flings rarely :

O, gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly!
 Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
 O, gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly!

I wish I were single, I wish I were freed;
 I wish I were doited, I wish I were dead,
 Or she in the moults, to dement me na mair, lay!

What does it 'vall to cry hooly and fairly?
 Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
 Wasting my breath to cry hooly and fairly!

In Ireland almost all our late, or present, poets are of the legal profession; we know of no medical man since Drennan's time who has been worthy of the "honorable" name. In Scotland, however, the doctors remember that Apollo knew something of physic, and like true worshippers, follow the example of the god. Macnish and Moir, two of the literary children of *Christopher North*, were physicians. Macnish was born in Henderson's Court, Jamaica-street, Glasgow, on the 15th day of February, 1802. His father was of some position as a general practitioner, and intending that Robert should follow the same profession, sent him, in his eighth year, to a school at Hamilton, kept by the Rev. Alexander Easton; and here, although noted for his inquiring mind and great anxiety for extensive reading, he was not remarkable as a proficient in classics, which he always considered secondary accomplishments, believing, with Sydney Smith, that we have in our schools "too much Latin and Greek." By a rule of the Scotch colleges the only manner in which pupilage in them can be abridged is by the apprenticeship of three years to some master in that profession to which the youth seems inclined to devote himself. Macnish was, accordingly, bound to his grandfather, who had set up in Glasgow as a surgeon after returning from a long residence and practice in the island of Antigua. By this arrangement he was prepared to undergo his examination at an early age, and in his eighteenth year he obtained, from the University of Glasgow, the degree of *Magister Chirurgiæ*. He then removed to Clyth, and became an assistant to Doctor Henderson, author of *The General View of the County of Caithness*, and during eighteen months passed there he labored continuously as a country doctor, but found time, amidst such duty as Mungo Park declared to be far more harassing in its miseries and privations than the hardships and difficulties of the African desert, to prepare his most able and most interesting *Anatomy of Drunkenness*, the ninth edition of which now lies before us.

He also, whilst residing in Clyth, and after having imbuéd his mind with all the charms of the musés of Campbell, Byron, Moore, and Southey, wrote a very pretty poem, something in the style of the *Light of the Harem*, and to the *Inverness Journal* contributed many poetical fugitive pieces. Amongst these the following is the best :—

THE HARP OF SALEM.

I.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Thou wert of earth the fairest gem,
But who, alas! may strive to tell,
Thy starry splendours ere they fell,
Or, steeped in inspiration's hue,
Thy prophet songs again renew?
Who may recall the parted strain?
Wake, Harp of Salem, wake again!

II.

Deserted queen of Palestine,
What peerless beauty once was thine,
Ere on thy stately turrets came
The wrath of the Avenger's flame?
Thy diadem was placed upon
The cedar tops of Lebanon,
And Carmel with her groves of bloom
Around thy borders shed perfume.
All desolate and faded now,
The dazzling lustre of thy brow,
Dimm'd is the splendour of thine eyes—
Is there no gifted voice to rise,
And bid a second life be spread
Around the relics of the dead?
Who shall recall thine ancient strain?
Wake, Harp of Salem, wake again!

III.

Deserted city of the Lord,
Who heard the echo of his word,
To slay the victim at the shrine
Of the Invisible was thine,
And spread the pomp of sacrifice
Before the Ruler of the Skies:
But now the harp is all unstrung;
The censor down to earth is flung;
The clouds of incense cease to spring,
The psaltery forgets to sing,
And silent now as Chilminar,*
The Prophets rapturéd voices are,—

Who shall recall their parted strain?
Wake, Harp of Salem, wake again!

IV.

Deserted pride of Israel,
How beauteous ere thy glories fell!
But they are furrowed with a trace
Which sternest time may not efface.
Look to yon mountain—is it thine,
Dark-fated queen of Palestine!
Look up, and blight thy lustrous eye—
That mountain ridge is Calvary;
Look up—then hang for aye thy head—
And see, where heavenly blood was shed,
And say, if Salem's harp may deign
To chaunt thy glories o'er again!

V.

Away, away—thy claim hath fled,
Its strain is all unmerited;
But Oh! if Justice may not bring
One tone of that enchanted string,
Which with Isaiah's voice arose,
Or echoed Jeremiah's woes,
Yet harp of Salem deign to wake
Thy choral voice for Pity's sake.
Thou wert not silent, when the words
Of inspiration smote thy chords,
But ah! heaven's accents breathe not nigh
To wake thee now to ecstasy,
Yet to the last and piteous cries
Of pleading Nature deign to rise.
Time was when, o'er Judea's land,
The mountains smiled at thy command,
And sullen Jordan paused to hear
Thy mystic spirit murmuring near;
Awake as at that early hour,
When Nature owned thy syren power,
And shed upon the world again
One echo of thine ancient reign!

In the year 1825 he was admitted a member of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, and, as his inaugural thesis, presented his *Essay on the Anatomy of Drunkenness*, prepared, as already stated, whilst he resided in Clyth.

In May, 1826, he first became a contributor to *Blackwood*, and at page 511 of the number for that month appears his tale, *The Metempsychosis, by a Modern Pythagorean*—in the same number there is a paper from poor Moir, entitled *The Barley Fever*. Our readers may remember that William

* The ancient Persepolis,—now in ruins.

Maginn introduced himself to *Blackwood* under the signature Ralph Tuckett Scott,* in like manner Macnish, having borrowed a friend's name with the friend's concurrence, introduced himself as Mackay Gordon. When thus enrolled amongst *Blackwood's* staff, he continued one of its ablest and most admired contributors; under his nom de plume, *The Modern Pythagorean*, he wrote tales and poems. For the Glasgow publisher, M'Phen, he wrote *The Book of Aphorisms* in the style of Maginn's *Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty*, and his *Anatomy of Sleep*, a most ingenious physiological essay. As a specimen of his poetic style, in various phases, we insert the following:—

THE LOVER'S SECRET.

I.

Thou walk'st in tender light, by thine own beauty made,
And all thou passest by are hidden in the shade;
Forms fair to other eyes appear not so to me,
So fully glows my heart with thoughts alone of thee.

II.

I dream of thee by night—I think of thee by day—
Thy form, where'er I go, o'ertakes me on my way;
It haunts my waking thoughts—it fills mine hours of sleep,
And yet it glads me not, but only makes me weep:—

III.

It only makes me weep—for though my spirit's shrine
Is filled with thee, I know that thou can'st ne'er be mine:
"Unconquerable bars," raised up by Fate's decree,
Stand and will ever stand, between my soul and thee!

IV.

Hope long hath passed away; and nothing now remains
For me but bootless love—its sorrows, and its pains;
And to increase each pang, I dare not breathe thy name,
Or, in thy gentle ear, confess my secret flame.

V.

Hope long hath passed away, and still thou art enshrined
A spirit fair—within the temple of my mind:
If I had loved thee less, the secret thou had'st known
Which strong affection binds, and binds to me alone.

VI.

The secret thou had'st known—but terror, lest thy heart
In feelings such as mine should bear no kindred part,
Enchains my soul, and locks within its silent urn
Love which, perchance from thee, durst meet with no return.

BABYLON IS FALLEN.

Fallen is stately Babylon!
Her mansions from the earth are gone.
For ever quench'd, no more her beam
Shall gem Enphrates' voiceless stream.
Her mirth is hush'd, her music fled—
All, save her very name, is dead;
And the lone river rolls his flood
Where once a thousand temples stood.

Queen of the golden east! afar
Thou shon'st, Assyria's morning star;
Till God, by righteous anger driven,
Expell'd thee from thy place in Heaven.
For false and treacherous was thy way,
Like swampy lights that lead astray;
And o'er the splendour of thy name
Roll'd many a cloud of sin and shame.

* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 7, Vol. II., p. 599.

For ever fled thy princely shrines,
Rich with their wreaths of clustering vines;
Priest, censor, incense—all are gone
From the deserted altar-stone.
Belshazzar's halls are desolate,
And vanish'd their imperial state;
Even as the pageant of a dream
That floats unheard on memory's stream.

Fallen is Babylon! and o'er
The silence of her hidden shore,
Where the gaunt satyr shrieks and sings,
Hath mystery waved his awful wings,
Conceal'd from eyes of mortal men,
Or angels' more pervading ken,
The ruin'd city lies—unknown
Her site to all, but God alone.

Macnish was fond of athletic exercises, and at one period started a club, every member of which should be of a certain width, measured round the chest. He liked society, and although not by any means a wine bibber—indeed Moir writes of him, “although so often together on occasions that prompted the circulation of the bottle, I never once saw him in the slightest degree under the influence of wine,”—yet he enjoyed a jovial evening with the true zest of a Glasgow man. The next is quite worthy of Maginn:—

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

I.

Who cares a potato for Solon or Plato,
Those dull philosophical pedants of yore?
A glass of good stingo is better, by jingo!
Than all their flash sayings, their wisdom,
and lore.
What is gruff Aristotle to a well-plenished
bottle,
With daffy can Socrates ever compare?
If grief should attack us we'll call upon
Bacchus,
Renown'd for his hatred to sorrow and
care.

II.

Let's all set a brewing strong ale, and blue
ruin
In puncheonful studiously let us distil,
For sound man or cripple, there's nought
like a tippie,
Have it ye lush coves! and swig off your
fill:
For who cares a potato for Solon or Plato,
Those dull philosophical ninnies of yore?
But Anacreon the jewel he took to his gruel,
Voting care an incumbrance, and wisdom a
bore!

III.

Ye mealy-faced noodles, ye soft-livered
doodles,
Ye tea-sipping quakers come answer us;
pray,
What makes us pugnacious, good-humour'd,
sagacious,
But tipling the jorum and soaking our clay?
Accursed by the muses is he who refuses
Each day to get muggy at Lushington's
bar;
Or cheer with good toddy the soul of his
body,
And wage with dull sense and sobriety war.

IV.

The soul needeth fuel, and drink is a jewel,
Which wise men and true can ne'er value
enough;
Blue devils it scatters, tears sorrow to tat-
ters,
And floors in a jiffy despair and such stuff:
If aught should perplex us, bamboozle or
vex us,
Heavy-wet will assuredly give us relief;
Rum, brandy, and whisky, or Hollands so
frisky,
Oh these are elixirs for banishing grief!

Many of our readers may remember that in the year 1836 a very severe and fatal influenza afflicted these kingdoms,* and Macnish fell a victim to it on the 16th day of January, 1837, in the 35th year of his age, and was buried in the grounds of St. Andrew's Episcopal Chapel, Glasgow. His memoir was written, and his poems were prepared for publication in the year 1837,

* For a very interesting account of this particular epidemic, and a history of the disease generally, see Holland's Medical Notes and Recollections, p. 183.

by his old friend Moir, to whose poems, after the insertion of the following from Macnisch's pen, we pass :—

POETICAL PORTRAITS.

SHAKESPEARE.

His was the wizard spell,
The spirit to enchain;
His grasp o'er nature fell,
Creation own'd his reign.

MILTON.

His spirit was the home;
Of aspirations high;
A temple, whose huge dome
Was hidden in the sky.

BYRON.

Black clouds his forehead bound,
And at his feet were flowers:
Mirth, Madness, Magic found
In him their keenest powers.

SCOTT.

He sings, and lo! Romance
Starts from its mouldering urn,
While Chivalry's bright lance
And nodding plumes return.

SPENSER.

Within th' enchanted womb
Of his vast genius, lie
Bright streams and groves, whose gloom
Is lit by Una's eye.

WORDSWORTH.

He hung his harp upon
Philosophy's pure shrine;
And, placed by Nature's throne,
Composed each placid line.

WILSON.

His strain, like holy hymn,
Upon the ear doth float,
Or voice of cherubim,
In mountain vale remote.

GRAY.

Soaring on pinions proud,
The lightnings of his eye
Scar the black thunder-cloud,
He passes swiftly by.

BURNS.

He seized his country's lyre,
With ardent grasp and strong;
And made his soul of fire
Dissolve itself in song.

BAILLIE.

The Passions are thy slaves;
In varied guise they roll
Upon the stately waves
Of thy majestic soul.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

In garb of sable hue
Thy soul dwells all alone,

Where the sad drooping yew
Weeps o'er the funeral stone.

HEMANS.

To bid the big tear start,
Unchallenged, from its shrine,
And thrill the quivering heart
With pity's voice, are thine.

TIGHE.

On zephyr's amber wings,
Like thine own Psyche borne,
Thy buoyant spirit springs
To hail the bright-eyed morn.

LANDON.

Romance and high-soul'd Love,
Like two commingling streams,
Glide through the flowery grove
Of thy enchanted dreams.

MOORE.

Crown'd with perennial flowers,
By Wit and Genius wove,
He wanders through the bowers
Of Fancy and of Love.

SOUTHEY.

Where Necromancy flings
O'er Eastern lands her spell,
Sustained on Fable's wings,
His spirit loves to dwell.

COLLINS.

Waked into mimic life,
The Passions round him throng,
While the loud "Spartan life"
Thrills through his startling song.

CAMPBELL.

With all that Nature's fire
Can lend to polish'd Art,
He strikes his graceful lyre
To thrill or warm the heart.

COLERIDGE.

Magician, whose dread spell,
Working in pale moonlight,
From Superstition's cell
Invokes each satellite!

COWPER.

Religious light is shed
Upon his soul's dark shrine;
And Vice veils o'er her head
At his denouncing line.

YOUNG.

Involved in pall of gloom,
He haunts, with footsteps dread,
The murderer's midnight tomb,
And calls upon the dead.

GRAHAM.

O! when we hear the bell
Of "Sabbath" chiming free,
It strikes us like a knell,
And makes us think of Thee!

W. L. BOWLES.

From Nature's flowery throne
His spirit took it's flight,
And moves serenely on
In soft, sad, tender light.

SHELLEY.

A solitary rock
In a far distant sea,
Rent by the thunder's shock,
An emblem stands of Thee!

J. MONTGOMERY.

Upon thy touching strain
Religion's spirit fair,
Falls down like drops of rain,
And blends divinely there.

HOGG.

Clothed in the rainbow's beam,
'Mid strath and pastoral glen,
He sees the fairies gleam,
Far from the haunts of men.

THOMSON.

The Seasons as they roll
Shall bear thy name along;
And graven on the soul
Of Nature, live thy song.

MOIR.

On every gentler scene
That moves the human breast,

Pathetic and serene,
Thine eye delights to rest.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Soft is thy lay—a stream
Meand'ring calmly by,
Beneath the moon's pale beam
Of sweet Italia's sky.

CRABBE.

Wouldst thou his pictures know,
Their power—their harrowing truth—
Their scenes of wrath or woe—
Go gaze on hapless "Ruth."

A. CUNNINGHAM.

Tradition's lyre he plays
With firm and skilful hand,
Singing the olden lays
Of his dear native land.

KEATS.

Fair thy young spirit's mould—
Thou from whose heart the streams
Of sweet Elysium roll'd
Over Endymion's dreams.

BLOOMFIELD.

Sweet bard, upon the tomb
In which thine ashes lie,
The simple wildflowers bloom
Before the ploughman's eye.

HOOD.

Impugn I dare not thee,
For I'm of puny brood;
And thou wouldst punish me
With pungent hardihood.

David Macbeth Moir, the well and widely known *Delta* of *Blackwood*, whose memoir has been prepared, and whose poetical works have been edited by Mr. Aird, was born at Musselburgh on the 5th day of January, 1798; he was educated at the grammar school of his native town, and learned, as Mr. Aird states, during his six years attendance at the school, Latin, Greek, French, and politics, from the master, Mr. Taylor, "a perfect model of the old Tory and Loyalist." In his thirteenth year he was bound apprentice to Doctor Stewart, a medical practitioner in Musselburgh, and in his fifteenth year wrote his first poem; some short time afterwards, two prose essays of his appeared in *The Cheap Magazine*, a serial published in Haddington. When seventeen years old he removed to Edinburgh, for the purpose of attending the College; he walked from Musselburgh to Edinburgh every Monday morning, and returned every Saturday night, for the purpose of spending the Sabbath with his family. He lodged in

a small room in Shakspeare's Square, and spent all his pocket-money in the purchase of books. The Edinburgh Theatre was then held by Mrs. Siddons' son, Henry, and the only relaxation Moir allowed himself was an occasional visit to the play, where he felt happy in witnessing the acting of John Kemble, Miss O'Neill and Edmund Kean. In his eighteenth year he obtained his diploma as a surgeon; this was in the year 1816. He had been originally intended for the Military Medical Staff, but as the Battle of Waterloo had changed the whole aspect of affairs, and as his father died shortly after he had obtained his diploma, he became a partner of Doctor Brown, of Musselburgh, where he resided to the period of his death. His mother was a woman of some information and considerable taste, and until the time of her decease, in the year 1842, she being then in her seventy-fifth year, it was his practice to consult her on the design and composition of his various poems. He was a very early contributor to *Blackwood*; and in the humor of many of his pieces, particularly his *Imitations*, such as *The Eve of St. Jerry*, *The Auncient Waggonere*, and *Billy Routin*, he is, in our mind, humorous as Maginn. In the year 1827 he was introduced by William Blackwood to Macnish, they were soon warm friends, and Macnish dedicated to him an improved edition of *The Anatomy of Drunkenness*.

In the number of *Blackwood* for October, 1824, Moir commenced the publication of his story, *Mansie Wauch*. To its merits we have already referred, and we are sure our readers will be pleased to find that, as Mr. Aird writes—"not only Scotland, but in England and America also, *Mansie* is now a standard classic of humour—giving Moir, for all time to come, an uniqueness of fame as a novelist. The fame is deserved. Wide, and deep, and true is the mirror held up by broad-fronted Burns, in the face of Scottish nature and life; and yet he almost completely missed those many peculiar features of the national character and manners, which are brought out so inimitably in *Mansie Wauch*. *Mansie* himself is perfect as a portraiture. What an exquisite compound of conceit, cowardice, gossiping, silliness, pawkiness, candour, kindly affection, and good Christian principle—the whole amalgam, with no violent contrasts, with no gross exaggerations, beautifully blent down into verisimilitude, presenting to us a unique hero at once ludicrous and loveable. In some of Galt's best Scotch

novels we find characters of the same pawky class with *Mansie*; but *Mansie* beats them all in compactness and completeness, and has elevations of ideality about him which Galt could not reach. The immortal tailor remains an original."

In June, 1829, Moir was married to Miss Catherine E. Bell, of Leith. "The match was one of the purest love on both sides; and to both parties now united it proved the crowning blessing of their life." Presenting some gifts to his wife, just before their marriage, he accompanied them with the following lines:—

"Accept these trifles, lovely and beloved;
And haply, in the days of future years,
While the far past to memory reappears,
Thou may'st retrace these tablets, not unmoved,
Catherine! whose holy constancy was proved
By all that deepest tries, and most endears."

From this period, to the year 1832, Moir and Macnish were contributors to the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*, and to *Fraser's Magazine*. So highly, indeed, were Moir's contributions prized by the proprietors of the former, that they presented to him a handsome silver jug, as a token of gratitude. Moir was always attentive to his professional duties, and from his reading and observation he was enabled to prepare and publish his *Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine; Being a View of the Progress of the Healing Art among the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Arabians*. This work was originally intended for publication in Colburn and Bentley's *National Library*; but it, like Planché's *History of British Costume*, was thrown upon the author's hands, through the unwillingness, or through the inability of the publisher to bring it out. Moir's poems are only to be found in *Blackwood's Magazine*, or in the two volumes now before us; but his life was not a lazy literary one. He worked continually as if he were merely a machine, in fact, a species of animated pill roller. But when the day's toil was concluded he felt himself his own master, and experienced satisfaction in knowing that he had, by the labor of the day, acquired a right to devote his evening leisure to literature. In January, 1848, he wrote to David Vedder:—"In early youth I had many aspiring feelings to dedicate my life to literature, and to literature alone; but I thank God—seeing what I have seen in Galt, in Hogg, in Hood, and other friends—that I had resolution to resolve on a profession, and to make poetry my crutch, and not my staff. I have, in con-

sequence, lost the name which, probably, with due exertion I might have acquired; but I have gained many domestic blessings which more than counterbalance it, and I can yet turn to my pen, in my short intervals of occasional relaxation, with as much zest as in my days of romantic adolescence." He was employed by Blackwood to edit the seven volume, and afterwards the one volume, editions of Mrs. Heman's Works; and this occupation, with his professional duties and his occasional poems, filled up completely all his leisure hours. Knowing that he was a poet, and one too of a very high order, he never forgot his duties as a man and as a citizen. He was always ready and willing to undertake, as a matter of duty, the offices imposed upon laymen by the church of Scotland, and in his home life he was the perfection of the Christian and the man. Mr. Aird gives the following extract, descriptive of Moir's home life, from a letter of his brother, Mr. Charles Moir:—

"He always took books with him to read in his carriage, when he had any distance to go. An hour or two in the afternoon was also, if possible, devoted to reading. By this means he left himself some time for composition in the evening. After dinner the younger children hung about his chair, their arms about his neck, and he amused them with some funny story, or puzzled them with some curious 'guess.' The youngsters were then sent away, and the conversation took a more serious turn: new books were discussed, new paintings and engravings were criticised, public affairs were touched on. He then went to his library, and there wrote, unless called out professionally, until nine o'clock. At that hour precisely, the bell rung for family worship. This he conducted, with his assembled household, in the most solemn and reverential manner. After supper, he usually took another hour or two at his desk before retiring to rest. David always appeared to me to be peculiarly a 'home' man. Every thing about his home was dear to him. Without alluding to his great love for his wife and children, his house, his garden, nay, every tree in it, seemed to have for him an affectionate interest. The very gooseberry-bushes had each its little history. 'This one,' he would say to me, 'was planted by poor Charlie—all these smaller ones were slips taken from it; that one there was wee Willie's,' and so on—every spot bearing some secret charm for him, every shrub and flower having its own place in the home affections: they all 'took root in love.' There was no end of his pains taking in trying to benefit a friend. Letters were written—personal application was made—no stone was left unturned, when the object was good, and the person to be helped worthy. Unreservedly did he ask for others what his sensitive nature would have shrunk from asking for himself."

From such a mind as this the following lines, descriptive of *The Birth of the Flowers*, must seem, beautiful

as they are, in perfect keeping. He first paints the Genius of the Air, and then describes her course in forming the world of floral beauty :—

Eye could not gaze on shape so bright,
Which from its atmosphere of light,
And love, and beauty, shed around,
From every winnow of her wings,
Upon the fainting air perfumes
Sweeter than thought's imaginings;
And at each silent bend of grace,
The Dreamer's raptur'd eye could trace
(Far richer than the peacock's plumes)
A rainbow shadow on the ground,
As if from out Elysium's bowers,
From brightest gold to deepest blue,
Blossoms of every form and hue
Had fallen to earth in radiant showers.
Vainly would human words convey
Spiritual music, or portray
Seraphic loveliness—the grace
Flowing like glory from that face,—

Which, as 'twas said of Una's, made,
Where'er the sinless virgin strayed,
A sunshine in the shady place.
The snowdrop was her brow; the rose
Her cheek; her clear, full, gentle eye
The violet, in its deepest dye;
The lily of the Nile her nose;
Before the crimson of her lips
Carnations waned in dim eclipse;
And downward o'er her shoulders, white
As Sharon's rose in fullest blow,
Her floating tresses took delight
To curl in hyacinthine flow.
Her vesture seem'd as from the blooms
Of all the circling seasons wove,
With magic warp, in fairy looms,
And tissued with the woof of love.

The succeeding extract describes The Birth of the Flowers at the word of the Spirit :—

First, heavenward, with refulgent smile,
She glanced, then earthward turn'd; the
while
From out her lap, she scatter'd round
Its riches of all scents and hues—
Scarlets and saffrons, pinks and blues;
And sow'd with living gems the ground.
The rose to eastern plains she gave;
The lily to the western wave;
The violet to the south; and forth
The thistle to the hardy north.
Then, in triumphant ecstasy,
Glancing across wide earth her eye,
She flung abroad her arms in air,
And daisies sprang up everywhere!

"And let these be"—than song of birds
Harmonious more, 'twas thus her words
Prolong'd their sweetness—"let these be
For symbols and for signs to Thee;
Forthcoming Man, for whom was made
This varied world of sun and shade:
Fair in its hills and valleys, fair
In groves, and glades, and forest bowers,
The Genit of the earth and air
Have lavish'd their best offerings there;
And mine I now have brought him—
FLOWERS!
These, these are mine especial care;
And I have given them form and hue,
For ornament and emblem too:
Let them be symbols to the sense,
(For they are passionless and pure,

And sinless quite,) that innocence
Alone can happiness secure.
Nursed by the sunshine and the shower,
Buds grow to blossoms on the eye,
And having pass'd their destined hour,
Vanish away all painlessly—
For sorrowing days and sleepless nights
Are only Sin's dread perquisites—
As each returning spring fresh races,
Alike in beauty and in bloom,
Shall rise to occupy their places,
And shed on every breeze perfume.

Then let them teach him—Faith. They
grow,
But how and wherefore never know :—
The morning bathes them with its dew,
When fades in heaven its latest star;
The sunshine gives them lustre new,
And shows to noon each varied hue,
Than Fancy's dreams more beauteous
far;
And night maternal muffles up
In her embrace each tender cup.
They toil not, neither do they spin,
And yet so exquisite their bloom,
Nor mimic Art, nor Tyrian loom
Shall e'er to their perfection win.
For million millions though they be,
And like to each, the searcher not
From out the whole one pair shall see
Identical in stripe and spot".

At the celebrated Burns Festival held in 1844, at Ayr, Moir was one of the most distinguished guests, and, in honor of the greatest poet of Scotland, wrote the lines which we shall just now

insart. Let us here observe, that Scotland has forgotten none of her celebrated sons of the first or second order of genius—Burns, Scott, Motherwell, Moir—all have their monuments; but in Ireland we only talk of the memory of the dead; and even the great kings of faction—the strongest claimants to popular Irish gratitude—are uncommemorated by monumental stone. The monument to O'Connell seems forgotten; the testimonial to the fame of Moore has but a monthly revival in public recollection. Henry Grattan is remembered in the rejection of his son, when seeking to represent in Parliament the county which he spent thousands of pounds to open for his party. Alas!—"The unwilling gratitude of base mankind!"

Moir's lines on Burns are as follow :—

I.

STIR the beal-fire, wave the banner,
Bid the thundering cannon sound,
Rend the skies with acclamation,
Stun the woods and waters round,
Till the echoes of our gathering
Turn the world's admiring gaze
To this act of duteous homage
Scotland to her Poet pays.
Fill the banks and braes with music,
Be it loud and low by turns—
That we owe the deathless glory,
This the hapless fate of Burns.

II.

Born within the lowly cottage
To a destiny obscure,
Doom'd through youth's exulting spring-
time
But to labour and endure—
Yet Despair he elbow'd from him;
Nature breath'd with holy joy,
In the hues of morn and evening,
On the eyelids of the boy;
And his country's Genius bound him
Laurels for his sunburnt brow,
When inspired and proud she found him,
Like Elisha, at the plough.

III.

On, exulting in his magic,
Swept the gifted peasant on—
Though his feet were on the greensward,
Light from Heaven around him shone;
At his conjuration, demons
Issued from their darkness drear;
Hovering round on silver pinions,
Angels stoop'd his songs to hear;
Bow'd the Passions to his bidding,
Terror gaunt, and Pity calm;
Like the organ pour'd his thunder,
Like the lute his fairy psalm.

IV.

Lo! when clover-swarthes lay round him,
Or his feet the furrow press'd,
He could mourn the never'd daisy,
Or the mouse's ruin'd nest;

Woven of gloom and glory, visions
Haunting throng'd his twilight hour;
Birds enthrall'd him with sweet music,
Tempests with their tones of power;
Eagle-wing'd, his mounting spirit
Custom's rusty fetters spurn'd;
Tasso-like, for Jean he melted,
Wallace-like, for Scotland burn'd!

V.

Scotland!—dear to him was Scotland,
In her sons and in her daughters,
In her Highlands, Lowlands, Islands,
Regal woods, and rushing waters;
In the glory of her story,
When her tartans fired the field,—
Scotland! oft betray'd—besieger'd—
Scotland! never known to yield!
Dear to him her Doric language,
Thrill'd his heart-strings at her name;
And he left her more than rubies,
In the riches of his fame.

VI.

Sons of England!—sons of Erin!
Ye who journeying from afar,
Throng with us the shire of Coila,
Led by Burns's guiding-star—
Proud we greet you—ye will join us,
As, on this triumphant day,
To the champions of his genius
Grateful thanks we duly pay—
Currie—Chambers—Lockhart—Wilson—
Carlyle—who his bones to save
From the wolfish fiend, Detraction,
Couch'd like lions round his grave.

VII.

Daughter of the Poet's mother!
Here we hail thee with delight;
Shower'd be every earthly blessing
On thy locks of silver white!
Sons of Burns, a hearty welcome,
Welcome home from India's strand,
To a heart-loved land far dearer,
Since your glorious Father's land!—
Words are worthless—look around you—
Labour'd tomes far less could say
To the sons of such a father,
Than the sight of such a day!

VIII.

Judge not ye, whose thoughts are fingers,
Of the hands that witch the lyre—
Greenland has its mountain icebergs,
Ætna has its heart of fire;
Calculation has its plummet;
Self-control its iron rules;
Genius has its sparkling fountains;
Dulness has its stagnant pools;
Like a halcyon on the waters,
Burns's chart disdain'd a plan—
In his soarings he was Heavenly,
In his sinkings he was man.

IX.

As the sun from out the orient
Pours a wider, warmer light,
Till he floods both earth and ocean,
Blazing from the zenith's height;
So the glory of our Poet,
In its deathless power serene,

Shines, as rolling time advances,
Warmer felt, and wider seen:
First Doon's banks and braes contain'd it,
Then his country form'd its span:
Now the wide world is its empire,
And its throne the heart of man.

X.

Home returning, each will carry
Proud remembrance of this day,
When exulted Scotland's bosom
Homage to her Bard to pay:—
When our jubilee to brighten,
Eglinton with Wilson vied,
Wealth's regards and Rank's distinctions
For the season set aside;
And the peasant, peer, and poet,
Each put forth an equal claim,
For the twining of his laurel
In the wreath of Burns's fame!

We have already mentioned the chief and valuable papers contributed by Moir to the literature of his country. His principal poems are in the volumes from which we write; but about all his life there was a beautiful Christian spirit, a loving anxiety to serve his fellow men, which he embodied and condensed in the sentiment—"I wish to live not one minute longer than I can serve my kind." He was only a country doctor, but he followed his profession for bread, whilst his heart yearned after the poet's life. There is a moral in all this, and it is, that from his memoir we may learn how there is a patient, cheerful, endurance,—an honest martyrdom of feeling to duty and to right, more noble, perhaps, in its quiet glory before the Almighty, than the fame of him over whose grave the banner of a people may float, the cannon-thunder roll, or above whose tomb a nation's voice may shout—"Here Sleeps a Hero." Moir died on Sunday, the 6th of July, 1851. He was buried on the 10th of July, in the churchyard of Inveresk. The Town Council of Musselburgh, the Provost and Magistrates, and the Kirk-Session of Inveresk attended. His old literary friends were also there—Wilson, Alison, Christison, Aytoun, the Blackwoods, Robert Chambers, and, indeed, all whom a literary Scotsman could desire should follow his hearse.

With the succeeding lines we close our notice of Moir:—

THE CHILD'S BURIAL IN SPRING.

I.

WHERE ocean's waves to the hollow caves murmur a low wild hymn,
In pleasant musing I pursued my solitary way;
Then upwards wending from the shore, amid the woodland's dim,
From the gentle height, like a map in sight, the downward country lay.

II.

'Twas in the smile of "green Aprile," a cloudless noontide clear;
In ecstasy the birds sang forth from many a leafing tree;
Both bud and bloom, with fresh perfume, proclaim'd the awaken'd year;
And Earth, array'd in beauty's robes, seem'd Heaven itself to be.

III.

So cheerfully the sun shone out, so smilingly the sky
O'erarched green earth, so pleasantly the stream meander'd on,
So joyous was the murmur of the honey-bee and fly,
That of our fall, which ruin'd all, seem'd traces few or none.

IV.

Then hopes, whose gilded pageantry wore all the hues of truth—
Elysian thoughts—Arcadian dreams—the poet's fabled strain—
Again seem'd shedding o'er our world, an amaranthine youth,
And left no vestiges behind of death, decay or pain.

V.

At length I reach'd a churchyard-gate—a churchyard? Yes! but there
Breathed out such calm serenity o'er every thing around,
That "the joy of grief" (as Ossian sings) o'erbalm'd the very air,
And the place was less a mournful place than consecrated ground.

VI.

Beneath the joyous noontide sun, beneath the cloudless sky,
'Mid bees that humm'd, and birds that sang, and flowers that gemm'd the wild,
The sound of measured steps was heard—a grave stood yawning by—
And lo! in sad procession slow, the Funeral of a Child!

VII.

I saw the little coffin borne unto its final rest;
The dark mould shovell'd o'er it, and replaced the daisied sod;
I marked the deep convulsive throes that heaved the Father's breast,
As he return'd (too briefly given!) that loan of love to God!

VIII.

Then rose in my rebellious heart unhallow'd thoughts and wild,
Daring the inscrutable decrees of Providence to scan—
How death should be allotted to a pure, a sinless child,
And length of days the destiny of sinful, guilty man!

IX.

The laws of the material world seem'd beautiful and clear;
The day and night, the bloom and blight, and seasons as they roll
In regular vicissitude to form a circling year,
Made up of parts dissimilar, and yet a perfect whole.

X.

But darkness lay o'er the moral way which man is told to tread;
A shadow veil'd the beam divine by Revelation lent:
"How awfully mysterious are thy ways, O Heaven!" I said;
"We see not whence, nor know for what, fate's arrows oft are sent!"

XI.

Under the shroud of the sullen cloud, when the hills are capp'd with snow,
When the moaning breeze, through the leafless trees, bears tempest on its wing—
In the winter's wrath, we think of death; but not when lilies blow,
And Lazarus-like, from March's tomb walks forth triumphant Spring.

XII.

As in distress o'er this wilderness I mused of stir and strife,
Where, 'mid the dark, seem'd scarce a mark our tangled path to scan,
A shadow o'er the season fell; a cloud o'er human life—
A veil to be by eternity but ne'er by time withdrawn!

Our next poet, Mr. Aird, is neither so well known, nor so extensively read, as his merits deserve. We may assert, with-

out the slightest doubt, that his poems are hardly known to one in twenty of the general class of Irish readers, yet there are few finer modern poems than his *The Devil's Dream*, and *The Demoniac*. *The Captive of Fez* is also very poetically and nobly conceived. That the reader may be fully able to appreciate the wild beauty of *The Devil's Dream*, we insert it entire:—

THE DEVIL'S DREAM.

I.

Beyond the north where Ural hills from polar tempests run,
A glow went forth at midnight hour as of unwonted sun;
Upon the north at midnight hour a mighty noise was heard,
As if with all his trampling waves the Ocean were unbarred;
And high a grizzly Terror hung, upstarting from below,
Like fiery arrow shot aloft from some unmeasured bow.

II.

'Twas not the obedient seraphs form that burns before the Throne,
Whose feathers are the pointed flames that tremble to be gone:
With twists of faded glory mixed, grim shadows wove his wing;
An aspect like the hurrying storm proclaimed the Infernal King.
And up he went, from native might, or holy sufferance given,
As if to strike the starry boss of the high and vaulted heaven.

III.

Aloft he turned in middle air like falcon for his prey,
And bowed to all the winds of heaven as if to flee away;
Till broke a cloud—a phantom host, like glimpses of a dream,
Sowing the Syrian wilderness with many a restless gleam:
He knew the flowing chivalry, the swart and turbaned train,
That far had pushed the Moslem faith, and peopled well his reign:

IV.

With stooping pinion that outflew the Prophet's winged steed,
In pride throughout the desert bounds he led the phantom speed;
But prouder yet he turned alone and stood on Tabor hill,
With scorn as if the Arab swords had little helped his will:
With scorn he looked to west away, and left their train to die,
Like a thing that had awaked to life from the gleaming of his eye.

V.

What hill is like to Tabor hill in beauty and in fame?
There in the sad days of his flesh o'er Christ a glory came;
And light o'erflowed him like a sea, and raised his shining brow;
And the voice went forth that bade all worlds to God's Beloved bow.
One thought of this came o'er the Fiend, and raised his startled form;
And up he drew his swelling skirts as if to meet the storm.

VI.

With wing that stripped the dews and birds from off the boughs of night,
Down over Tabor's trees he whirled his fierce distempered flight;
And westward o'er the shadowy earth he tracked his earnest way,
Till o'er him shone the utmost stars that hem the skirts of day;
Then higher 'neath the sun he flew above all mortal ken,
Yet looked what he might see on earth to raise his pride again.

VII.

He saw a form of Africa low sitting in the dust;
The feet were chained, and sorrow thrilled throughout the sable bust.
The idol, and the idol's priest he hailed upon the earth,
And every slavery that brings wild passions to the birth.
All forms of human wickedness were pillars of his fame,
All sounds of human misery his kingdom's loud acclaim.

VIII.

Exulting o'er the rounded earth again he rode with Night,
Till, sailing o'er the untrodden top of Akabeck high and white,
He closed at once his weary wings, and touched the shining hill;
For less his flight was easy strength than proud unconquered will:
For sin had dulled his native strength, and spoilt the holy law
Of impulse whence the Archangel forms their earnest being draw.

IX.

And sin had drunk his brightness, since his Heavenly days went by:
Shadows of care and sorrow dwelt in his proud immortal eye;
Like little sparry pools that glimpse 'midst murk and haggard rocks,
Quick fitful gleams came o'er his cheek black with the thunder-strokes;
Like coast of lurid darkness were his forehead's shade and light,
Lit by some far volcanic fire, and strewn with wrecks of night.

X.

Like hovering bird that fears the snare, or like the startled Sleep
That ne'er its couch on eyelids of blood-guilty men will keep,
His ruffled form that trembled much, his swarthy soles unblest,
As if impatient to be gone, still hovering could not rest;
Still looking up unto the moon clear set above his head,
Like mineral hill where gold grows ripe, sore gleams his forehead shed.

XI.

Winds rose: from 'neath his settling feet were driven great drifts of snow;
Like hoary hair from off his head did white clouds streaming go;
The gully pinewoods far beneath roared surging like a sea;
From out their lairs the striding wolves came howling awfully.
But now upon an ice-glazed rock, severely blue, he leant,
His spirit heedless of the storm that round about him went.

XII.

In nature's Joy he felt fresh night blow on his fiery scars;
In proud Regret he fought anew his early hapless wars;
From human misery lately seen, his Malice yet would draw
A hope to blast one plan of God, and check sweet Mercy's law;
An endless line of future years was stern Despair's control:
And deep these master Passions wove the tempest of his soul.

XIII.

O! for the form in Heaven that bore the morn upon his brow!
Now, run to worse than mortal dross, that Lucifer must bow.
And o'er him rose, from Passion's strife, like spray-cloud from the deep,
A slumber, not the Cherub's soft and gauzy veil of sleep,
But like noon's breathless thunder-cloud, of sultry smothered gleam;
And God was still against his soul to plague him with a dream.

XIV.

In vision he was borne away, where Lethe's slippery wave
Creeps like a black and shining snake into a silent cave,—
A place of still and pictured life: its roof was ebon air,
And blasted as with dim eclipse the sun and moon were there:
It seemed the grave of man's lost world—of Beauty caught by blight.
The Dreamer knew the work he marred, and felt a Fiend's delight.

XV.

The lofty cedar on the hills by viewless storms was swung,
And high the thunder-fires of heaven among its branches hung;
In drowsy heaps of feathers sunk, all fowls that fly were there,
Their heads for ever 'neath their wings, no more to rise in air;
From woods the forms of lions glared, and hasty tigers broke;
The harnessed steed lay in his pains, the heifer 'neath the yoke.

XVI.

All creatures once of earth are there, all sealed with Death's pale seal
On Lethe's shore: dull sliding by her sleepy waters steal.
O'er cities of imperial name, and styled of endless away,
The silent river slowly creeps, and licks them all away.
This is the place of God's First Wrath—the mute creation's fall—
Earth marred—the woes of lower life—oblivion over all.

XVII.

Small joy to him that marred our world! for he is worried on,
 Made, even in dreams, to dread that place where yet he boasts his throne:
 Through portals driven, a horrid pile of grim and hollow bars,
 Wherein clear spirits of tinctured life career in prisoned wars,
 Down on the Second Lake he's bowed, where final fate is wrought
 In meshes of eternal fire o'er beings of moral thought.

XVIII.

A giant rock, like mineral stone, instinct with dull red glow,
 Its summit hid in darkness, rose from out the gulf below,
 Whose fretted surf of gleaming waves still broke against its sides.
 All serpents, as if spun from out the lashings of those tides,
 Sprung disengaged, and darted up that damned cliff amain,
 Their bellies skinned with glossy fire: But none came down again.

XIX.

These be the Cares, still coming Carea, that hang upon Hell's throne,
 And live with him, nor leave him, who has reared it on that stone.
 Clouds round it are, that he at will may hide his haughty wo;
 But ah! no fence has it to stay those comers from below.
 The Dreamer heard a kingly groan: his own voice ill suppressed
 He knew, but could not see himself on his high seat distressed.

XX.

Far off, upon the fire-burnt coast, some naked beings stood;
 Down o'er them, like a stream of mist, the Wrath was seen to brood.
 At half-way distance stood, with head beneath his trembling wing,
 An Angel shape, intent to shield his special suffering.
 And nearer, as if overhead, were voices heard to break;
 Yet were they cries of souls that lived beneath the weltering Lake.

XXI.

And ever, as with grizzly gleam the crested waves came on,
 Up rose a melancholy form with short impatient moan,
 Whose eyes like living jewels shone, clear-purged by the flame;
 And sore the salted fires had washed the thin immortal frame;
 And backward, in sore agony, the Being stripped its locks,
 As a maiden, in her beauty's pride, her clasped tresses stroked.

XXII.

High tumbling hills of glossy ore reeled in the yellow smoke,
 As shaded round the uneasy land their sultry summits broke.
 Above them lightnings to and fro ran crossing evermore,
 Till, like a red bewildered map, the skies were scribbled o'er.
 High in the unseen cupola o'er all were ever heard
 The mustering stores of Wrath that fast their coming forms prepared.

XXIII.

Wo, wo to him whose wickedness first dug this glaring pit!
 For this new terrors in his soul by God shall yet be lit.
 In vision still to plague his heart, the Fiend is stormed away,
 In dreadful emblem to behold what waits his future day;
 Away beyond the thundering bounds of that tremendous Lake,
 Through dim bewildered shadows that no living semblance take.

XXIV.

O'er soft and unsubstantial shades that towering visions seem,
 Through kingdoms of forlorn repose, went on the hurrying dream;
 Till down, where feet of hills might be, he by a Lake was stayed
 Of still red fire—a molten plate of terror unallayed—
 A mirror where Jehovah's Wrath, in majesty alone,
 Comes in the night of worlds to see its armour girded on.

XXV.

The awful walls of shadows round might dusky mountains seem,
 But never holy light hath touched an outline with its gleam;
 'Tis but the eye's bewildered sense that fain would rest on form,
 And make night's thick blind presence to created shapes conform.
 No stone is moved on mountain here by creeping creature crossed,
 No lonely harper comes to harp upon this fiery coast.

XXVI.

Here all is solemn idleness : no music here, no jars,
Where Silence guards the coast, e'er thrill her everlasting bars.
No sun here shines on wanton isles ; but o'er the burning sheet
A rim of restless halo shakes, which marks the internal heat ;
As, in the days of beauteous earth, we see with dazzled sight
The red and setting sun o'erflow with rings of welling light.

XXVII.

Oh ! here in dread abeyance lurks of uncreated things
The Last Lake of God's Wrath, where He his first great Enemy brings.
Deep in the bosom of the gulf the Fiend was made to stay,
Till, as it seemed, ten thousand years had o'er him rolled away :
In dreams he had extended life to bear the fiery space ;
But all was passive, dull, and stern within his dwelling-place.

XXVIII.

O ! for a blast of tenfold ire to rouse the giant surge,
Him from that flat fixed lethargy impetuously to urge !
Let him but rise, but ride upon the tempest-crested wave
Of fire enridged tumultuously, each angry thing he'd brave !
The strokes of Wrath, thick let them fall ! a speed so glorious dread
Would bear him through, the clinging pains would strip from off his head.

XXIX.

At last, from out the barren womb of many thousand years,
A sound as of the green-leaved earth his thirsty spirit cheers ;
And O ! a presence soft and cool came o'er his burning dream,
A form of beauty clad about with fair creation's beam ;
A low sweet voice was in his ear, thrilled through his inmost soul,
And these the words that bowed his heart with softly sad control :--

XXX.

" No sister e'er hath been to thee with pearly eyes of love ;
No mother e'er hath wept for thee, an outcast from above ;
No hand hath come from out the cloud to wash thy scarred face ;
No voice to bid thee lie in peace, the noblest of thy race :
But bow thee to the God of Love, and all shall yet be well,
And yet in days of holy rest and gladness thou shalt dwell.

XXXI.

" And thou shalt dwell 'midst leaves and rills far from this torrid heat,
And I with streams of cooling milk with bathe thy blistered feet ;
And when the troubled tears shall start to think of all the past,
My mouth shall haste to kiss them off, and chase thy sorrows fast ;
And thou shalt walk in soft white light with kings and priests abroad,
And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God."

XXXII.

So spake the unknown Cherub's voice, of sweet affection full,
And dewy lips the Dreamer kissed till his lava breast was cool.
In dread revulsion woke the Fiend, as from a mighty blow,
And sprung a moment on his wing his wonted strength to know ;
Like ghosts that bend and glare on dark and scattered shores of night,
So turned he to each point of heaven to know his dream aright.

XXXIII.

The vision of this Last Stern Lake, oh ! how it plagued his soul,
Type of that dull eternity that on him soon must roll,
When plans and issues all must cease that earlier care beguiled,
And never era more shall be a landmark on the wild :
Nor failure nor success is there, nor busy hope nor fame,
But passive fixed endurance, all eternal and the same.

XXXIV.

So knew the Fiend, and fain would he down to oblivion go ;
But back from fear recoiling sprung his proud spirit, like a bow.
He saw the heavens above his head upstayed bright and high ;
The planets, undisturbed him, were shining in the sky ;
The silent magnanimity of Nature and her God
With anguish smote his haughty soul, and sent his Hell abroad.

XXXV.

His pride would have the works of God to shew the signs of fear,
With flying Angels to and fro to watch his dread career;
But all was calm: He felt night's dews upon his sultry wing,
And gnashed at the impartial laws of Nature's mighty King;
Above control, or show of hate, they no exception made,
But gave him dews, like aged thorn, or little grassy blade.

XXXVI.

Terrible, like the mustering manes of the cold and curly sea,
So grew his eye's enridged gleams; and doubt and danger flee:
Like veteran band's grim valour slow, that moves to avenge its chief,
Up slowly drew the Fiend his form, that shook with proud relief:
And he will upward go, and pluck the windows of high Heaven,
And stir their calm insulting peace, though tenfold Hell be given.

XXXVII.

Quick as the levin, whose blue forks lick up the life of man,
Aloft he sprung, and through his wings the piercing north wind ran;
Till, like a glimmering lamp that's lit in lazar-house by night,
To see what mean the sick man's cries, and set his bed aright,
Which in the damp and sickly air the sputtering shadows mar,
So gathered darkness high the Fiend, till swallowed like a star.

XXXVIII.

What judgment from the tempted Heavens shall on his head go forth?
Down headlong through the firmament he fell upon the north.
The stars are up untroubled all in the lofty fields of air:
The will of God's enough, without His red right arm made bare.
'Twas He that gave the Fiend a space, to prove him still the same;
Then bade wild Hell, with hideous laugh, be stirred her prey to claim.

As another specimen of Mr. Aird's power, we insert *The Swallow*, a song from his Wordsworthian poem, *Frank Sylvan*. It is so very beautiful, that we regret it is not more generally known:—

THE SWALLOW.

The swallow, bonnie birdie, comes a-sharp twittering o'er the sea,
And gladly is her carol heard for the sunny days to be;
She shares not with us wintry glooms, but yet, no faithless thing,
She hunts the summer o'er the earth with wearied little wing.

The lambs-like snow all nibbling go upon the ferny hills;
Light winds are in the leafy woods, and birds, and bubbling rills;
Then welcome, little swallow, by our morning lattice heard,
Because thou com'st when Nature bids bright days be thy reward!

Thine be sweet mornings with the bee that's out for honey-dew;
And glowing be the noontide for the grasshopper and you;
And mellow shine, o'er day's decline, the sun to light thee home:
What can molest thy airy nest? sleep till the day-spring come!

The river blue that rushes through the valley hears thee sing,
And murmurs much beneath the touch of thy light-dipping wing.
The thunder-cloud, over us bowed, in deeper gloom is seen,
When quick relieved it glances to thy bosom's silvery sheen.

The silent Power that brought thee back with leading-strings of love
To haunts where first the summer sun fell on thee from above,
Shall bind thee more to come aye to the music of our leaves,
For here thy young, where thou hast sprung, shall glad thee in our caves.

O! all thy life's one pleasant hymn to God who sits on high,
And gives to thee, o'er land and sea, the sunshine of His sky;
And aye our summer shall come round, because it is His word;
And aye we'll welcome back again its little travelling bird.

Mr. Aird has written a very eloquent and admirable prose work, entitled *Religious Characteristics*; but we must conclude our notice by presenting the following: the thoughts embodied in it have, with their holy sorrow, saddened many a weary heart:—

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

O! rise, and sit in soft attire!
Wait but to know my soul's desire!
I'd call thee back to earthly days,
To cheer thee in a thousand ways!
Ask but this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content!

A crown of brightest stars to thee!
How did thy spirit wait for me,
And nurse thy waning light, in faith
That I would stand 'twixt thee and death!
Then tarry on thy bowing shore,
Till I have asked thy sorrows o'er!

I came not, and I cry to save
Thy life from the forgetful grave
One day, that I may well declare
How I have thought of all thy care,
And love thee more than I have done,
And make thy days with gladness run.

I'd tell thee where my youth has been,
Of perils past, of glories seen;
I'd tell thee all my youth has done,
And ask of things to choose and shun,
And smile at all thy needless fears,
But bow before thy solemn tears.

Come, walk with me, and see fair earth,
And men's glad ways; and join their mirth!
Ah me! is this a bitter jest?
What right have I to break thy rest?
Well hast thou done thy worldly task,
Nothing hast thou of me to ask.

Men wonder till I pass away,
They think not but of useless clay:
Alas! for Age, that this should be!
But I have other thoughts of thee;
And I would wade thy dusty grave,
To kiss the head I cannot save.

O! for life's power, that I might see
Thy visage swelling to be free!
Come near, O! burst that earthy cloud,
And meet me, meet me, lowly bowed!
Alas! in corded stiffness pent,
Darkly I guess thy lineament.

I might have lived, and thou on earth,
And been to thee like stranger's birth,
Mother; but now that thou art gone,
I feel as in the world alone:
The wind that lifts the streaming tree,
The skies seem cold and strange to me:

I feel a hand untwist the chain
Of all thy love, with shivering pain,
From round my heart: This bosom's bare,
And less than wanted life is there.
Ay, well indeed it may be so!
And well for thee my tears may flow!

Because that I of thee was part,
Made of the blood-drops of thy heart;
My birth I from thy body drew,
And I upon thy bosom grew;
Thy life was set my life upon;
And I was thine, and not my own.

Because I know there is not one
To think of me as thou hast done,
From morn till star-light, year by year—
For me thy smile repaid thy tear;
And fears for me, and no reproof,
When once I dared to stand aloof!

My punishment, that I was far
When God unloosed thy weary star!
My name was in thy faintest breath,
And I was in thy dream of death;
And well I know what raised thy head,
When came the mourner's muffled tread!

Alas! I cannot tell thee now
I could not come to hold thy brow.
And wealth is late, nor ought I've won
Were worth to hear thee call thy son
In that dark hour when bands remove,
And none are named but names of love.

Alas! for me, I missed that hour;
My hands for this shall miss their power!
For thee, the sun, and dew, and rain,
Shall ne'er unbind thy grave again,
Nor let thee up the light to see,
Nor let thee up to be with me!

Yet sweet thy rest from care and strife,
And many pains that hurt thy life!
Turn to thy God—and blame thy son—
To give thee more than I have done:
Thou God, with joy beyond all years,
Fill up the channels of her tears!—

Thou can'st not now for soft attire,
Yet wilt thou hear my soul's desire;
To earth I dare not call thee more,
But speak from off thy awful shore:
O! ask this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content!

Having thus introduced Mr. Aird to our readers, we trust they will agree with the opinion expressed by Moir, in

his Life of Dr. Macnish—"Perhaps not one of the rising writers of this age has been less appreciated than Mr. Thomas Aird. In his 'Devil's Dream on Mount Asbeck'—certainly one of the most magnificent ballads in our language,—and in 'The Demoniac,' there is a power and a prodigality of imagery, conjoined with a splendour of imagination, which mark out his mind as one of a high order."

Mr. William Aytoun, the author of *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, is Professor of Literature and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, and a member of the Scotch Bar, but resembling, in his legal pursuits, *Darsie Latimer*, rather than *Alan Fairford*. He has been for some years a constant contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*; and, whether criticizing books, or smashing some absurdity of Cobden, Bright, and Co., he is inimitable. His mind seems cast in a mould something between those of Macnish and of Maginn; and for genuine Scotch humor, that broad fun which is Irish in all but recklessness, his writings equal the best passages of the *Legatees* or of *Mansie Wauch*. When Thackeray wrote, during the Railway mania, his admirable *Jeames's Diary*, in *Punch*, Aytoun was contributing to *Blackwood* a most droll and racy series of papers, entitled *How we got up the Glen Mutchkin Railway*, under the nom de plume *Augustus Dunshunner*. Aytoun also wrote, conjointly with Theodore Martin—Helen Faucit's husband—*The Book of Comic Ballads*. Some few years since he married a daughter of Professor Wilson; and it is more than probable he may succeed him as the Editor of that Magazine, to which *North* has been so long a glory. Whether Aytoun can ever write a *Noctes* equal to those of his father-in-law is a subject upon which we will not speculate. He possesses, however, vigor of style, brilliancy of fancy, and depth of genuine humor sufficient for the purpose; and, hard hitting as *Christopher's* attacks on his political opponents were, we have more than sufficient evidence before us to prove that Aytoun is able, and willing, to strike as stoutly in the cause of his fellow-countrymen, and against those who have been, as Rob Roy said of the Justice Warrants, "the plague of Scotland for these hundred years."

To the great body of readers Mr. Aytoun is best known by his *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*. There is, however, one exquisite poem, to which we think sufficient praise has not been awarded. Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*, *The Miller's Daughter*,

and *Lotos-Eaters*, have been lauded again and again ; but, in our mind, Aytoun's *Buried Flower* is far more exquisite, and tender, and poetical, than any of these just named :—

THE BURIED FLOWER.

I.

In the silence of my chamber,
When the night is still and deep,
And the drowsy heave of ocean
Mutters in its charmed sleep.

II.

Oft I hear the angel-voices
That have thrilled me long ago,—
Voices of my lost companions,
Lying deep beneath the snow.

III.

O, the garden I remember,
In the gay and sunny spring,
When our laughter made the thickets
And the arching alleys ring !

IV.

O the merry burst of gladness !
O the soft and tender tone !
O the whisper never uttered
Save to one fond ear alone !

V.

O the light of life that sparkled
In those bright and bounteous eyes !
O the blush of happy beauty,
Tell-tale of the heart's surprise !

VI.

O the radiant light that girdled
Field and forest, land and sea,
When we all were young together,
And the earth was new to me !

VII.

Where are now the flowers we tended ?
Withered, broken, branch and stem ;
Where are now the hopes we cherished ?
Scattered to the winds with them.

VIII.

For ye, too, were flowers, ye dear ones !
Nursed in hope and reared in love,
Looking fondly ever upward
To the clear blue heaven above :

IX.

Smiling on the sun that cheered us,
Rising lightly from the rain,
Never folding up your freshness
Save to give it forth again :

X.

Never shaken, save by accents
From a tongue that was not free,
As the modest blossom trembles
At the wooing of the bee.

XI.

O ! 'tis sad to lie and reckon
All the days of faded youth,
All the vows that we believed in,
All the words we spoke in truth.

XII.

Severed—were it severed only
By an idle thought of strife,
Such as time may knit together ;
Not the broken chord of life !

XIII.

O my heart ! that once so truly
Kept another's time and tune,
Heart, that kindred in the spring-tide,
Look around thee in the noon !

XIV.

Where are they who gave the impulse
To thy earliest thought and flow ?
Look around the ruined garden—
All are withered, dropped, or low !

XV.

Seek the birth-place of the lily,
Dearer to the boyish dream
Than the golden cups of Eden,
Floating on its slumberous stream ;

XVI.

Never more shalt thou behold her—
She, the noblest, fairest, best :
She that rose in fullest beauty,
Like a queen, above the rest.

XVII.

Only still I keep her image
As a thought that cannot die ;
He who raised the shade of Helen
Had no greater power than I.

XVIII.

O ! I fling my spirit backward,
And I pass o'er years of pain ;
All I loved is rising round me,
All the lost returns again.

XIX.

Blow, for even blow, ye breezes,
Warmly as ye did before !
Bloom again, ye happy gardens
With the radiant tints of yore !

XX.

Warble out in spray and thicket,
All ye choristers unseen ;
Let the leafy woodland echo
With an anthem to its queen !

XX.

Lo! she cometh in her beauty,
Stately with a Juno grace,
Raven locks, Madonna-braided
O'er her sweet and blushing face :

XXII.

Eyes of deepest violet, beaming
With the love that knows not shame—
Lips that thrill my inmost being
With the utterance of a name.

XXIII.

And I bend the knee before her,
As a captive ought to bow,—
Pray thee, listen to my pleading,
Sovereign of my soul art thou !

XXIV.

O my dear and gentle lady !
Let me show thee all my pain,
Ere the words that late were prisoned
Sink into my heart again.

XXV.

Love, they say, is very fearful
Ere its curtain be withdrawn,
Trembling at the thought of error
As the shadows scare the fawn.

XXVI.

Love hath bound me to thee, lady !
Since the well remembered day
When I first beheld the coming
In the light of lustrous May.

XXVII.

Not a word I dared to utter—
More than he who, long ago,
Saw the heavenly shapes descending
Over Ida's slopes of snow ;

XXVIII.

When a low and solemn music
Floated through the listening grove,
And the thrush's song was silenced,
And the dozing of the dove :

XXIX.

When immortal beauty opened
All its charms to mortal sight,
And the awe of worship blended
With the throbbing of delight.

XXX.

As the shepherd stood before them
Trembling in the Phrygian dell,
Even so my soul and being
Owned the magic of the spell ;

XXXI.

And I watched thee ever fondly,
Watched thee, dearest ! from afar,
With the mute and humble homage
Of the Indian to a star.

XXXII.

Thou wert still the Lady Flora
In her morning garb of bloom ;
Where thou wert was light and glory,
Where thou wert not, dearth and gloom.

XXXIII.

So for many a day I followed
For a long and weary while,
Ere my heart rose up to bless thee
For the yielding of a smile,—

XXXIV.

Ere thy words were few and broken
As they answered back to mine,
Ere my lips had power to thank thee
For the gift vouchsafed by thine.

XXXV.

Then a mighty gush of passion
Through my inmost being ran ;
Then my older life was ended,
And a dearer course began.

XXXVI.

Dearer !—O ! I cannot tell thee
What a load was swept away,
What a world of doubt and darkness
Faded in the dawning day !

XXXVII.

All my error, all my weakness,
All my vain delusions fled ;
Hope again revived, and gladness
Waved its wings above my head.

XXXVIII.

Like the wanderer of the desert,
When, across the dreary sand,
Breathes the perfume from the thickets
Bordering on the promised land :

XXXIX.

When afar he sees the palm-trees
Cresting o'er the lonely well,
When he hears the pleasant tinkle
Of the distant camel's bell :

XL.

So a fresh and glad emotion
Rose within my swelling breast,
And I hurried swiftly onwards
To the haven of my rest.

XLI.

Thou wert there with word and welcome,
With thy smile so purely sweet ;
And I laid my heart before thee,
Laid it, darling ! at thy feet.—

XLII.

O ye words that sound so hollow
As I now recall your tone !
What are ye but empty echoes
Of a passion crushed and gone ?

XLIII.

Wherefore should I seek to kindle
Light, when all around is gloom?
Wherefore should I raise a phantom
O'er the dark and silent tomb?

XLIV.

Early wert thou taken, Mary!
In thy fair and glorious prime,
Ere the bees had ceased to murmur
Through the umbrage of the lime.

XLV.

Buds were blowing, waters flowing,
Birds were singing on the tree,
Every thing was bright and glowing,
When the angels came for thee.

XLVI.

Death had laid aside his terror,
And he found thee calm and mild,
Lying in thy robes of whiteness,
Like a pure and stainless child.

XLVII.

Hardly had the mountain-violet
Spread its blossoms on the sod,

Ere they laid the turf above thee,
And thy spirit rose to God.

XLVIII.

Early wert thou taken, Mary!
And I know 'tis vain to weep—
Tears of mine can never wake thee
From thy sad and silent sleep.

XLIX.

O away! my thoughts are earthward!
Not asleep, my love, art thou!
Dwelling in the land of glory
With the saints and angels now.

L.

Brighter, fairer far than living,
With no trace of woe or pain,
Robed in everlasting beauty,
Shall I see thee once again.

LI.

By the light that never fadeth,
Underneath eternal skies,
When the dawn of resurrection
Breaks o'er deathless Paradise.

In the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* there is a noble martial spirit, that rings through the rhythm, and recalls the noblest bursts in *Scots Wha Hae*, Moore's *Oh! the Sight-entrancing*, or Campbell's *Britannia Needs No Bulwarks*. Of the *Lays* the following is the best:—

THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE.

I.

Sound the fife, and cry the slogan—
Let the pibroch shake the air
With its wild triumphant music,
Worthy of the freight we bear.
Let the ancient hills of Scotland
Hear once more the battle-song
Swell within their glens and valleys
As the clansmen march along!
Never from the field of combat,
Never from the deadly fray,
Was a nobler trophy carried
Than we bring with us to-day;
Never since the valiant Douglas
On his dauntless bosom bore
Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—
To our dear Redeemer's shore!
Lo! we bring with us the hero—
Lo! we bring the conquering Græme,
Crowned as best befits a victor
From the altar of his fame;
Fresh and bleeding from the battle
Whence his spirit took its flight,
'Midst the crashing charge of squadrons,
And the thunder of the fight!
Strike, I say, the notes of triumph,
As we march o'er moor and lea!
Is there any here will venture
To bewail our dead Dundee?

Let the widows of the traitors
Weep until their eyes are dim!
Wail ye may full well for Scotland—
Let none dare to mourn for him!
See! above his glorious body
Lies the royal banner's fold—
See! his valiant blood is mingled
With its crimson and its gold.
See how calm he looks and stately,
Like a warrior on his shield,
Waiting till the flush of morning
Breaks along the battle-field!
See—Oh never more, my comrades,
Shall we see that falcon eye
Redden with its inward lightning,
As the hour of fight drew nigh!
Never shall we hear the voice that,
Clearer than the trumpet's call,
Bade us strike for King and Country,
Bade us win the field, or fall!

II.

On the heights of Killiecrankie
Yester-morn our army lay:
Slowly rose the mist in columns
From the river's broken way;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
And the Pass was wrapped in gloom.

When the clansmen rose together
 From their lair amidst the broom.
 Then we belted on our tartans,
 And our bonnets down we drew,
 As we felt our broadswords' edges,
 And we proved them to be true;
 And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
 And we cried the gathering cry,
 And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
 And we swore to do or die!
 Then our leader rode before us,
 On his war-horse black as night—
 Well the Cameronian rebels
 Knew that charger in the fight!—
 And a cry of exultation
 From the bearded warriors rose;
 For we loved the house of Claverse
 And we thought of good Montrose.
 But he raised his hand for silence—
 "Soldiers! I have sworn a vow;
 Ere the evening star shall glisten
 On Schehallion's lofty brow,
 Either we shall rest in triumph,
 Or another of the Graemes
 Shall have died in battle-harness
 For his Country and King James!
 Think upon the Royal Martyr—
 Think of what his race endure—
 Think on him who butchers murder'd
 On the field of Magnus Muir:—
 By his sacred blood I charge ye,
 By the ruined hearth and shrine—
 By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
 By your injuries and mine—
 Strike this day as if the anvil
 Lay beneath your blows the while,
 Be they Covenanting traitors,
 Or the brood of false Argyle!
 Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
 Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
 Let them tell their pale Convention
 How they fared within the North.
 Let them tell that Highland honour
 Is not to be bought nor sold,
 That we scorn their prince's anger
 As we loathe his foreign gold.
 Strike! and when the fight is over,
 If you look in vain for me,
 Where the dead are lying thickest
 Search for him that was Dundee!"

III.

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
 With our answer to his call,
 But a deeper echo sounded
 In the bosoms of us all.
 For the lands of wide Breadalbane,
 Not a man who heard him speak
 Would that day have left the battle.
 Burning eye and flushing cheek
 Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
 And they harder drew their breath;
 For their souls were strong within them,
 Stronger than the grasp of death.
 Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
 Sounding in the Pass below,
 And the distant tramp of horses,
 And the voices of the foe:
 Down we crouched amid the bracken,
 Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
 Panting like the hounds in summer,
 When they scent the stately deer.

From the dark defile emerging,
 Next we saw the squadrons come,
 Lealie's foot and Leven's troopers
 Marching to the tuck of drum;
 Through the scattered wood of birches,
 O'er the broken ground and heath,
 Wound the long battalion slowly,
 Till they gained the field beneath;
 Then we bounded from our covert.—
 Judge how looked the Saxons then,
 When they saw the rugged mountain
 Start to life with armed men!
 Like a tempest down the ridges
 Swept the hurricane of steel,
 Rose the slogan of Macdonald—
 Flashed the broadsword of Lochell!
 Vainly sped the withering volley
 'Amongst the foremost of our band—
 On we poured until we met them
 Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
 Horse and man went down like drift-wood
 When the floods are black at Yule,
 And their carcases are whirling
 In the Garry's deepest pool.
 Horse and man went down before us—
 Living foe there tarried none
 On the field of Killcrankie,
 When that stubborn fight was done!

IV.

And the evening star was shining
 On Schehallion's distant head,
 When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
 And returned to count the dead.
 There we found him gashed and gory,
 Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
 As he told us where to seek him,
 In the thickest of the slain.
 And a smile was on his visage,
 For within his dying ear
 Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
 And the clansmen's clamorous cheer:
 So, amidst the battle's thunder,
 Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
 In the glory of his manhood
 Passed the spirit of the Graeme!

V.

Open wide the vaults of Athol,
 Where the bones of heroes rest—
 Open wide the hallowed portals
 To receive another guest!
 Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
 Last of all that dauntless race
 Who would rather die unsullied,
 Than outlive the land's disgrace!
 O thou lion-hearted warrior!
 Reck not of the after-time:
 Honour may be deemed dishonour,
 Loyalty be called a crime.
 Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
 Of the noble and the true,
 Hands that never falied their country,
 Hearts that never baseness knew.
 Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet
 Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
 Scotland shall not boast a braver
 Chieftain than our own Dundee!

The last poet upon our list, he whose poems have been latest published, and the youngest of the band before us, is Alexander Smith. He is just one and twenty years of age, and his fancy is filled with fair and lovely visions gushing from his youthful heart. Youth is his imprint—he can no more divest his muse of greenness than could *Mr. Toots* of that powerful sense of juvenility that oppressed him. But Mr. Smith is a poet, not yet a great one, but still a poet whom Glasgow may enrol among her most valued sons—to the names of Motherwell, Macnish, Michael Scott, and Ritchie, she may add, unhesitatingly, that of Alexander Smith.—

“ A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER.”

This is the deep springing fount of all Mr. Smith's inspiration : through all his poems there is a species of poetic eroticism, and in his profuse imagery the reader's mind becomes clogged with a lavish sweetness.

Three and twenty years ago, Effingham Wilson published *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, for a young man out of Lincolnshire, aged twenty, just as now David Bogue publishes *Poems, By Alexander Smith*. The *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, were beautiful; but the author was young, and showed his youth in all the wild charms of his brilliant fancies. Much of what he published was nonsense, pure, unadulterated nonsense; and he was smashed by the *Quarterly Review* with its usual good nature. Other critics, however, perceived the beauties whilst detecting the faults, and, through following the advice tendered by the latter, the poet was enabled, two years afterwards, to republish his volume, with an additional poem, admitted to be one of the most charming in the language, and now the favorite of Queen Victoria—the young man was Alfred Tennyson—the poem, *The Miller's Daughter*.

Mr. Smith should take to heart the moral of this little history. His poems, in our opinion, are in no respect inferior to those of the Laureat, and his *Life-Drama* is superior in execution and construction to *The Princess*, and equal in poetic beauty to most stanzas of *In Memoriam*. The danger, in Mr. Smith's case, is, that he may believe himself already a poet. Most of his verses have appeared in *The Critic*, and in the new, but very able weekly journal, *The Leader*, and as yet his reviewers have been friendly advocates rather than critics in judgment. He requires no advocate; but he must not sit

down under a budding fig-tree, fancying it fruit-laden, believing himself a poet, because he has written the *Life-Drama*, with the other poems comprised in the volume before us. He must curb his fancy; he must moderate his love of the beautiful; he must, in a word, consider the *Life-Drama*, but—

“An earnest of what yet may be.”

Above all, he must not let his genius brood upon itself. If he were beside us now, we should say—Smith, you are young, full of fancy and life; but if you continue to write thus, you will be a “sumph.” You are as yet but a young calf poet, bounding through fragrant fields of beauty, with your tail cocked. Don’t be a puling milk sop; if you don’t smoke, begin now—if you sing a good song, sing it like a man, and don’t fear to hear the “Bells of St. Mungo’s Tower” ring midnight over your ancient burgh, but new-made city. Take your glass of toddy—you may take two—but no more—don’t be ashamed of it, and remember that Sir Walter, as Lockhart writes, “sincerely preferred a tumbler of whisky-toddy to the most precious ‘liquid ruby’ that ever flowed in the cup of a prince.” If you have a good story to tell, tell it, and laugh at any good one in return. You must not look at Tennyson or Moore, but must read, deeply and thoughtfully, Wordsworth—for his philosophy and his poetry, Aytoun—for his fiery vigor; Moir—for his grace and for his genius, for his thought, and feeling—all for their art. With these, and in the give and take of life’s bright round, you will *harden* into poet, and may become as world known as your immortal fellow townsman, *Bailie Nicol Jarvie*—“rest and bless him.”

Smith is a poet. Who but a poet could write this portrait—it may be of himself: it is a picture worth a dozen painted on canvas:—

‘Mong the green lanes of Kent—green sunny
lanes—
Where troops of children shout, and laugh,
and play,
And gather daisies, stood an antique home,
Within its orchard, rich with ruddy fruits;
For the full year was laughing in his prime.
Wealth of all flowers grew in that garden
green,
And the old porch with its great oaken
door
Was smothered in rose-blooms, while o’er
the walls

The honeysuckle clung deliciously.
Before the door there lay a plot of grass,
Snowed o’er with daisies,—flower by all
beloved,
And famous in song—and in the midst,
A carved fountain stood, dried up and
broken,
On which a peacock perched and sunned
itself;
Beneath, two petted rabbits, snowy white,
Squatted upon the sward.
A row of poplars darkly rose behind.

Around whose tops, and the old-fashioned
vanes,
White pigeons fluttered, and o'er all was
bent
The mighty sky, with sailing sunny clouds.
One casement was thrown open, and within,
A boy hung o'er a book of poesy,
Silent as planet hanging o'er the sea.
In at the casement open to the noon
Came sweetest garden odours, and the
hum—

The drowsy hum—of the rejoicing bees,
Heavened in blooms that overlaid the walls;
And the cool wind waved in upon his brow,

And stirred his curls. Soft fell the summer
night.

Then he arose, and with inspired lips said,—
“Stars! ye are golden-voiced clarions
To high-aspiring and heroic dooms.
To-night, as I look up unto ye, Stars!
I feel my soul rise to its destiny,
Like a strong eagle to its eyre soaring.
Who thinks of weakness underneath ye,
Stars?

A hum shall be on earth, a name be heard,
An epitaph shall look up proud to God.
Stars! read and listen, it may not be long.”

The following extract exhibits the genius of our poet in
another phase:—

WALTER.

Within a city One was born to toil,
Whose heart could not mate with the com-
mon doom,

To fall like a spent arrow in the grave.
'Mid the eternal hum, the boy clomb up
Into a shy and solitary youth,
With strange joys and strange sorrows, oft
to tears

He was moved, he knew not why, when he
has stood

Among the lengthened shadows of the eve,
Such feeling overflowed him from the sky.
Alone he dwelt, solitary as a star
Unsphere and exiled, yet he knew no
scorn.

Once did he say, “For me, I'd rather live
With this weak human heart and yearning
blood,

Lonely as God, than mate with barren
souls;
More brave, more beautiful, than myself
must be

The man whom truly I can call my Friend;
He must be an Inspirer, who can draw
To higher heights of Being, and ever stand
O'er me in unreach'd beauty, like the
moon;

Soon as he fall in this, the crest and crown
Of noble friendship, he is nought to me.
What so unguessed as Death? Yet to the
dead

It lies as plain as yesterday to us.
Let me go forward to my grave alone,
What need have I to linger by dry wells?”
Books were his chiefest friends. In them
he read

Of those great spirits who went down like
suns,

And left upon the mountain-tops of Death
A light that made them lovely. His own
heart

Made him a Poet. Yesterday to him
Was richer far than fifty years to come.
Alchemist Memory turned his past to gold.
When morn awakes against the dark wet
earth,

Back to the morn she laughs with dewy
sides,

Up goes her voice of larks! With like
effect

Imagination opened on his life,
It lay all lovely in that rarer light.

He was with Nature on the sabbath-days,
Far from the dressed throngs and the city
bells,

He gave his hot brows to the kissing wind,
While restless thoughts were stirring in his
heart.

“These wordly men will kill me with their
scorns,

But Nature never mocks or jeers at me;
Her dewy soothings of the earth and air
Do wean me from the thoughts that madd
my brain.

Our interviews are stolen, I can look,
Nature! in thy serene and griefless eyes
But at long intervals; yet, Nature! yet,
Thy silence and the fairness of thy face

Are present with me in the booming streets.
Yon quarry shattered by the bursting fire,
And disembowelled by the biting pick,

Kind Nature! Thou hast taken to thyself;
Thy weeping Aprils and soft-blowing Mays,
Thy blossom-buried Junes, have smoothed
its scars,

And hid its wounds and trenches deep in
flowers.

So take my worn and passion-wasted heart,
Maternal Nature! Take it to thyself,
Efface the scars of scorn, the rents of hate,
The wounds of alien eyes, visit my brain
With thy deep peace, fill with thy calm
my heart,

And the quick courses of my human blood.”
Thus would he muse and wander, till the
sun

Reached the red-west, where all the waiting
clouds,

Attired before in homely dun and grey,
Like Parasites that dress themselves in
smiles

To feed a great man's eye, in haste put on
Their purple mantles rimmed with ragged
gold,

And congregating in a shining crowd,
Flattered the sinking orb with faces bright.
As slow he journeyed home, the wanderer
saw

The labouring fires come out against the
dark,

For with the night the country seemed on
flame:

Innumerable furnaces and pits,
And gloomy holds, in which that bright
slave, Fire,

Doth pant and toil all day and night for man,
Threw large and angry lustres on the sky,
And shifting lights across the long black roads.

Dungeoned in poverty, he saw afar
The shining peaks of fame that wore the sun,
Most heavenly bright, they mocked him through his bars.
A lost man wildered on the dreary sea,
When loneliness hath somewhat touched his brain,
Doth shrink and shrink beneath the watching sky,
Which hour by hour more plainly doth express

The features of a deadly enemy,
Drinking his woes with a most hungry eye.
Ev'n so, by constant staring on his illa,
They grew worse-featured; till, in his great rage,

His spirit, like a roused sea, white with wrath,
Struck at the stars. "Hold fast! Hold fast! my brain!

Had I a curse to kill with, by yon Heaven!
I'd feast the worms to-night." Dreadful words,

Whose very terror blanched his conscious lips,
He uttered in his hour of agony.

With quick and subtle poison in his veins,
With madness burning in his heart and brain,
Wild words, like lightnings, round his pallid lips,

He rushed to die in the very eyes of God.
'Twas late, for as he reached the open roads,
Where night was reddened by the drudging fire,

The drowsy steeples tolled the hour of One.

The city now was left long miles behind,
A large black hill was looming 'gainst the stars,
He reached its summit. Far above his head,

Up there upon the still and mighty night,
God's name was writ in worlds. Awhile he stood,

Silent and throbbing like a midnight star.
He raised his hands, Alas! 't was not in prayer—

He long had ceased to pray. "Father," he said,
"I wished to loose some music o'er Thy world,

To strike from its firm seat some hoary wrong,
And then to die in autumn with the flowers,

And leaves, and sunshine I have loved so well.
Thou might'st have smoothed my way to some great end—

But wherefore speak? Thou art the mighty God.
This gleaming wilderness of suns and worlds

Is an eternal and triumphant hymn,

Chanted by Thee unto Thine own great self!

Wrapt in Thy skies, what were my prayers to Thee?

My pangs? My tears of blood? They could not move

Thee from the depths of Thine immortal dream.

Thou hast forgotten me, God! Here, therefore here,

To-night upon this bleak and cold hill-side,
Like a forsaken watch-fire will I die,

And as my pale corse fronts the glittering night,
It shall reproach Thee before all Thy worlds."

His death did not disturb that ancient Night.

Scornfullest Night! Over the dead there hung

Great gulfs of silence, blue, and strewn with stars—

No sound—no motion—in the eternal depths.

EDWARD.

Now, what a sullen-blooded fool was this,
At sulks with earth and Heaven! Could he not

Out-weep his passion like a blustering day,
And be clear-skied thereafter? He, poor wretch,

Must needs be famous! Lord! how Poets geck

At Fame, their idol. Call't a worthless thing,

Colder than lunar rainbows, changefuller
Than sleekest purples on a pidgeon's neck,

More transitory than a woman's loves,
The bubbles of her heart—and yet each mocker

Would gladly sell his soul for one sweet crumb

To roll beneath his tongue.

WALTER.

Alas! the youth,
Earnest as flame, could not so tame his heart

As to live quiet days. When the heart-sick Earth

Turns her broad back upon the gaudy sun,
And stoops her weary forehead to the night,

To struggle with her sorrow all alone,
The moon, that patient sufferer, pale with pain,

Presses her cold lips on her sister's brow,
Till she is calm. But in his sorrow's night

He found no comfort. A man can bear
A world's contempt when he has that within

Which says he's worthy—when he contemns himself,

There burns the hell. So this wild youth was folled

In a great purpose—in an agony,
In which he learned to hate and scorn himself,

He foamed at God, and died.

Here is a lady describing the husband whom she longs for; he is something in the mould of *Othello* as he stole away *Desdemona's* heart, when she

“wished
That heaven had made her such a man.”

Who'd leap in the chariot of my heart,
And seize the reins, and wind it to his will,
Must be of other stuff, my cub of Ind;
White honour shall be like a plaything to
him,
Borne lightly, a pet falcon on his wrist;
One who can feel the very pulse o' the
time,
Instant to act, to plunge into the strife,
And with a strong arm hold the rearing
world.
In costly chambers hushed with carpets
rich,
Swept by proud beauties in their whistling
silks,
Mars' plait shall smooth to sweetness on his
brow;
His mighty front whose steel flung back the
sun,

When horsed for battle, shall bend above a
hand
Laid like a lily in his tawny palm,
With such a grace as takes the gazer's eye.
His voice that shivered the mad trumpet's
blare,—
A new-raised standard to the reeling field,—
Shall know to tremble at a lady's ear,
To charm her blood with the fine touch of
praise,
And as she listens—steal away the heart.
If the good gods do grant me such a man,
More would I dote upon his trenched brows,
His coal-black hair, proud eyes, and scornful
lips,
Than on a gallant, curled like Absalom,
Cheek'd like Apollo, with his luted voice.

“Why 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers,”

as that flirt of flirts, *Rosalind*, says. *Bobadil* is the only man for Smith's lady. Like the hair dresser's sweetheart in *Master Humphrey's Clock*, her husband must be “in the milingitary.”

Smith, however, has better stuff in his genius than the above selected rant might lead the reader to suppose. He possesses fine descriptive powers. Thus he writes of Resolution:—

I will throw off this dead and useless past,
As a strong runner, straining for his life,
Unclasps a mantle to the hungry winds.
A mighty purpose rises large and slow
From out the fluctuations of my soul.
As, ghost-like, from the dim and tumbling sea
Starts the completed moon.

Thus of Unrest:—

Unrest! unrest! The passion-panting sea
Watches the unveiled beauty of the stars
Like a great hungry soul. The unquiet clouds
Break and dissolve, then gather in a mass,
And float like mighty icebergs through the blue.
Summers, like blushes, sweep the face of earth;
Heaven yearns in stars. Down comes the frantic rain;
We hear the wail of the remorseful winds
In their strange penance. And this wretched orb
Knows not the taste of rest; a maniac world,
Homeless and sobbing through the deep she goes.

Thus of Listlessness :—

My drooping sails
 Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent.
 I rot upon the waters when my prow
 Should grate the golden isles.

Thus he paints a child :—

Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.
 'Tis ages since he made his youngest star,
 His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday.
 Thou later Revelation ! Silver stream,
 Breaking with laughter from the lake divine,
 Whence all things flow.

Here is Hopelessness :—

I see the future stretch
 All dark and barren as a rainy sea.

This is Solitude :—

'Twas here I spent my youth, as far removed
 From the great heavings, hopes, and fears of man,
 As unknown isle asleep in unknown seas.

The next extract is exquisite in its word painting and beauty of thought :—

The lark is singing in the blinding sky,
 Hedges are white with may. The bridegroom sea
 Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
 And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
 He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
 Retires a space to see how fair she looks,
 Then proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair—
 All glad, from grass to sun ! Yet more I love
 Than this, the shrinking day, that sometimes comes
 In Winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peers,
 It seems a straggler from the files of June,
 Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,
 And half its beauty ; and, when it returned,
 Finding its old companions gone away,
 It joined November's troop, then marching past ;
 And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world
 With a thin crazy smile then bursts in tears,
 And all the while it holds within its hand
 A few half-withered flowers.

These extracts we consider more than sufficient to prove our statement that Alexander Smith is now a poet, and will be hereafter, with care, caution, and prudence, a great one.

Thus, having placed before the reader the chief of those Scottish lyrical poets, and writers of short pieces, inferior only to Burns, to Scott, and to Crabbe, our pleasant task is ended. Amongst our Scottish and English friends, personally and in a literary way, it is our pride and happiness to comprise many. It may appear that we have assumed some poets to be unknown who are well known, and have omitted the names of many who have struck bold or melodious chords upon The Harp of the North. Those who know Ireland will not hold this opinion. Politics and turmoil of party strife have left *our*

middle classes less time for reading, and possibly less taste for it, than those of the sister kingdoms; and amongst this class the *Melodies* of Thomas Moore most prized and best known are, *The Harp that once through Tara's Hall*, *The Minstrel Boy*, *On Lough Neagh's Banks*, to the exclusion of *Silent O Moyle*, *It is not the Tear this Moment Shed*—which possess mere poetry of the greatest beauty for recommendation, but divested of that meretricious and clinquant patriotism which the four recently published volumes of the poet's *Journal* proved to have been, certainly not in any way a speculation, or political trade, but, at best, only a sentimental maudlin myth. For this reason, and because of the four first poets upon our list very few indeed of the present generation know anything, we have thus written. This will explain why we have dwelt upon that which must appear stale to many of our readers in the sister islands; but, whilst anxious to make THE IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW “racy of the soil,” we wish to give our countrymen who may be ignorant of it, some experience of a literature which should be to them well known and familiar. Twenty-two years ago Barry Cornwall wrote—“It cannot be very flattering to our self-love to observe, that all the song-writers, except Mr. Moore, (and, I ought to have added, Dibdin,) are *Scottish* poets.” He was right then, and so they still continue. Of Gilfillan, of Tannahill, of Ramsay, of the Cunninghams (Allan and Peter), of Robert Nicholl, we have written nothing—they belong to another grade of the realm of poesy, and require a separate paper. We have also omitted Macaulay's name as a poet; but the following extracts from his poem *Pompeii*, which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at Cambridge Commencement, 1819, must be novel to many readers, and full of interest to all:—

The mirth and music thro' Pompeii rung,
Then verdant wreaths on all her portals hung;
Her sons, with solemn rite and jocund lay,
Hail'd the glad splendours of that festal day;
With fillets bound, the hoary priests advance,
And rosy virgins braid the choral dance;
The rugged warrior here unbends a while
His iron front, and deigns a transient smile;
There, frantic with delight, the ruddy boy
Scarce treads on earth, and bounds and laughs with joy;
From ev'ry crowded altar perfumes rise
In billowy clouds of fragrance to the skies;
The milk-white monarch of the herd they lead,
With gilded horns, at yonder shrine to bleed;
And while the victim crops the brodered plain,
And frisks and gambols tow'rd's the destin'd fane,

They little deem that like himself they stray
To death, unconscious, o'er a flowery way—
Heedless, like him, th' impending stroke await,
And sport and wanton on the brink of fate.

* * * * *

But see, the op'ning theatre invites
The fated myriads to its gay delights—
In, in, they swarm, tumultuous as the roar
Of foaming breakers on a rocky shore.
Th' enraptur'd throng in breathless transport views
The gorgeous temple of the Tragic Muse.
There, while her wand in shadowy pomp arrays
Ideal scenes, and forms of other days,
Fair as the hopes of youth, a radiant band,
The sister arts around her footstool stand,
To deck their Queen, and lend a milder grace
To the stern beauty of that awful face.
Far, far, around the ravish'd eye surveys
The sculptur'd forms of Gods and Heroes blaze—
Above, the echoing roofs the peal prolong
Of lofty converse, or melodious song,
While, as the tones of passion sink or swell,
Admiring thousands own the moral spell,
Melt with the melting strains of fancy'd woe,
With terror sicken, or with transport glow.
Oh! for a voice like that which peal'd of old
Thro' Salem's cedar courts and shrines of gold,
And in wild accents round the trembling dome
Proclaim'd the havoc of avenging Rome,
While ev'ry palmy arch and sculptur'd tow'r
Shook with the footsteps of the parting power.
Such voice might check your tears, which idly stream
For the vain phantoms of the Poet's dream—
Might bid these terrors rise, those sorrows flow,
For other perils, and for nearer woe.

The hour is come. Ev'n now the sulph'rous cloud
Involves the city in its funeral shroud,
And far along Campania's azure sky
Expands its dark and boundless canopy.
The Sun, tho' thron'd on heav'n's meridian height,
Burns red and rayless thro' that sickly night.
Each bosom felt at once the shudd'ring thrill,
At once the music stopp'd—the song was still.
None in that cloud's portentous shape might trace
The fearful changes of another's face:
But thro' that horrid stillness each could hear
His neighbour's throbbing heart beat high with fear.

A moment's pause succeeds. Then wildly rise
Grief's sobbing plaints and terror's frantic cries:
The gates recoil, and towards the narrow pass,
In wild confusion rolls the living mass.
Death! when thy shadowy sceptre waves away
From his sad couch the prisoner of decay,
Tho' friendship view the close with glist'ning eye,
And love's fond lips imbibe the parting sigh,
By torture rack'd, by kindness sooth'd in vain,
The soul still clings to being and to pain;
But when have wilder terrors cloth'd thy brow,
Or keen'r torments edg'd thy dart than now?
When with thy regal horrors vainly strove
The laws of Nature, and the power of Love;
On mother's babes in vain for mercy call,
Beneath the feet of brothers, brothers fall.
Behold the dying wretch in vain upraise
Tow'rd yonder well-known face the accusing gaze.
She, trampled to the earth, th' expiring maid
Clings round her lover's feet and shrieks for aid;
Vain is th' imploring glance, the frenzy'd cry—
All, all is fear—to succour is to die.
Saw ye how wild, how red, how broad a light
Burst on the darkness of that mid-day night,
As fierce Vesuvius scatter'd o'er the vale
His drifted flames and sheets of burning hail,

Shook hell's wan lightnings from his blazing cone,
And gilded heaven with meteors not its own !

Oh ! who may sing that hour of mortal strife,
When nature calls on death, yet clings to life ?
Who paint the wretch that draws sepulchral breath,
A living pris'ner in the house of Death ?
Pale as the corse which loads the funeral pile,
With face convuls'd, that writhes the ghastly smile,
Behold him, speechless, move with hurry'd pace
Incessant round his dungeon's cavern'd space—
Now shriek in terror, and now groan in pain,
Gnaw his white lips, and strike his burning brain,
Till fear o'erstrained in stupor dies away,
And madness wrests his victim from dismay :
His arms sink down ; his wild and stony eye
Glares without sight on blackest vacancy ;
He feels not, sees not ; wrapp'd in senseless trance,
His soul is still and listless as his glance ;
One cheerless blank, one rayless mist is there—
Thoughts, senses, passions, live not with despair !

Here the reader has the first effort of the essayist's mind. To trace its growth in the *Edinburgh*, and in the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, will repay the study—possibly if Alexander Smith attempt it, he may one day write a history brilliant as Macaulay's, and an essay famous as that on Ranke's Popes.

ART. VI.—MOORE'S JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.

Edited by the Right Honourable Lord John Russell, M.P.

Vols. I., II., III., IV. London : Longman and Co. 1853.

At the conclusion of the second volume of this work, Thomas Moore was, on the 30th of August, 1819, in London, and preparing to start with Lord John Russell upon a continental tour. He had told us of his birth ; of his school days ; of his early London struggles ; of his unfortunate colonial appointment ; of his duel with Jeffrey ; of his introduction to Byron ; of his marriage ; of his removal to Derbyshire ; of his triumphs as a poet ; of his position in the society of the gay and great ; of his struggles, his difficulties, and his fears. On quitting England with Lord John Russell, he left his wife and children in his recently hired residence, Sloperston, and from the 5th of September, 1819, the day upon which he sailed from Dover, to the 31st of October, 1825, the day upon which the last entry in that portion of the *Diary* closing the fourth volume is made, his

life appears to have been six years of gaiety, scarcely chequered by disappointment or saddened by care. True, there were dark and weary days when exile or the gaol seemed lowering before him; but the elastic spirit of the poet bore its possessor through all; his own bright fancy—a sunshine of the soul peculiar to himself—made that but a passing care which would have been to many men gnawing as “a rooted sorrow.”

In these four volumes, particularly in the two first issued, there is left upon the mind of him who reads them aright, a regretful feeling that Moore was not formed by nature more unamiable in disposition, because thus he might have escaped being the “idol of his own” brilliant circle. Amongst all the men of genius over whose autobiographies and mind-histories we have mused, saddened yet delighted, this is the very wofullest. Life was frittered away; genius was squandered; learning was used, and, indeed, confessedly but acquired, to illustrate the flashing, glowing genius of his poems. He did “dearly love a Lord;” and, as with equal truth, Byron said, wasted too many years “among dowagers and unmarried girls.” Through all the portion of the *Diary* kept during his residence in Paris or its neighbourhood, we can discover little save the records of dances, dinners, and pleasures; stories of great people, reminding us most strongly of a modern Brantome, so that we almost expect to meet *J'ay cognu une fort belle et honneste dame de par le monde*—or—*J'ay cognu un gentilhomme très-honneste à la cour*, as the gay old Frenchman writes when about to introduce his stories; and the high, the pleasant society in which Moore lived and was so prized, proves how truly Scott judged when writing—“he’s a charming fellow, a perfect gentleman in society; to use a sporting phrase, there is no kick in his gallop.” It was impossible to reside in his neighbourhood and not know him; it was equally impossible to know him and not like him. Thus, when he lodged in the same house with Benjamin Constant, the great orator cannot resist sending word to Moore that Madame Constant would come down from her *etage* to take chocolate with him; but this using Madame’s name was only a ruse, a playing upon Moore’s gallantry, for down came Benjamin himself without the lady. The poet was, indeed, a complete contradiction to Le Mercier’s observation—*on est étranger à son voisin*.

That Moore felt the effect of this mode of life, and fully appreciated the injurious extent to which friends had become the

thieves of his time, is evident in several portions of the *Diary*. Melancthon himself was not more industrious in deed, than was Moore in intention; and in the midst of all his whirling life, it is amusing to find him writing thus, in the *Journal*: "we dined alone with our little ones, for the first time, since the first of July, which was a very great treat to both of us; and Bessy said, in going to bed, 'this is the first rational day we have had for a long time.' Before I went to bed, experienced one of those bursts of devotion which, perhaps, are worth all the church-going forms in the world. Tears came fast from me as I knelt down to adore the one only God, whom I acknowledge, and poured forth the aspirations of a soul deeply grateful for all his goodness." This is a touching entry, and referring to "Bessy's" observation, "this is the first rational day we have had for a long time," Lord John Russell observes—"Mrs. Moore was quite right; in reading over the diary of dinners, balls, and visits to the theatre, I feel some regret in reflecting that I had some hand in persuading Moore to prefer France to Holyrood. His universal popularity was his chief enemy."

The *Melodies*, *The Satirical Poems*, and *The Loves of the Angels*, written during his residence in France, were composed at times which there is little impropriety or exaggeration in calling odd quarter hours. Byron wrote with more preparation than Moore: indeed had he led an existence exciting, and society-disturbed, as that of the latter, he could never have produced *Childe Harold* or *Don Juan*. In Byron's *Diary* we see the working of the mind, even though the pen has but traced the thoughts which were afterwards wrought out. In Moore's *Journal* we rarely perceive the working of the mind, save where he specially informs us of the particulars and of the circumstances connected with the composition of the poem upon which he was engaged. He did, occasionally, read for an hour or two at Denon's, or in the Bibliothèque Royal, but he appears rarely to have extended his study beyond two hours. We write thus regretfully, because better things might have been expected, and must of necessity have proceeded from Moore's mind, had he devoted a larger portion of his time to careful and well-regulated study; and those who now sneer at his pretensions to the fame of a great poet, classing him merely amongst brilliant song writers, would have been silent or harmless.

Scott's plan of composition was, indeed, somewhat different from either of his brother poets. He said to Robert Cadell, "I lie *simmering* over things for an hour or two before I get up—and there's the time I am dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping half-waking *projet de chapitre*—and when I get the paper before me, it commonly runs off pretty easily. Besides I often take a doze in the plantations, and while Tom marks out a dyke or a drain as I have directed, one's fancy may be running its ain riggs in some other world." Moore allowed every thing, every friend, and every little untoward circumstance to check his work. Not so with Scott. When writing *The Bride of Lammermoor* he was ill, racked by pain, and obliged to seek the aid of an amanuensis, and Moore thus writes,—“Called upon Stewart Rose, who has brought me a letter of introduction from Lord Landsdowne. Talking of Scott (with whom he is intimate), says he has no doubt of his being the author of all the novels. Scott's life in Edinburgh favorable to working; dines always at home, and writes in the evening. Writing quite necessary to him; so much so, that when he was very ill some time ago, he used to dictate for three or four hours at a time.” The real facts of the manner in which Scott wrote are thus stated by Lockhart:—

“The *copy* (as M.S. for the press is technically called) which Scott was thus dictating, was that of *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and his amanuensises were William Laidlaw and John Ballantyne;—of whom he preferred the latter, when he could be at Abbotsford, on account of the superior rapidity of his pen; and also because John kept his pen to the paper without interruption, and, though with many an arch twinkle in his eyes, and now and then an audible smack of his lips, had resolution to work on like a well-trained clerk; whereas good Laidlaw entered with such keen zest into the interest of the story as it flowed from the author's lips, that he could not suppress exclamations of surprise and delight—‘Gude keep us a’!—the like o’ that!—eh sirs! eh sirs!’ and so forth—which did not promote dispatch. I have often, however, in the sequel, heard both these secretaries describe the astonishment with which they were equally affected when Scott began this experiment. The affectionate Laidlaw beseeching him to stop dictating, when his audible suffering filled every pause, ‘Nay, Willie,’ he answered, ‘only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen.’ John Ballantyne told me, that after the first day, he always took care to have a dozen good pens made before he seated himself opposite to the sofa on which Scott lay, and that though he often turned himself on his pillow with a groan of torment, he usually

continued the sentence in the same breath. But when dialogue of peculiar animation was in progress, spirit seemed to triumph altogether over matter—he arose from his couch and walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and as it were acting the parts. It was in this fashion that Scott produced the far greater portion of the *Bride of Lammermoor*—the whole of the *Legend of Montrose*—and almost the whole of *Ivanhoe*. Yet, when his health was fairly re-established, he disdained to avail himself of the power of dictation, which he had thus put to the sharpest test, but resumed, and for many years resolutely adhered to, the old plan of writing everything with his own hand. When I once, sometime afterwards, expressed my surprise that he did not consult his ease, and spare his eyesight at all events, by occasionally dictating, he answered—‘I should as soon think of getting into a sedan chair while I can use my legs.’”

Moore's chief object in undertaking the continental tour, with the description of which nearly the whole of the third volume is occupied, was to pay a visit to Lord Byron, then residing in the neighbourhood of Venice. The account which he gives of the statues, pictures and churches, we omit; but it is interesting to compare it with those of many of the same works of art described two hundred and seventy years ago by Montaigne, and one hundred and fifty years ago by Addison. Moore arrived at Lord Byron's villa, on the seventh of October, 1819, and gives the following relation of all he witnessed on that day, and during his stay in Venice:—

“Left Padua at twelve, and arrived at Lord Byron's country house, La Mira, near Fusina, at two. He was but just up and in his bath; soon came down to me; first time we have met these five years; grown fat, which spoils the picturesqueness of his head. The Countess Guiccioli, whom he followed to Ravenna, came from thence with him to Venice by the consent, it appears, of her husband. Found him in high spirits and full of his usual frolicsome gaiety. He insisted upon my making use of his house in Venice while I stay, but could not himself leave the Guiccioli. He drest, and we set off together in my carriage for Venice; a glorious sunset when we embarked at Fusina in a gondola, and the view of Venice and the distant Alps (some of which had snow on them, reddening with the last light) was magnificent; but my companion's conversation, which, though highly ludicrous and amusing, was anything but romantic, threw my mind and imagination into a mood not at all agreeing with the scene. Arrived at his palazzo on the Grand Canal, (he having first made the gondolier row round in order to give me a sight of the Piazzetta), where he gave orders with the utmost anxiety and good nature for my accommodation, and dispatched persons in search of a laquais de place, and his friend Mr. Scott, to give me in charge to. No Opera this evening. He ordered dinner from a *traiteur*, and

stopped to dine with me. Had much curious conversation with him about his wife before Scott arrived. He has written his memoirs, and is continuing them; thinks of going and purchasing lands under the Patriotic Government in South America. Much talk about Don Juan; he is writing a third canto; the Duke of Wellington; his taking so much money; gives instances of disinterested men, Epaminondas, &c. &c., down to Pitt himself, who,

‘ As minister of state, is
Renown’d for ruining Great Britain gratis.’

At nine o’clock he set off to return to La Mira, and I went with Mr. Scott to two theatres; at the first a comedy, ‘*Il Prigionero de Neugate*,’ translated from the French; at the second, a tragedy of Alfieri, ‘*Ottavia*,’ actors all disagreeable. Forgot to mention that Byron introduced me to his Countess before we left La Mira: she is a blonde and young; married only about a year, but not very pretty. 8th. Sallied out with Mr. Scott and the laquais to see sights. Went to the churches Della Salute and Del Redentore, and of S. Giorgio Maggiore, &c. &c. The pictures, I take for granted, very fine, but the subjects so eternally the same and so uninteresting, that I, who have no eye for the niceties of the execution, neither can enjoy them, nor affect to enjoy them. The only things that very much delighted me were four children at the corners of a ceiling in the Ducal Palace, by Paul Veronese, and some of the monuments of the Lombardi, in which there are some very graceful classical figures. There is also a Grecian orator in the court, one of four, brought (I think) from Constantinople, which strikes me as fine. Saw the library of St. Mark, which is a magnificent room, and the mixture of the marbles and the books gives it a moist imposing and Grecian look. The Leda and Jupiter a beautiful thing. Among the portraits of the Doges, in the library, there is a blank left for that of Faliero, who, after his eightieth year, conspired against his country, on account of an insult he received. Instead of his portrait are the words, *Locus Marini Falieri decapitati pro criminibus*. Must examine his history. Lord B. meant to write a tragedy on this subject; went to one of the churches to look for his tomb, and thought he trod upon it on entering, which affected his mind very much; but it was a tomb of one of the Valeri. B. very superstitious; won’t begin anything on a Friday. The Piazzetta of St. Mark, with its extraordinary Ducal Palace, and the fantastical church, and the gaudy clock opposite, altogether makes a most barbaric appearance. The mint opposite the palace; the architecture certainly chaste and elegant. The disenchantment one meets with at Venice,—the Rialto so mean—the canals so stinking! Lord B. came up to town at six o’clock, and he and I dined with Scott at the Pellegrino: showed us a letter which his Countess had just received from her husband, in which, without a word of allusion to the way in which she is living with B., he makes some proposal with respect to money of B.’s being invested in his hands, as a thing advantageous to both; a fine specimen of an Italian husband. Went afterwards to the theatre for a short time, and thence to the Contessa d’Albrizzi’s. More disenchantment: these

assemblies, which, at a distance, sounded so full of splendour and gallantry to me, turned into something much worse than one of Lydia White's conversaziones. Met there the poet Pindemonte, and had some conversation with him; a thin, sickly, old gentleman. Forgot, by the bye, to mention that I saw Monti at Milan. From the Contessa d'Albrizzi we went to Madame B., who, they tell me, is one of the last of the Venetian ladies of the old school of nobility; thoroughly profligate, of course, in which she but resembles the new school. Her manners very pleasant and easy. She talked to me much about Byron; bid me scold him for the scrape he had got into; said that, till this, *Il se conduisait si bien*. Introduced me to another old countess, who, when I said how much I admired Venice, answered, *Oui, pour un étranger tout ça doit être bien drôle*. 9th. Went with Scott and my laquais to the Giovanni Palace. The things that struck me were the Marcus Agrippa in the court, the Greek statue of an orator in one of the rooms, and a Cupid of Guido's. It is here, if I recollect right, the story of Cupid and Psyche is in one of the rooms, and we were much amused with two Englishmen who could not be made to understand what Favola di Psyche meant. What brings such men to such places? Went to the Pisani Palace, where there are only two large pictures to be seen. Thence to the Confrairie de Saint Roch, which abounds with Tintorets; and then to the Barbarigo Palace, equally rich in Titians; it was his *atelier*. The Magdalen here fine, but does not cry half so beautifully as the Agar of Guercino. Dined with Lord B. at the Pellegrino. What the husband wants is for Lord B. to lend him £1,000 at five per cent; that is, give it to him; though he talks of giving security, and says in any other way it would be an *avvilimento* to him! Scott joined us in the evening, and brought me a copy of the Italian translation of 'Lalla Rookh.' Lord B., Scott says, getting fond of money: he keeps a box into which he occasionally puts sequins; he has now collected about 300, and his great delight, Scott tells me, is to open the box and contemplate his store. Went with Scott to the opera; 'I Baccanali di Roma.' Malanotte played a man's part. Scott showed me a woman, whom Buonaparte pronounced to be the finest woman in Venice, and the Venetians, not agreeing with him, call *La Bella per Decreto*, adding (as all the decrees begin with Considerando) *ma senza il Considerando*. 10th. Went to St. Mark's to mass, but it was over; thence to the Island, where the monastery of Armenian monks is; very neat, and the situation beautiful; they have a good press, and print Armenian books here. Returned and walked in the Piazza, where there was a monstrous show of women, but hardly one pretty. Went to the Academia; a cast of Canova's Hebe delicious; the original is not to be seen, being packed up. Copies of some other things of his here, beautiful. A cast from a statue of Buonaparte's mother, which is placed opposite a statue of Nero's mother. Went to the Esposizione of Inventions; pretty much the Venetian make. Went at half past five to the Pietà, an institution for foundlings, and heard sacred music, instrumental and otherwise, by a band of girls, playing violins, violoncellos, horns, &c. &c. Lord B., Scott, and I dined at

the Pellegrino ; before we went Lord B. read me what he has done of the third canto of 'Don Juan.' In the evening all went to the Opera together, and from thence at twelve o'clock to a sort of public-house, to drink hot punch ; forming a strange contrast to a dirty cobbler, whom we saw in a nice room delicately eating ice. Lord B. took me home in his gondola at two o'clock ; a beautiful moonlight, and the reflection of the palaces in the water, and the stillness and grandeur of the whole scene (deprived as it was of its deformities by the dimness of the light) gave a nobler idea of Venice than I had yet had. 11th. Went to the Manfrini Palace ; a noble collection of pictures ; the Three Heads by Giorgione, and his Woman playing a Guitar, very beautiful, particularly the female head in the former picture. The Sibilla of Gennaro still more beautiful. Two heads by Carlo Dolce very fine, and Guido's contest between Apollo and Pan exquisite ; the enthusiasm of Apollo's head, as he plays, quite divine. The Lucretia of Guido beautiful. Left Venice at one o'clock, and got to Lord Byron's at three ; a handsome dinner ready for me. Saw the Countess again, who looked prettier than she did the first time. Guicciola is her name, *nata Gamba*. Lord B. came on with me to Stra, where we parted. He has given me his Memoirs to make what use I please of them. Arrived at Padua at seven."

In extracting from these volumes, we find a difficulty in relating the story of Moore's life, as detailed in them, because, having devoted so considerable a portion of our space to his Memoir, in the sixth number of *THE IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*,* we should be but repeating what is there stated : we shall, therefore, insert such portions from the volumes before us as are new, interesting, and important, premising that, with all these qualities, they are stored abundantly.

To the general reader who is unacquainted with famous or remarkable men, in their home life, the characters of many, as given in this *Diary*, must appear no less strange than estimable. The glimpses, too, into Moore's own ménage are charming ; his kind-heartedness, his love of children, his lovely affection, we might write admiration of his wife, are most remarkable. Besides this, although mingling so much with the nobility, many of whom, no doubt, were not as noble in mind as in birth—the peer's coronet encircling the parvenu's brow—the poet seems never to have forgotten his own dignity. He was always willing to amuse his friends, whether aristocratic or humble ; and when, as he writes, Lord John Russell told him the Duchess of Bedford had said "she wished they

* Vol. II., p. 382.

had some one with them, like Mr. Moore, to be agreeable when they got to their inn in the evening," the expression of opinion was meant kindly on her part, and without the slightest mixture of impertinence, and though, perhaps, infelicitously expressed by her, or noted by him, he received it as it was meant, in a kindly, complimentary spirit—otherwise he would have known how to resent it. He was no flunkey, for, as he writes some months afterwards in Paris: "I had mentioned to Madame de Flahault, the other day, how strange I thought it that Lady E. Stuart had never returned Bessy's visit. She spoke of it to Lady E., who assured her she *did* visit us in the Rue Chatereine, but would do it again, as that had been a mistake. Though Bessy does not care a pin about such things, I like that these high people should be made to *mind their manners*."

The elasticity of Moore's mind, as shown in these volumes, is notable; it was not want of feeling that enabled him to rise with so light a spirit above all the disagreeabilities of uncertain means, and occasionally of poverty. And yet, poor as he was, his heart and purse were ever open to the pleadings of a needy friend, and in his own line he expressed his own disposition—he had

"For misery ever his purse and tear."

And, in enduring misfortune, fully justified his friend Kenny, the dramatist, in observing: "It is well you are a poet; a philosopher never could have borne it."

All who came within his friendship—and the scope of that friendship was all embracing and wide—seem to have been actuated by impulses wide as Nature. Thus we find Washington Irving and Doctor Yonge aiding the Poet and Mr. Moore to amuse a children's party, playing blind-man's buff, and watching lest they should stumble into holes in the floor, which had been broken down in the ardor of the dancing. Indeed this party, and the causes which led to it, are most creditable to Moore, showing that, after ten years of wedded life, his heart, turned fondly and truly to its early love as that of the girl who wakes, all smiles from happy visions of him who makes a sunshine in the day-dreams of her hopeful future, he writes:—

"25th. This day ten years we were married, and, though Time has made his usual changes in us both, we are still more like lovers

than any married couples of the same standing, I am acquainted with. Asked to dine at Ranccliffe's, but dined at home alone with Bessy. This being Sunday, our dance, in celebration of the day, deferred till to-morrow. Received a letter yesterday from my dear father, which, notwithstanding the increased tremor of his hand, is written with a clearness of head and warmth of heart that seem to promise many years of enjoyment still before him. God grant it! 26th. Bessy busy in preparations for the dance this evening. I went and wrote to my dear mother, and told her, in proof of the unabated anxiety and affection I feel towards her, that a day or two ago, on my asking Bessy, 'whether she would be satisfied if little Tom loved her through life as well as I love my mother,' she answered, 'Yes, if he loves me but a quarter as much.' Went into town too late to return to dinner, and dined at Véry's alone. Found on my return our little rooms laid out with great management, and decorated with quantities of flowers, which Mrs. Story had sent. Our company, Mrs. S. and her cousins, Mrs. Forster, her two daughters, and Miss Bridgeman, the Villamils, Irving, Capt. Johnson, Wilder, &c., and the Douglasses. Began with music; Mrs. V., Miss Drew, and Emma Forster sung. Our dance afterwards to the pianoforte very gay, and not the less so for the floor giving way in sundry places: a circle of chalk was drawn round one hole, Dr. Yonge was placed sentry over another, and whenever there was a new crash, the general laugh at the heavy foot that produced it caused more merriment than the solidest floor in Paris could have given birth to. Sandwiches, negus, and champagne crowned the night, and we did not separate till near four in the morning. Irving's humour began to break out as the floor broke in, and he was much more himself than ever I have seen him. Read this morning, before I went out, 'Thérèse Aubert,' and cried over it like a girl."

A gift so freely made, and so goodnaturedly-intended as that of Byron's Memoirs to Moore was never, perhaps, so unhappy in its results. Moore appears to have been harassed upon the subject from the moment it was known that he held the papers to the hour when he burned the obnoxious documents. Our own opinions upon this subject have been already stated at some length,* but our only objection to Moore's conduct in the affair is, that he showed the manuscript too freely during Byron's life time. He lent it to Lady Holland, and to several others, until it became so soiled and worn, that he found it necessary to employ his friend and protégé, Williams, in making a clean copy. Williams may, or may not, have acted fairly by him, and his conduct to Ugo Foscolo leaves an uncertainty upon the mind as to this latter particular. But all who can remember literary society in London

* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 6, Vol. II., pp. 435, 440.

twenty-three years ago, must be aware that it was then openly stated to be a fact, that a copy of the *Memoirs* had been surreptitiously made by a noble lady, during the time which Moore trusted it to her possession. Doctor Maginn used to say, that Murray asked him to edit the *Memoirs* after he had purchased them from Moore,* and that one volume consisted of a dictionary of all his friends and acquaintances, alphabetically arranged, with proper definitions of their characters, criticisms upon the works of those who were authors, and specimens of the correspondence of all. Maginn would have printed all, exactly as Byrne wrote it, but this, of course, would have been most shameful. Our own impression is, that before twenty years from this date, the memoirs will be published, either in England or in America, as there is little doubt that a copy, or copies, have been, as Maginn asserted—secretly made. Moore's account of the whole transaction, with Lord John Russell's note, is as follows. Under date of May, 14th, 1824, he writes :—

“ Calling at Colbourn's library to inquire the address of the editor of the ‘*Literary Gazette*,’ was told by the shopman that Lord Byron was dead. Could not believe it, but feared the worst, as his last letter to me about a fortnight since mentioned the severe attack of apoplexy or epilepsy which he had just suffered. Hurried to inquire. Met Lord Lansdowne, who said he feared it was but too true. Recollected then the unfinished state in which my agreement for the redemption of the ‘*Memoirs*’ lay. Lord L. said, ‘You have nothing but Murray's fairness to depend upon.’ Went off to the ‘*Morning Chronicle*’ office, and saw the ‘*Courier*,’ which confirmed this most disastrous news. Hastened to Murray's, who was denied to me, but left a note for him, to say that ‘in consequence of this melancholy event, I had called to know when it would be convenient to him to complete the arrangements with respect to the ‘*Memoirs*,’ which we had agreed upon between us when I was last in town.’ Sent an apology to Lord King, with whom I was to have dined. A note from Hobhouse (which had been lying some time for me) announcing the event. Called upon Rogers, who had not heard the news. Remember his having, in the same manner, found me unacquainted with Lord Nelson's death, late on the day when the intelligence arrived. Advised me not to stir at all on the subject of the ‘*Memoirs*,’ but to wait and see what Murray would do; and in the meantime to ask Brougham's opinion. Dined alone at the George, and in the evening left a note for Brougham. Found a note on my return home from Douglas Kinnaird, anxiously inquiring in whose possession the ‘*Memoirs*’ were, and saying that he was ready, on the part of Lord

* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 7, Vol. II. p. 605.

Byron's family, to advance the two thousand pounds for the MS., in order to give Lady Byron and the rest of the family an opportunity of deciding whether they wished them to be published or no. 15th. A gloomy wet day. Went to D. Kinnaird's. Told him how matters stood between me and Murray, and of my claims on the MS. He repeated his proposal that Lady Byron should advance the two thousand guineas for its redemption; but this I would not hear of; it was I alone who ought to pay the money upon it, and the money was ready for the purpose. I would then submit it (not to Lady Byron), but to a chosen number of persons, and if they, upon examination, pronounced it altogether unfit for publication, I would burn it. He again urged the propriety of my being indemnified in the sum, but without in the least degree convincing me. Went in search of Brougham; found him with Lord Lansdowne; told them both all the particulars of my transaction with Murray. B. saw that in fairness I had a claim on the property of the MS., but doubted whether the delivery of the assignment (signed by Lord Byron) after the passing of the bond, might not, in a legal point of view, endanger it. Advised me, at all events, to apply for an injunction, if Murray showed any symptoms of appropriating the MS. to himself. No answer yet from Murray. Called upon Hobhouse, from whom I learned that Murray had already been to Mr. Wilmot Horton, offering to place the 'Memoirs' at the disposal of Lord Byron's family (without mentioning either to him or Hobhouse any claim of mine on the work), and that Wilmot Horton was about to negotiate with him for the redemption of the MS. I then reminded Hobhouse of all that had passed between Murray and me on the subject before I left town (which I had already mentioned to Hobhouse), and said that whatever was done with the MS. must be done by *me*, as I alone had the right over it, and if Murray attempted to dispose of it without my consent, I would apply for an injunction. At the same time, I assured Hobhouse that I was most ready to place the work at the disposal, *not* of Lady Byron (for this we both agreed would be treachery to Lord Byron's intentions and wishes), but at the disposal of Mrs. Leigh, his sister, to be done with by her exactly as she thought proper. After this, we went together to Kinnaird's, and discussed the matter over again, the opinion both of Hobhouse and Kinnaird being that Mrs. Leigh would and ought to burn the MS. altogether, without any previous perusal or deliberation. I endeavoured to convince them that this would be throwing a stigma upon the work, which it did not deserve; and stated, that though the second part of the 'Memoirs' was full of very coarse things, yet that (with the exception of about three or four lines) the first part contained nothing which, on the score of decency, might not be most safely published. I added, however, that as my whole wish was to consult the feelings of Lord Byron's dearest friend, his sister, the manuscript, when in my power, should be placed in her hands, to be disposed of as she should think proper. They asked me then whether I would consent to meet Murray at Mrs. Leigh's rooms on Monday, and there, paying him the 2000 guineas, take the MS. from him, and hand it over to Mrs. Leigh to be burnt. I said that, as to

the burning, that was her affair, but all the rest I would willingly do. Kinnaird wrote down this proposal on a piece of paper, and Hobhouse set off instantly to Murray with it. In the course of to-day I recollected a circumstance (and mentioned it both to H. and K.) which, independent of any reliance on Murray's fairness, set my mind at rest as to the validity of my claim on the manuscript. At the time (April 1832) when I converted the *sale* of the 'Memoirs' into a *debt*, and gave Murray my bond for 2000 guineas, leaving the MS. in his hands as a collateral security, I, by Luttrell's advice, directed a clause to be inserted in the agreement, giving me, in the event of Lord Byron's death, a period of three months after such event for the purpose of raising the money, and redeeming my pledge. This clause I dictated as clearly as possible both to Murray and his solicitor, Mr. Turner, and saw the solicitor interline it in a rough draft of the agreement. Accordingly, on recollecting it now, and finding that Luttrell had a perfect recollection of the circumstance also (*i. e.* of having suggested the clause to me), I felt, of course, confident in my claim. Went to the Longmans, who promised to bring the 2000 guineas for me on Monday morning. Paid eleven shillings coach-hire to-day, and got wet through after all. Dined with Edward Moore, finished a bottle of champagne, and home. Was to have dined to-day with Watson Taylor to meet the Phippses. 16th. Called on Hobhouse. Murray, he said, seemed a little startled at first on hearing of my claim, and, when the clause was mentioned, said, 'Is there such a clause?' but immediately, however, professed his readiness to comply with the arrangement proposed, only altering the sum, which Kinnaird had written, 'two thousand pounds,' into 'two thousand guineas,' and adding 'with interest, expense of stamps,' &c. &c., Kinnaird joined us, being about to start to-day for Scotland. After this I called upon Luttrell, and told him all that had passed, adding that it was my intention, in giving the manuscript to Mrs. Leigh, to protest against its being wholly destroyed. Luttrell strongly urged my doing so, and proposed that we should call upon Wilmot Horton (who was to be the representative of Mrs. Leigh at to-morrow's meeting), and talk to him on the subject. The utmost, he thought, that could be required of me, was to submit the MS. to the examination of the friends of the family, and destroy all that should be found objectionable, but retain what was *not* so, for my own benefit and that of the public. Went off to Wilmot Horton's, whom we luckily found. Told him the whole history of the MS. since I put it into Murray's hands, and mentioned the ideas that had occurred to myself and Luttrell with respect to its destruction; the injustice we thought it would be to Byron's memory to condemn the work wholly, and without even opening it, as if it were a pest bag; that every object might be gained by our perusing and examining it together (he on the part of Mrs. Leigh, Frank Doyle on the part of Lady Byron, and any one else whom the family might think proper to select), and, rejecting all that could wound the feelings of a single individual, but preserving what was innoxious and creditable to Lord Byron, of which I assured him there was a considerable proportion. Was

glad to find that Mr. Wilmot Horton completely agreed with these views; it was even, he said, what he meant to propose himself. He undertook also to see Mrs. Leigh on the subject, proposing that we should meet at Murray's (instead of Mrs. Leigh's) to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, and that then, after the payment of the money by me to Murray, the MS. should be placed in some banker's hands till it was decided among us what should be done with it." Lord John continues—[I have omitted in this place a long account of the destruction of Lord Byron's MS. Memoir of his Life. The reason for my doing so may be easily stated. Mr. Moore had consented, with too much ease and want of reflection, to become the depository of Lord Byron's Memoir, and had obtained from Mr. Murray 2000 guineas on the credit of this work. He speaks of this act of his, a few pages onward, as 'the greatest error I had committed, in putting such a document out of my power.' He afterwards endeavoured to repair this error by repaying the money to Mr. Murray, and securing the manuscript to be dealt with, as should be thought most advisable by himself in concert with the representatives of Lord Byron. He believed this purpose was secured by a clause which Mr. Luttrell had advised should be inserted in a new agreement with Mr. Murray, by which Mr. Moore was to have the power of redeeming the MS. for three months after Lord Byron's death. But neither Mr. Murray nor Mr. Turner, his solicitor, seem to have understood Mr. Moore's wish and intention in this respect. Mr. Murray, on his side, had confided the manuscript to Mr. Gifford, who, on perusal, declared it too gross for publication. This opinion had become known to Lord Byron's friends and relations. Hence, when the news of Lord Byron's unexpected death arrived, all parties, with the most honourable wishes and consistent views, were thrown into perplexity and apparent discord. Mr. Moore wished to redeem the manuscript, and submit it to Mrs. Leigh, Lord Byron's sister, to be destroyed or published with erasures and omissions. Sir John Hobhouse wished it to be immediately destroyed, and the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, expressed the same wish. Mr. Murray was willing at once to give up the manuscript on repayment of his 2000 guineas with interest. The result was, that after a very unpleasant scene at Mr. Murray's, the manuscript was destroyed by Mr. Wilmot Horton and Col. Doyle as the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, with the full consent of Mr. Moore, who repaid to Mr. Murray the sum he had advanced, with the interest then due. After the whole had been burnt the agreement was found, and it appeared that Mr. Moore's interest in the MS. had entirely ceased on the death of Lord Byron, by which event the property became absolutely vested in Mr. Murray. The details of this scene have been recorded both by Mr. Moore and Lord Broughton, and perhaps by others. Lord Broughton having kindly permitted me to read his narrative, I can say, that the leading facts related by him and Mr. Moore agree. Both narratives retain marks of the irritation which the circumstances of the moment produced; but as they both (Mr. Moore and Sir John Hobhouse) desired to do what was most honourable to Lord's Byron's memory,

and as they lived in terms of friendship afterwards, I have omitted details which recall a painful scene, and would excite painful feelings. As to the manuscript itself, having read the greater part, if not the whole, I should say that three or four pages of it were too gross and indelicate for publication; that the rest, with few exceptions, contained little traces of Lord Byron's genius, and no interesting details of his life. His early youth in Greece, and his sensibility to the scenes around him, when resting on a rock in the swimming excursions he took from the Piræus, were strikingly described. But, on the whole, the world is no loser by the sacrifice made of the Memoirs of this great poet.] Moore continues—

"18th. Dressed in a hurry, having been invited this week past to meet the Princesses at Lady Donegal's at two o'clock. Found there Col. Dalton, the attendant of the Princess Augusta; and soon after their Royal Highnesses came, viz., Augusta, Mary (the Duchess of Gloucester), and Sophia of Gloucester. The rest of the party were Jekyl, and Lady Poultney and her daughter. Sung for them, and then the Princess Augusta sung and played for me; among other things, new airs which she had composed to two songs of mine, 'The wreath you wove' (rather pretty) and 'The Legacy!' She played also a march, which she told me she had 'composed for Frederick' (Duke of York), and a waltz or two, with some German airs. I then sung to her my rebel song, 'O, where's the slave!' and it was no small triumph to be *chorused* in it by the favourite sister of his Majesty George IV. * * * We then sat down to luncheon; and it was quite amusing to find how much at my ease I felt myself; having consorted with princes in my time, but not knowing much of the female gender of royalty. A good deal of talk about Lord Kenyon. Jekyl said that Kenyon died of eating apple pie crust at breakfast, to save the expense of muffins; and that Lord Ellenborough, who succeeded to the Chief Justiceship in consequence, always bowed with great reverence to apple pie: 'which,' said Jekyl, 'we used to call apple pie-ty.' The Princesses also told of how 'the King' used to play tricks on Kenyon, sending the Despatch Box to him at a quarter past seven, when he knew Kenyon was snug in bed; being accustomed to go to bed at that hour to save candle-light. Altogether the repast went off very agreeably. Gave up my other engagements and dined with Woolriche, at Richardson's. I ought to have mentioned that in the course of my conversations these two days past with Hobhouse, he frequently stated that, having remonstrated with Lord Byron the last time he saw him on the impropriety of putting a document of the nature of these memoirs out of his own power, Lord Byron had expressed regret at having done so, and alleged considerations of delicacy towards me as his only reason for not recalling them. This, if I wanted any justification to myself for what I have done, would abundantly satisfy me as to the propriety of the sacrifice. 21st. Breakfasted with Luttrell. Discussed the offer of W. Horton over, but he could not convince me. My views of the matter simply these: from the moment I was lucky enough (by converting the *sale* of the MS. into a *debt*) to repair the great error I had committed, in

putting such a document out of my power, I considered it but as a *trust*, subject to such contingencies as had just happened, and ready to be placed at the disposal of Lord Byron, if he should think proper to recall it; or of his representatives, if, after his death, it should be found advisable to suppress it. To secure this object it was that, at Luttrell's suggestion, I directed a clause to be inserted in the agreement with Murray, giving me a lapse of three months after the death of Lord Byron to raise the money and redeem my deposit. That the clause was not inserted, as I intended, was a strange accident, and would have been to me (had the omission been discovered in time to take the disposal of the MS. out of my hands) a most provoking one. But, luckily, by the delay in producing the agreement, I was enabled to proceed exactly as if all had been as I intended; and to restore, of my own free will, and without any view to self-interest, the trust into those hands that had the most natural claims to the disposal of it. Were I now to take the money, I should voluntarily surrender all this ground, which I had taken so much pains to secure to myself; should acknowledge that I *had* put the MS. out of my power, and surrendering all the satisfaction of having disinterestedly concurred in a measure considered essential to the reputation of my friend, should exhibit myself as either so helplessly needy, or so over-attentive to my own interests, as to require to be paid for a sacrifice which honourable feeling alone should have dictated. Luttrell proposed our calling upon Hobhouse, assuring me, at the same time, that no one could be more kindly disposed towards me than Hobhouse was. I felt glad of the opportunity, and we went; the meeting very cordial. Talked again over the offer of the family, and Hobhouse (to whom Wilmot Horton had also appealed on the subject) concurred with Luttrell in urging it on me. I went over, as strongly as I could, my reasons against it; and at last Luttrell, with a candour that did him much honour, said, 'Shall I confess to you, my dear Moore, that what you have said has a good deal shaken me; and if you should find (but not till *after* you have found) that Lord J. Russell and Lord Lansdowne agree with these views of yours, pray mention the effect which I freely confess they have produced on me.' This avowal was evidently not without its influence upon Hobhouse, who, after a little more conversation, looked earnestly at me and said, 'Shall I tell you, Moore, fairly what I would do if I were in your situation?' 'Out with it,' I answered eagerly, well knowing what was coming. 'I would *not* take the money,' he replied; and then added, 'The fact is, if I wished to injure your character, my advice would be to accept it.' This was an honest and manly triumph of good nature, over the indifference (to say the least of it) to my reputation, which must have dictated his former advice. He then talked of Murray's dissatisfaction at the statement in the 'Times;' on which I offered to draw up a paragraph correcting its errors, and giving Murray full credit for having at first declined to receive the money, when proffered to him. Did so, to the satisfaction of both L. and H. and took it to the 'Times' office. Went to Longmans' to finish my insurance transaction, and brought them round, without much difficulty, to approve of

my refusal of the money; this was a great point gained, and more easily (considering their commercial views of matters) than I expected. Dined at Lansdowne House. Went early for the purpose of consulting Lord L. with respect to my refusal of the money, or rather to tell him what I meant to do; for, having made up my mind, it would have been mockery to affect to ask advice. Told him, therefore, at starting, that though I should be most delighted to have the sanction of his opinion, yet that nothing could change my own views of the matter. Had but little time, however, for my statement to him and Lady Lansdowne before the company arrived. The party were the Hollands, the Gwydirs, the William Russells, the Cowpers, the Duke of Argyle, and Sydney Smith. Saw in my short conversation with them, that both Lord and Lady L. were strongly for my taking the money. Went off at ten o'clock to Paddington; a rather strange scene. Forgot to mention that one of the days I called upon D. Kinnaird, he read me a letter he had just received from a girl, entreating of him (in consideration of her family, who would be all made unhappy by the disclosure), to procure for her her letters, and a miniature of her, which had been in the possession of Lord Byron. Told Kinnaird I could guess the name of the lady, and did so. Forgot to mention that Hobhouse told me W. Horton had said, that 'if there was any power in law to make me take the money, he would enforce it.'

The anecdotes and repartees abounding in these volumes are very amusing, and contribute, not a little, to render entries, otherwise slip-sloppish, agreeable, and piquant. Whilst Moore was engaged in gathering facts for the *Life of Sheridan*, very many amusing traits of the eloquent and witty Irishman were related, and the poet never failed to enrol them in the *Diary*. As the stories were generally told at the dinner or supper table, the laughter and fun became contagious, and the humor of the dead wit seemed often to preside over the conversation devoted to his memory. The following are the best specimens of the Sheridaniana:—

"By the by, the Duke mentioned at breakfast a good story Sheridan used to tell of one of his constituents (I believe) saying to him. 'Oh, sir, things cannot go on in this way; there *must* be a reform; we poor electors are not paid at all.' Henry told me yesterday evening (having joined us in our walk) that Shaw, having lent Sheridan near £500, used to dun him very considerably for it; and one day, when he had been raving about the debt, and insisting that he must be paid, the latter, having played off some of his plausible wheedling upon him, ended by saying that he was very much in want of £25 to pay the expenses of a journey he was about to take, and he knew Shaw would be good-natured enough to lend it to him. 'Pon my word,' says Shaw, 'this is too bad, after keeping me out of my money in so shameful a manner, you now have the face to ask me for more; but it won't do, I must be paid my money; and

it is most disgraceful,' &c. &c. 'My dear fellow,' says Sheridan, 'the sum you ask me for is a very considerable one; whereas I only ask you for five-and-twenty pounds.' Charles Sheridan told me that his father, being a good deal plagued by an old maiden relation of his always going out to walk with him, said one day that the weather was bad and rainy, to which the old lady answered, 'that, on the contrary, it had cleared up.' 'Yes,' said Sheridan, 'it has cleared up enough for *one*, but not for *two*.' He mentioned, too, that Tom Stepney supposed algebra to be a learned language, and referred to his father to know whether it was not so, who said, 'Certainly, Latin, Greek, and Algebra.' 'By what people was it spoken?' 'By the Algebrians, to be sure,' said Sheridan. A good deal of talk about Sheridan, said that Mrs. S. had sung once after her marriage at the installation of Lord North at Oxford, and as there were degrees then conferring *honoris causâ*, Lord N. said to Sheridan that he ought to have one *exoris causâ*. . . He (Lyne) mentioned Old Rose having once asked Sheridan what he thought of the name he had just given his little son, George Pitt Rose, and Sheridan replying, 'Why, I think a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.' To breakfast at Bowood. Talked with Lord Holland and Rogers afterwards about Sheridan. Question as to the things I might tell. Rogers mentioned that S.'s father said, 'Talk of the merit of Dick's Comedy! there's nothing in it; he had but to dip the pencil in his own heart, and he'd there find the characters of both Joseph and Charles.' Lord H. thought I might introduce this as an exemplification of the harsh feeling the father had towards him, which was such that 'he even permitted himself to say,' &c. &c. Sheridan latterly, though having his house in Saville Row, lived at an hotel, and used to chuckle at the idea of the bailiffs watching fruitlessly for him in Saville Row."

These, however, are not the only pleasant *Ana* in the volumes before us; and in reading we have noted the following, which we give at random, unmindful of time or volume:—

"In talking at dinner of the disadvantage of people being brought up to wealth and rank, Lady H. said, 'that if she were a fairy, wishing to inflict the greatest mischief upon a child, she would make him abundantly rich, very handsome, with high rank, and have all these advantages to encircle him from the cradle; this she pronounced to be an infallible recipe for producing perfect misery; and 'in the mean time,' she added, 'I should have the gratitude of the child's relations for the precious gifts I had endowed him with.' This produced discussion and dissent. Lord H. said it depended upon the natural disposition of the person. There were some that would be happy in all situations: 'There's Moore,' he said, 'you couldn't make him miserable even by inflicting a dukedom on him.' Mentioned that on some one saying to Peel, about Lawrence's picture of Croker, 'You can see the very quiver of his lips;' 'Yes,' said Peel, 'and the arrow coming out of it.' Croker himself was telling this to one of his countrymen, who answered, 'He meant *Arrah*, coming out of it.' . . . 24th. Went to Power's: signed a

renewed deed between us; the other having expired this last year. Went to Bishop's, to look over the things that have been done for the Greek work. After our singing together his glee, 'To Greece we give our shining blades,' he turned exultingly to Power, and said, 'That's worth one thousand pounds.' Presently we tried over my glee, 'Here, while the moonlight dim,' and he said, 'That's worth five hundred.' . . . Received a letter from Rogers, which begins thus: 'What a lucky fellow you are! Surely you must have been born with a rose in your lips, and a nightingale singing at the top of your bed.' Some one praised a waterfall on Lord Plunket's property, and exclaimed, 'Why, it's quite a cataract.' 'Oh, that's all my eye,' said Plunket. A flourishing speech of Sheil about me in the Irish papers. Says I am 'the first poet of the day, and join the bird of paradise's plumes to the strength of the eagle's wing.' It was mentioned that Luttrell said lately, with respect to the disaffection imputed to the army in England, 'Gad, sir, when the extinguisher takes fire, it's an awkward business.' Mulock talked of persons 'going to the well-spring of English poesy, in order to communicate what they have quaffed to others.' Saw this morning, at the bottom of a pill box, sent me from the apothecary's, these words, 'May Hebe's choicest gifts be thy lot, thou pride of Erin's Isle.' Gell full of jokes; his best hit was upon Cornwall's using the word blasted.' 'That's not language for good society, sir; it is too much the *Eolic*.' Tierney said of Mackintosh—'a very good historical man, and may be relied upon for a sound opinion about Cardinal Wolsey or so; but for anything of the present day.—' The Queen has said that she never committed adultery but once, and that was with Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband. Jekyll mentioned a man who told him his eating cost him almost nothing, for 'on Sunday,' said he, 'I always dine with my old friend,—and then eat so much that it lasts until Wednesday, when I buy some tripe, which I hate like the very devil, and which, accordingly, makes me so sick that I cannot eat any more until Sunday again.' Curran, upon a case where the Theatre Royal in Dublin brought an action against Astley for acting the *Lock and Key*, said: 'My Lords, the whole question turns upon this, whether the said *Lock and Key* is to be considered a *patent* one, or of the *spring and tumbler* kind.' Called on Crampton, and found him laid on the sofa. His story of the boy wishing for a place under government; his powers of 'screeching freestone.' 'Sure, it's me you hear in Dublin every Wednesday and Friday.' Lord Farnham saying, during the Queen's trial, that he would not make up his mind until he had heard one Italian witness, who had often been mentioned, and who might be expected to throw much light on the matter—'one *Polacca*.' A man asked another to come and dine off of boiled beef and potatoes with him, 'That I will,' said the other, 'and it's rather odd it should be exactly the same dinner I had at home for myself, barring the beef.' Some one using the old expression about some light wine he was giving, 'There's not a headache in a hogshead of it,' was answered, 'No, but there is a bellyache in every glass of it.' A man having been asked to dinner repeatedly by a person whom he knew to be but a shabby Amphitryon, went at last, and found the

dinner so meagre and bad, that he did not get a bit to eat. When the dishes were removing, the host said, 'Well, now the ice is broken, I suppose you will ask me to dine some day.' 'Most willingly.' 'Name your day, then.' '*Ajour'd hui, par exemple,*' answered the dinnerless guest. Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence, who, dining once at the same sort of shabby repast, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologise for the wretchedness of the dinner. Luttrell told of a good phrase of an attorney's, in speaking of a reconciliation that had taken place between two persons whom he wished to set by the ears, 'I am sorry to tell you, sir, that a compromise has *broken out* between the parties.' Lord Ranciliffe told a good thing of Sir E. Nagle's coming to our present King, when the news of Bonaparte's death had just arrived, and saying, 'I have the pleasure to tell your Majesty that your bitterest enemy is dead.' 'No! is she, by Gad?' said the King. All dined at Corry's; Counsellor Casey the only person beside ourselves: was in the Irish Parliament: his account of the fracas between Grattan and Isaac Corry, which ended in a duel. Grattan's words were, 'To this charge (imputation of treason), what is to be said? My only answer to it *here* is that it is false; anywhere else—a blow, a blow!' at the same time extending his arm violently towards where Corry sat. In another part of his speech he began his defence thus—'There were but two camps in the country, the minister and the insurgent,' &c. &c. Corry (our host) gave an account of Grattan's conduct on the day when he was wounded by the mob during his chairing. While under the hands of the surgeon he said, 'The papers will, of course, give an account of it; they will say he was unanimously elected; he was seated in the chair amidst acclamations, &c. &c., and on his return home was obliged to send for a surgeon to cure him of a black eye he had got on the way.' He said also to some one who came in, 'You see me here like Actæon, devoured by my own hounds.' Told a story of Grattan's taking some fine formal English visitors about his grounds, and falling himself into a ditch by taking them a wrong way. Casey mentioned his extreme courtesy to Corry after he had wounded him. Corry wished him to go back to the house. 'No, no,' said G., 'let the curs fight it out. I'll be with you, not only now, but till you are able to attend.' Grattan always annexed great importance to personal courage (readiness to go out). Isaac Corry, in speaking of him to Casey, expressed himself in the most enthusiastic manner; and when Casey told him he kept a minute of that memorable debate, seemed to regret it exceedingly, as ashamed of his own intemperance on the occasion: on finding afterwards that the writing of this minute was effaced by lying in a damp place, rejoiced proportionably. Had a letter from the Longmans, to say that the hope they had of finding out from the deputy that the money had never been paid into his hands, had been disappointed, and they must now proceed to negotiate as soon as possible. Kenny called in, and speaking of such a calamity coming upon one, so perfectly innocent of all delinquency in it as I am, said 'It is well you are a poet; a philosopher never could have borne it.' There is a great deal of

truth as well as humour in this. Kenny wrote his *Raising the Wind* in seven days. It is said that the Duchess de Berri wrote to her father (as a slap over the knuckles for his late sanction of the Revolution) *Je suis accouchée d'un fils et pas d'une constitution*. A M. le Garde asked me, if I could speak French, and on my replying 'a little,' he said, '*Ah! oui: on ne pourrait pas avoir écrit de si beaux vers sans savoir le Français*.' On the death of the Danish Ambassador in Paris, some commissare of police having come to the house for the purpose of making a *procès verbal* of his death, it was resisted by the suite as an infringement of the Ambassador's privilege, to which the answer of the police was, that *Un ambassadeur dès qu'il est mort, rentre dans la vie privée*. A country poet apostrophised the river Barrow thus—'Wheel, Barrow, wheel thy winding course.' The Duke of Bedford's favorite songs were 'The Boys of Kilkenny' and 'Here's the Bower.' Forgot to mention that Casey, during my journey, mentioned to me a parody of his on those two lines in the 'Veiled Prophet'—

'He knew no more of fear than one, who dwells
Beneath the tropics, knows of icicles.'

The following is his parody, which I bless my stars that none of my critics were lively enough to hit upon, for it would have stuck by me:—

'He knew no more of fear than one, who dwells
On Scotia's mountains, knows of knee-buckles.'

On my mentioning this to Corry, he told me of a remark made upon the 'Angels,' by Kyle, the Provost, which I should have been equally sorry any of my critics had got hold of:—'I could not help figuring to myself,' says Kyle, 'all the while I was reading it, Tom, Jerry, and Logic on a lark from the sky.' Few such lively shots from our University. In the large picture of Domenichino here the head of his Sibyl is repeated; as, indeed, it is often in his pictures. Chantrey does not admire the Duomo of Milan; thinks it too flat, and without any of the grandeur or richness of our Gothic at home. As we came along yesterday, I asked C. and J. which of the painters they would wish to be if they had their choice among all. C. said Tintoret; and J., Raphael: the former on account of the prodigious works of Tintoret at Venice, which I regret I did not see more perfectly. Letters from Bess, in which, alluding to what I had communicated to her of Lord Lansdowne's friendship, and the probability of my being soon liberated from exile, she says, 'God bless you, my own free, fortunate, happy bird (what she generally calls me); but remember that your cage is in Paris, and that your mate longs for you.' Called on Chantrey, who seemed heartily glad to see me; his *atelier* full of mind; never saw such a set of *thinking* heads as his busts. Walter Scott's very remarkable from the height of the head. The eyes, Chantrey says, as usually taken as a centre, and the lower portion (or half) always much the greater; but in Scott's head the upper part is even longer than the lower. 30th. Dined at Lord Bristol's to meet Madame de Genlis: a large party,

Charlemonts, Templetons, Granards, &c. Sat next Madame de Genlis: much conversation with her; some things she told of the 'olden time' rather interesting. Upon my mentioning Mickle's detection of Voltaire's criticisms on the 'Lusiad,' she told a similar thing of some criticisms of Marmontel upon the same poem, which she traced in the same manner to an old French translation. Spoke of his 'Tales' as in such *mauvais ton* of society; that he certainly met men of fashion at Mademoiselle Clairon's, but only knew them by the manners they put on there (which were, of course, different from what they would be in correct society), and painted from them accordingly. Mentioned some man of rank whom she had heard praising the manner in which Marmontel had sketched some characters, saying that it was to the very life; and on her expressing her astonishment at this opinion, he added, 'Yes, life such as it is *chez Mademoiselle Clairon*.' The same person too, in praising any touch of nature in Marmontel, always subjoined, *la nature, comme elle est chez Mademoiselle Clairon*. Told me that she once entrusted to Stone during a most voluminous course of English reading, and which she never afterwards could recover: supposes that they are in the possession of Miss Helen Maria Williams. Sang in the evening. Translated, 'Keep your Tears for me' into French, for Madame de Genlis before I sang it. Went from thence to Madame de Flahault's: heard some pretty good singing from the De — and Flahault; some fine playing too on the French horn by a M. Puzzi. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, Lord and Lady Cawdor, Sir J. Mackintosh, &c. &c. Hume, lately, at some meeting, in referring to allegations made by some one who preceded him, called him the 'honourable allegator.' A notable receipt for raising Newtons in France, suggested by Beyle (the author of 'Histoire de la Peinture en Italie,' &c. &c.); *Pour avoir des Newtons, il faut s  mer des Benjamin Constants*. Conversation about French words expressing meanings which we cannot supply from our own language, *verve* given as an instance. Whether their vagueness may not (instead of their definiteness) be the great convenience we find in them; just as Northcote, in looking at a picture, said 'Yes, very good, very clever; but it wants, it wants (at last, snapping his fingers), damme, it wants *that*.' May not our use of *verve*, and such other words, be from the same despair of finding anything to express exactly what we mean? Suggested this, which amused them; but they stood up for *verve*, as more significant than the snap of the fingers. Mackintosh's test of what is more excellent in art, 'That which pleases the greatest number of people,' produced some discussion; differed with him; may be true, to a certain degree, of such a sensual art as music, but not of those for the enjoyment of which knowledge is necessary—painting, for instance, and poetry. In the latter, he adduced as examples, Homer and Shakspeare, which certainly for *universality* of pleasing are the best, and perhaps the only ones he could mention. Mackintosh quoted in praise what Canning said some nights before, in referring to Windham, 'whose *illustrations* often survived the subjects to which they were applied.' If he had said *stories* instead of *illustra-*

tions, it would be more correct, though not so imposing; illustrations can no more survive their subjects than a shadow can the substance or a reflection the image; and as Windham's chief merit was *applying* old stories well, to remember the story without reference to its application, might be a tribute to Joe Miller, but certainly not to Windham. Instanced Sheridan's application of the story of the drummer to the subject of Ireland, when remarks were made upon the tendency of the Irish to complain. The drummer said to an unfortunate man, upon whom he was inflicting the cat-o'-nine-tails (and who exclaimed occasionally, 'a little higher,' 'a little lower'), 'Why, do what I will, there is no such thing as pleasing you.' Would any one think that he paid a compliment either to Sheridan's wit or his own, by saying that the mere caricatures of this old story had survived in his memory the admirable application of them? Thus it is that the world is humbugged by phrases. Mackintosh said that Pitt's speeches are miserably reported. He was himself present at the speech on the Slave Trade in '92 (which Mr. Fox declared was the finest he had ever heard), and the report, he says, gives no idea whatever of its merits. Burke's and Windham's the only speeches well reported; being given by themselves. Went from thence to Devonshire House, where there was very bad music; two new women, Castelli and Maranoni, execrable. The Duke, in coming to the door to meet the Duke of Wellington, near whom I stood, turned aside first to shake hands with me (though the great Captain's hand was waiting, ready stretched out), and said, 'I am glad to see you here at last.' A good deal of talk with Lady Normanton and Lady Cowper. The Duches of Sussex, bantering me upon the two fine ladies she saw so anxious to get hold of me other night at Almack's (Ladies Jersey and Tankerville), said that some one near her remarked, 'See them now, it is all on account of his reputation, for they do not care one pin about him.' While she spoke, Lord Jersey stood close beside her, and she was (or at least affected to be) much annoyed at finding that he had heard her. Sir Thomas Lawrence introduced me to Lady Waterford, who said we used to be acquainted, and asked me to her house on Monday night." * * * * * Passed a church, the altar of which was most splendidly illuminated, the doors wide open, and people kneeling in the street. If there had been but a burst of music from it, the glory of the spectacle would have been perfect. Music issuing out of light is as good an idea as we can have of heaven."

Amidst all Moore's life of frippery, of unconnected labor, and of great products of natural genius, he made, owing to his satirical poems, many enemies; but still, so playfully was the arrow discharged, it seldom rankled in the wound. Lord Castlereagh appears to have been the only distinguished personage who allowed Moore's satires to affect his good humor. We do not consider this a reproach to Castlereagh; he was a high-spirited man, always willing to back his own word

with his pistol ; he never joked, and to bear what he considered the sneers and misrepresentations of one whom he believed to be but a papist-puppet of Holland House, trading on his religion and on his country, was more than his philosophy or his contempt could enable him to forgive. And, indeed, when we look now through Moore's poems, and perceive how he made himself but the *Punch* of that day, and endeavoured to render Castlereagh his Brougham, we regret the factiousness of the poet whilst respecting the silence of the statesman, and wish that *our* genius had not imitated one as vigorous though not so versatile—poor Theodore Hook. All politicians, however, were not of Castlereagh's mind, and Moore thus describes his acquaintanceship with George Canning, and with William Wordsworth :—

“ 17th. Met — walking with a gentleman and two ladies. After I had passed, I observed the party stop ; and the gentleman make signs to — as if to call me back, which — accordingly did, saying, ‘ Moore, here's Mr. Canning wishes very much to be introduced to you.’ It was no other than the right honorable orator himself, who put out his hand to shake mine in the most cordial manner. A singular circumstance this, and as creditable to him as it is certainly flattering to me. His daughter a very pretty girl. I remember, when I saw and walked in company with this girl at Rome, I made a resolution (on observing not only her beauty, but feeling all those associations of an elegant and happy home which her manner called up), that I would never write another line against her father. His cordial reception of me has now *clinched* this determination. 24th. Went with Bessy to market, and afterwards called upon Wordsworth. A young Frenchman called in, and it was amusing to hear him and Wordsworth at cross purposes upon the subject of ‘*Athalie* ;’ Wordsworth saying that he did not wish to see it acted, as it would never come up to the high imagination he had formed in reading it, of the prophetic inspiration of the priests, &c. &c. ; and the Frenchman insisting that in acting alone could it be properly enjoyed,—that is to say, in the manner it was acted *now* ; for he acknowledged that till the Corps de Ballet came to its aid, it was very dull, even on the stage,—*une action morte*. Saw Wordsworth's wife ; she seems a comfortable sort of person enough. A note came from Lady Mary while I was there, to offer us both seats in her box at the Français, for the evening ; and the struggle of Wordsworth (who had already arranged to go with his wife and sister there) between nobility and domesticity was very amusing. After long hesitation, however, and having written one note to say he must attend his wife, *my Lady* carried it, and he wrote another accepting the seat. I should have liked well enough to have gone myself, but this was our dear little Tom's birthday, and I had promised to pass the evening at home. Walked with Wordsworth, who was going to call upon Canning, and

finding that Canning expected him, by his having left his name and Peel's with the porter, did not go up. While I was at dinner, a note arrived from Canning to ask me to dinner to-morrow. This is excellent! Can he ever have read the verses in the latter editions of the 'Fudge Family?' I fear not. Wrote to say I should have the honour of waiting on him. Dined with Canning. Company: Lord and Lady Frederick Bentinck, Wordsworth, and the secretary, young Chinnery. The day very agreeable. I felt myself excited in an unusual way, and talked (I sometimes feared) rather too much; but they seemed to like it, and to be amused. There was one circumstance which showed a very pleasant sort of intelligence between the father and daughter. I told a story to Miss Canning, which the father was the only one who overheard, and it evidently struck them both as very comical. Canning said some very pleasant things, and in a very quiet, unobtrusive manner. Talking of Grattan, he said that, for the last two years, his public exhibitions were a complete failure, and that you saw all the mechanism of his oratory without its life. It was like lifting the flap of a barrel-organ, and seeing the wheels. That this was unlucky, as it proved what an artificial style he had used. You saw the skeleton of his sentences without the flesh on them; and were induced to think that what you had considered flashes, were merely primings, kept ready for the occasion. Wordsworth rather dull. I see he is a man to *hold forth*; one who does not understand the *give and take* of conversation. 27th. Wordsworth came at half-past eight, and stopped to breakfast. Talked a good deal. Spoke of Byron's plagiarisms from him; the whole third canto of 'Childe Harold' founded on his style and sentiments. The feeling of natural objects which is there expressed, not caught by B. from nature herself, but from him (Wordsworth), and spoiled in the transmission. 'Tintern Abbey' the source of it all; from which same poem too the celebrated passage about Solitude, in the first canto of 'Childe Harold,' is (he said) taken, with this difference, that what is naturally expressed by him, has been worked by Byron into a laboured and antithetical sort of declamation.* Spoke of the Scottish novels. Is sure they are Scott's. The only doubt he ever had on the question did not arise from thinking them too good to be Scott's, but, on the contrary, from the infinite number of clumsy things in them; common-place contrivances, worthy only of the Minerva press, and such bad vulgar English as no gentleman of education ought to have written. When I mentioned the abundance of them; as being rather too great for one man to produce, he said, that great fertility was the characteristic of all novelists and story-tellers. Richardson could have gone on for ever; his 'Sir Charles Grandison' was, originally, in thirty volumes. Instanced Charlotte Smith, Madame Cottin, &c. &c.

* There is some resemblance between 'Tintern Abbey' and 'Childe Harold;' but, as Voltaire said of Homer and Virgil, 'When they tell me Homer made Virgil,' I answer, 'Then it his best work:' so of Wordsworth it may be said, 'If he wrote the third canto of Childe Harold, it is his best work.'—En.

Scott, since he was a child, accustomed to legends, and to the exercise of the story-telling faculty; sees nothing to stop him as long as he can hold a pen. Spoke of the very little real knowledge of poetry that existed now; so few men had time to study. For instance, Mr. Canning; one could hardly select a cleverer man; and yet, what did Mr. Canning know of poetry? What time had he, in the busy political life he had led, to study Dante, Homer, &c. as they ought to be studied, in order to arrive at the true principles of taste in works of genius. Mr. Fox, indeed, towards the latter part of his life, made leisure for himself, and took to improving his mind; and, accordingly, all his later public displays bore a greater stamp of wisdom and good taste than his early ones. Mr. Burke alone was an exception to this description of public men: by far the greatest man of his age; not only abounding in knowledge himself, but feeding, in various directions, his most able contemporaries; assisting Adam Smith in his 'Political Economy,' and Reynolds in his 'Lectures on Painting.' Fox, too, who acknowledged that all he had ever learned from books was nothing to what he had derived from Burke.* I walked with Wordsworth to the Tuilleries: he goes off to-morrow. At twelve o'clock, Phillips the painter, and his wife, called upon us. Mentioned the fine collection of pictures he has just seen at Munich, a combination of two or three different collections. Bessy and I called upon Lady Davy at half-past two, and drove about with her till it was time to go to dinner at Grignon's. Told me that Sir Humphry has mentioned in a letter she has just received from him, that he has at present some important discovery in his head; bids her not breathe a word of it to any Frenchman; and says, 'the game I aim at is of the highest sort.' Another discovery, such as that of the lamp, is too much to expect from one man. We talked of Wordsworth's exceedingly high opinion of himself; and she mentioned that one day, in a large party, Wordsworth, without any thing having been previously said that could lead to the subject, called out suddenly from the top of the table to the bottom, in his most epic tone, 'Davy!' and, on Davy's putting forth his head in awful expectation of what was coming, said, 'Do you know the reason why I published the 'White Doe' in quarto?' 'No, what was it?' 'To show the world my own opinion of it.' Williams and Mr. Crawford dined with us, and we afterwards went to the Feydeau, where we saw two rather dull things, 'Deux Jaloux' and 'Corisande.' On my return home I received a letter giving me the melancholy, though long-expected, intelligence of the death of one of my dearest friends, Dalton. How fast they go!—but *his* death was a relief both to himself and all who loved him. Mr. Crawford came to us in the evening: he mentioned a curious instance of Canning's sensitiveness to attacks from the press; that, many years ago, when he was about to be married, he called upon Perry, and expressed a hope that there would be no quizzing remarks upon the circumstance."

Amongst the other parties with whom Moore became ac-

* There is much justice in these remarks of Mr. Wordsworth.—Ed.

quainted in France, in the year 1821, was the Duke of Orleans—afterwards Louis Philippe. The reader may remember that, in our Memoir of Moore,* we referred to the circumstance that the poet and the king had been close students in the library at Donnington Park, whilst the former was only the clever protégé of Lord Moira, and the latter was but a needy exile. Moore thus relates his introduction and his interview :—

“Vicomte Chabot (an old acquaintance of mine, who dined at Lord Miltown's on Saturday, and who is in the service of the Duke of Orleans) called, and left a note for me to dine with the Duke to-morrow. I had had some conversation with Chabot on Saturday, in which I said how flattered I had been to find, from the intimation I received through Madame de Montjoye, that the Duke had not forgot me, and that, only for the necessity of the dress coat, with which I was not provided, I should have gone to his *lèvee*. Chabot (as he tells me in his note) mentioned all this to his highness, who has thus answered my confession of having no coat by asking me to dinner. Walked with Charles Sheridan, for the purpose of leaving my answer at the Palais Royal: am engaged to Lord Rancliffe to-morrow, but, of course, cannot disobey the royal command. 23rd. Chabot called again to say that the Duke was obliged to go to the Tuilleries this evening, and as he wanted to have a little more of my company, and ‘to talk over old times,’ he wished, if possible, I would dine with him on Friday next instead. Chabot offered to call at the Rancliffes on his way back, and tell them I was free now for my engagement to them: did so: 26th. Called upon Chabot (whose rooms are over the Duke of Orleans’) at a quarter before six, in order to go under his escort to dinner. The Duke met me on my entering the room with, ‘I wish you a very good night, Mr. Moore:’ he however speaks English perfectly well. There was only their own family party; and though the thing was at first rather royal and formidable, I soon found myself perfectly at my ease among as unaffected and domestic a circle as ever I witnessed in my station. The Duke drank wine with me at dinner *à l’Anglaise*, and I was placed next the Duchess, who did all the civilities of the partridges, *patés*, &c., before her in a very quiet and kind manner. After the dinner, which was over unusually soon, the Duchess sat down to work, and four or five fine children were admitted, with whom the Duke played most delightfully, making *polichinelle* caps for them, &c. Mademoiselle showed me a lithographic work lately published, ‘The Antiquities of Normandy,’ and the Duke and she at each side of me looked through the whole of the engravings. They then asked me to sing, and I have seldom had a more pleased audience; indeed, the reiteration of ‘charmant,’ ‘délicieux,’ &c. became at last almost oppressive. The Duke reminded me of the songs he had taught me at Donnington

* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 6 Vol. II. p. 407.

Park, 'Cadet Roussel' and 'Polichinelle est par tout bien recu,' and I played them over, which amused him very much. He said he did not see the least alteration in my looks since we last met, which must now be near eighteen years ago. In talking of the fitness of the English language for music, and the skill with which (they were pleased to say) I softened down its asperity, a Frenchman who was there said, in the true spirit of his nation, *Mais la langue Anglaise n'est pas plus dure que l'Allemande*, never seeming to have the least suspicion that his own is the most detestable language for music of any. The 'Evening Bells' seemed particularly to be the favourite, and the whole family understood English well enough to comprehend the meaning of the words. As I was engaged in the evening to the Forsters, I begged of Chabot to ask whether I might take an early leave, which was granted, with a thousand expressions of thanks for the pleasure I had given them, &c., and I came away at a little after nine, very much pleased and flattered by the day. 27th. Dined at the Palais Royal, in consequence of an invitation through Chabot yesterday, who mentioned in his note, that Mademoiselle had made arrangements for the music she promised me in the evening, and that I should hear her play. All very kind. The Duchess told me, soon after I came in, rather a flattering piece of news; namely, that at a *grande fête*, at the court of Berlin, the other day, the royal family had represented, in character, the story of 'Lalla Rookh,' and our own Duke of Cumberland, Aurungzebe. Madame Dolomieu, one of the dames d'honneur promised to translate for me the programme of the fête, which is in German. The Duchess said that Chateaubriand had written home an account of it, and described it as the most splendid and tasteful thing he had ever seen. Mademoiselle gave me her arm in going to dinner, and I sat between her and the Duchess. After dinner had some conversation on politics with the Duke: seems to think there must be war, ere long, between England and Russia: spoke of the bad part France is acting with respect to Naples. I sang a little, and they seemed to like it very much. At nine o'clock Paer arrived with his daughter and a flute player; the girl sang, and Mademoiselle played a sonata, accompanied by Paer on the flute, very charmingly. At half-past ten I came away with Chabot, who took me to Lady Raneliffe's ball. A very pretty assemblage of women, both French and English; among the former were two of the beauties of the day, Madame Barante and Madame Beaufremont. Returned home early."

Amongst Moore's French acquaintances was Madame de Souza, an authoress of considerable ability, and, in the year 1820, but little known to English readers. She was anxious that her then new novel, *Mademoiselle de Tournon*, should be introduced by her friend Moore to the notice of the literary public of his nation. Accordingly, partly through courtesy, and, to some extent, from liking, he wrote a paper upon the novel, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1820. It

has but eleven pages of original matter, and is scarcely worthy of Moore's pen : indeed the *Diary* shows it to have been rather a disagreeable task than a labor of love. It contains, however, some remarks upon Lamartine's *Méditations Poétiques*, and a translation, some may think it a travesty, of a few lines. How Moore might have written of Lamartine, had he even dreamt that the Frenchman would, only five years later produce—*Le Dernier Chant Du Pèlerinage de Childe-Harold*, and that the author would be called "THE FRENCH BYRON," we know not—possibly he might have added, with Lord Dudley and Ward—"A very French Byron." The passages in the *Edinburgh Review* to which we refer, are as follow :—

"There has appeared, indeed, within the last year, a little work entitled *Méditations Poétiques*, which has been profusely lauded in certain circles, but which appears to us a very unsuccessful attempt to break through the *ancien régime* of the French Parnassus, and transplant the wild and irregular graces of English poetry into the trim parterre of the Gallic Muse. What this author's notions of sublimity are, may be collected from the first stanzas of his *Méditations* :—

' Lorsque du Créateur le parole féconde,
 Dans une heure fatale, eut infanté le monde
 Des germes du Chaos,
 De son œuvre imparfaite il détourna sa face,
 Et d'un pied dédaigneux le lançant dans l'espace,
 Rentra dans son repos.
 Va, dit-il, &c. &c.

Which may be thus, not unfairly translated :—

' When the Deity saw what a world he had fram'd
 From the darkness of Chaos, surprised and ashamed
 He turn'd from his work with disdain ;
 Then gave it a kick, to complete its disgrace,
 Which sent it off, spinning through infinite space,
 And return'd to his slumbers again ;
 Saying, ' Go and be,' &c. &c.'"

In the month of November, 1822, Moore found himself free, and able to return once more to his Wiltshire home. His friends, however, would not allow him to leave Paris before they had entertained him at a public dinner. The following is his own account of the affair :—

* In these *Méditations* Lamartine, in the following line, as it were, "slaps Byron on the back," and says—

" Courage ! enfant déchu d'une race divine."

The brotherly tone of the whole epistle to Byron reminds us of the show-man who refused money from Charles Mathews, saying, "Oh, Mr. Mathews, we never take money from the profession."

" 11th. The dinner took place at Robert's; about fifty sat down: Lord Trimleston in the chair: among the company were Lord Granard, Sir G. Webster, Robert Adair, &c. Collinet's band attended; the dinner one of Robert's best; and all went off remarkably well. In returning thanks for my health, I gave 'Prosperity to England,' with an eulogium on the moral worth of that country, which was felt more, both by myself and the company, from its being delivered in France, and produced much effect. Douglas, in proposing Bessy's health, after praising her numerous virtues, &c. &c., concluded thus: 'We need not, therefore, gentlemen, be surprised that Mr. Moore is about to communicate to the world 'The Loves of the Angels,' having been so long familiar with one at home.' In returning thanks for this, I mentioned the circumstance of the village bells welcoming her arrival, as being *her* triumph in England, while I had mine this day in France, and concluded thus:—'These gentlemen, are rewards and atonements for everything. No matter how poor I may steal through life—no matter how many calamities (even heavier than that from which I have now been relieved) may fall upon me—as long as such friends as you hold out the hand of fellowship to me at parting, and the sound of honest English bells shall welcome me and mine at meeting, I shall consider myself a Cræsus in that best wealth, happiness, and shall lay down my head, grateful for the gifts God has given.' In introducing the subject of the village bells, I said, 'This is a day of vanity for me; and you, who set the fountain running, ought not to complain of its overflowing.' Lattin proposed the health of my father and mother, and mentioned the delight he had felt in witnessing my father's triumph at the dinner in Dublin. In returning thanks for this, I alluded to Southey's making his Kehama enter triumphantly in through seven gates at the same moment, and said: 'This miraculous multiplication of the one gentleman into seven has been, to a great degree, effected by the toasts into which your kindness has subdivided me this day;' concluding thus:—'I have often, gentlemen, heard of sympathetic ink, but here is a liquid which has much better claims to that epithet; and if there is a glass of such at this moment before my good old father, it must, I think, sparkle in sympathetic reply to those which you have done him the honour of filling to him.' In proposing the health of Richard Power (who was present), I spoke of him 'as combining all that is manliest in man, with all that is gentlest in woman; that consistency of opinion and conduct which commands respect, with that smooth facility of intercourse which wins affection; a union, as it were, of the stem and flower of life—of the sweetness which we love, and the solidity on which we repose.' In alluding to the charitable object of the Kilkenny Theatre, I called it 'that happy expedient for enlivening gaiety in the cause of benevolence, and extracting from the smiles of *one* part of the community a warmth with which to dry up the tears of the *other*;' the happiness we had enjoyed together at that time, 'days passed in studying Shakspeare, and nights in acting or discussing him;' the happy freedom of those suppers (*Tamquam sera libertas*—late enough, God knows) where, as in the suppers described by Voltaire—

La liberté, convive aimable
 Mit les deux coudes sur la table,
 Entre le plaisir et l'amour.

In proposing the health of Lord Trimleston, spoke of his being particularly fit to take the chair at such a meeting, not only from old acquaintance, &c. &c., but his love of literature, and 'the success with which he had practised it; his intimate knowledge of French and English, which placed him as a sort of Janus between the two languages, with a double-fronted insight into the beauties of each, and enabled him not only to make the wild tale of Atala resound, in language worthy of its sweetness, on the banks of the Thames, but to occupy himself (as I was proud to say he was doing at present) in teaching the story of 'Lalla Rookh' to the lighter echoes of the Seine.' A song was sung by Grattan during the night, which he had written for the occasion.* Left them between one and two, and went to Douglas's, where I supped."

These marks of regard were most flattering and most grateful to the poet's heart. Indeed he required some such exhibition to restore his good humor with his countrymen; and as at this dinner Irishmen of all politics attended, he must have been happier than when, only fourteen months earlier, he wrote thus bitterly, on the occasion of George the Fourth's visit to Ireland:—

"10th. Find that Lord Powerscourt, with whom the King dined the day he embarked from Ireland, was courageous enough to have a song of mine, 'The Prince's Day,' sung before him, immediately after 'God save the King,' and that his Majesty was much delighted with it. This song is laudatory, for I thought at the time he deserved such; but on reading it rather anxiously over, I find nothing in it to be ashamed of. What will those cowardly Scholars of Dublin College say, who took such pains, at their dinner the other day, to avoid mentioning my name; and who after a speech of some Sir Noodle boasting of the poetical talent of Ireland, drank as the utmost they could venture, 'Maturin and the rising Poets of Erin,' what will these white-livered slaves say to the exhibition of Lord Powerscourt's? The only excuse I can find for the worse than Eastern prostration into which my countrymen have grovelled during these few last weeks is, that they have so long been slaves, they know no better, and that it is not their own fault if they know no medium between brawling rebellion and foot-licking idolatry. As for the King, he has done his part well and sensibly, and his visit altogether may be productive of benefits which the unmanly flatterers who have be-daubed him hardly deserve."

The want of appreciation of Shakspeare, so frequently

* See the Song in IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 6, p. 426.

expressed by Byron, has often excited astonishment, but has been generally believed to spring from that passion for saying startling things so remarkable in the conversation of the Peer, and so striking in his poems; yet the following opinions, recorded by Moore in the *Diary*, are still more extraordinary:—

“ Walked afterwards (for the first time since I came to town) to Rogers’s. Very agreeable. In talking of the ‘Angels,’ said the subject was an unlucky one. When I mentioned Lord Lansdowne’s opinion that it was better than ‘Lalla Rookh,’ said he would not rank it so high as the ‘Veiled Prophet’ for execution, nor the ‘Fire-worshippers’ for story and interest, but would place it rather on the level of ‘Paradise and the Peri.’ Asked me to dine with him, which I did; company, Wordsworth and his wife and sister-in-law, Cary (the translator of Dante), Hallam, and Sharpe. Some discussion about Racine and Voltaire, in which I startled, and rather shocked them, by saying that, though there could be no doubt of the superior taste and workmanship of Racine, yet that Voltaire’s tragedies interested me the most of the two. Another electrifying assertion of mine was, that I would much rather see ‘Othello’ and ‘Romeo and Juliet’ as Italian operas, and played by *Pasta*, than the original of Shakspeare, as acted on the London stage. Wordsworth told of some acquaintance of his, who was told, among other things, to go and see the ‘Chapeau de Paille’ at Antwerp, said on his return, ‘I saw all the other things you mentioned, but as for the straw-hat manufactory I could not make it out.’ Sharpe mentioned a curious instance of Walter Scott’s indifference to pictures: when he met him at the Louvre, not willing to spare two or three minutes for a walk to the bottom of the gallery, when it was the first and last opportunity he was likely to have of seeing the ‘Transfiguration,’ &c. &c. In speaking of music, and the difference there is between the poetical and musical ear, Wordsworth said that he was totally devoid of the latter, and for a long time could not distinguish one tune from another. Rogers thus described Lord Holland’s feeling for the Arts: ‘Painting gives him no pleasure, and music absolute pain.’ Wordsworth’s excessive praise of ‘Christabel,’ joined in by Cary, far beyond my comprehension. The whole day dull enough. Went away to call on Lady Donegal, whom I found pretty well, and very glad to see me. Mary Godfrey has been ill. Walked home, and had a restless night, as if I had exerted myself too much. Received from the Longmans a copy of the new ‘Edinburgh Review,’ in which Lord Byron and I are reviewed together, and very favourably.”

Holding opinions such as these, Moore was hardly capable of appreciating the quaint fancy and quiet humor of poor Charles Lamb. He thus records a party at which they first met:—

“Dined at Mr Monkhouse’s (a gentleman I had never seen be-

fore), on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party: Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero, at present, of the 'London Magazine') and his sister (the poor woman who went mad with him in the diligence on the way to Paris), and a Mr. Robinson, one of the *minora sidera* of this constellation of the Lakes, the host himself, a Mæcenas of the school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb, a clever fellow certainly; but full of villainous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every minute. Some excellent things, however, have come from him; and his friend Robinson mentioned to me not a bad one. On Robinson's receiving his first brief, he called upon Lamb to tell him of it. 'I suppose,' said Lamb, 'you addressed that line of Milton's to it, 'Thou *first* best cause, least understood.' Coleridge told some tolerable things. One of a poor author, who, on receiving from his publisher an account of the proceeds (as he expected it to be) of a work he had published, saw among the items, 'Cellerage, £3 10s. 6d.,' and thought it was a charge for the trouble of *selling* the 700 copies, which he did not consider unreasonable; but on inquiry he found it was for the *cellar*-room occupied by his work, not a copy of which had stirred from thence. He told, too, of the servant-maid where he himself had lodged at Ramsgate, coming in to say that he was wanted, there being a person at the door inquiring for a poet; and on his going out, he found it was a pot-boy from the public-house, whose cry, of 'any *pots* for the Angel,' the girl had mistaken for a demand for a *poet*. Improbable enough. In talking of Klopstock, he mentioned his description of the Deity's 'head spreading through space,' which, he said, gave one the idea of a hydrocephalous affection. Lamb quoted an epitaph by Clio Rickman, in which, after several lines, in the usual jog-trot style of epitaph, he continued thus:—

'He well performed the husband's, father's part,
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart.'

A good deal of talk with Lamb about De Foe's works, which he praised warmly, particularly 'Colonel Jack,' of which he mentioned some striking passages. Is collecting the works of the Dunciad heroes. Coleridge said that Spenser is the poet most remarkable for contrivances of versification: his spelling words differently, to suit the music of the line, putting sometimes 'spake,' sometimes 'spoke,' as it fell best on the ear, &c. &c. To show the difference in the facility of reciting verses, according as they were skilfully or unskilfully constructed, he said he had made the experiment upon Beppo and Whistlecraft (Frere's poem), and found that he could read three stanzas of the latter in the same time as two of the former. This is absurd. Talked much of Jeremy Taylor; his work upon 'Prophecy,' &c. C. Lamb told me he had got £170 for his two years' contributions to the 'London Magazine' (Letters of Elia). Should have thought it more."

The next party was better suited to his taste:—

"10th. Dined at Rogers's. A distinguished party: S. Smith, Ward, Luttrell, Payne Knight, Lord Aberdeen, Abercrombie, Lord Clifden, &c. Smith particularly amusing. Having rather held out against him hitherto; but this day he conquered me; and I now am his victim, in the laughing way, for life. His imagination of a duel between two doctors, with oil of croton on the tips of their fingers, trying to touch each others lips, highly ludicrous. What Rogers says of Smith, very true; that whenever the conversation is getting dull, he throws in some touch which makes it rebound, and rise again as light as ever. Ward's artificial efforts, which to me are always painful, made still more so by their contrast to Smith's natural and overflowing exuberance. Luttrell, too, considerably extinguished to-day; but there is this difference between Luttrell and Smith—that after the former, you remember what good things he said, and after the latter, you merely remember how much you laughed."

The late Thomas Barnes, the most able Editor ever engaged upon *The Times*, was introduced to Moore in the year 1824. He was one of these men who will go all lengths to serve a friend. A grave hard-working man to the world, but with all a woman's tenderness of heart elevating his feelings of friendship, till a friend became an idol. He was not the man for Moore's set, and could only be known as he really was, by those to whom he had given his hand and heart. He was a scholar, a critic, and one of the first to come boldly forward and stand by Edmund Kean, when, on the 27th of February, 1814, that wonderful genius burst upon the astonished playgoers. Barnes was a warm admirer of Charles Lamb's *Essays*, and on one occasion, when he exalted Dante's conceptions above those of great Shakspeare, "some reference," writes a true friend of Lamb, "having been made by Lamb to his own exposition of Lear, which had been recently published in a magazine, edited by Leigh Hunt, under the title of *The Reflector*, touched on another and tenderer string of feeling, turned a little the course of his enthusiasm the more to inflame it, and brought out a burst of affectionate admiration for his friend, then scarcely known to the world, which was the more striking for its contrast with his usually sedate demeanour. I think I see him now leaning forward upon the little table on which the candles were just expiring in their sockets, his fists clenched, his eyes flashing, and his face bathed in perspiration, exclaiming to Lamb, 'and do I not know, my boy, that you have written about Shakspeare, and Shakspeare's own Lear, finer than any one ever did in

the world, and won't I let the world know it.' " A man of this stamp could not feel at home in the society for which Moore was formed. The subjoined extract is valuable, as it shows the opinions formed by Barnes, and others, of one or two distinguished men :—

23rd. Lord John called upon me ; walked out. Dinner at Rogers's to meet Barnes, the editor of 'The Times;' company, Lords Lansdowne and Holland, Luttrell, Tierney, and myself. Barnes very quiet and unproductive ; neither in his look nor manner giving any idea of the strong powers which he unquestionably possesses. Dinner very agreeable ; Lord Holland, though suffering with the gout, all gaiety and anecdote. A number of stories told of Lord North. Of the night he anticipated the motion for his removal, by announcing the resignation of the Ministry ; his having his carriage, when none of the rest had, and saying, laughingly, ' You see what it is to be in the *secret* ;' invincible good humour. Fox's speech on the Scrutiny, one of his best, and reported so well, that Lord Holland said, ' In reading it I think I hear my uncle's voice.' Lord H.'s story of the man stealing Mr. Fox's watch, and Gen. Fox laughing at him about it, &c. &c. Lord H., too, told of a gentleman missing his watch in the pit one night, and charging Barrington, who was near him, with having stolen it. Barrington, in a fright, gave up a watch to him instantly ; and the gentleman, on returning home, found his own watch on his table, not having taken it out with him ; so that, in fact, *he* had robbed Barrington of some other person's watch. Went to the opera with Lord Lansdowne ; Mrs. Baring (whose box I sat in some time) renewed very kindly her invitation to me and Mrs. Moore for the summer, and begged we should bring the two little ones with us. Barnes, this evening, asked me to dine with him on Sunday next, and Rogers advises me to get off my engagement with Miss White, and go with him, as he is a person well worth cultivating ; have refused Lord Lansdowne also for Sunday, but rather think I shall take Rogers's advice. 28th. Walked a little in the Park after breakfast. Dined with Barnes in Great Surrey Street, beyond Blackfriars Bridge, having written the day before yesterday to explain to Miss White, and promised to come to her in the evening. Company at Barnes's, a Secretary of the French embassy, Haydon the painter, and a Scotch gentleman whose name I could not make out, but who is also a chief writer for 'The Times.' Barnes more forthcoming a good deal than he was at Rogers's. Spoke of that day, and said how much he was delighted with Lord Lansdowne, whose unaffected modesty struck him as particularly remarkable in a person of such high talent and rank ; was also very much charmed with Lord Holland, as far as regarded the liveliness and variety of his conversation ; but considered his manner so evidently aristocratic and high, as to alarm the pride of persons in his (Barnes's) situation, and keep them on the alert lest this tone should be carried too far with them. Told him that this latter apprehension was altogether groundless, as Lord Holland's good nature and

good breeding would be always a sufficient guarantee against any such encroachment ; but, at the same time, could not help agreeing with him (though rather surprised at his perceiving it so soon through all the cheerfulness and hilarity of Lord Holland's manner) that there is actually a strong sense of rank and station about him ; while, notwithstanding the greater reserve and discretion of Lord Lansdowne's conversation and address, there is not anything like the same aristocratic feeling in him as in Lord Holland ; indeed, few noblemen, I think, have less of this feeling than Lord Lansdowne. A good many stories about Lord Ellenborough. Went to Miss White's ; found Rogers, Tierney, Wordsworth, Jekyll, &c., who had dined there ; told Rogers what Barnes had said about Lord Holland ; made me repeat it to Tierney, who seemed to think it very extraordinary, and to have quite a different opinion himself ; looking upon Lord Lansdowne, as, if anything, the more aristocratic man of the two."

In the month of July, 1823, Moore paid a visit to his native country, and travelled in company with the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne. The following little trait proves the kindness of heart which has always distinguished this nobleman. " My mother expressing a strong wish to see Lord Lansdowne, without the fuss of a visit from him, I engaged to manage it for her. Told him that he must let me show him to two people who considered *me* the greatest man in the world, and him as the next, for being my friend. He very good-naturedly allowed me to walk him past the windows, and wished to call upon them ; but I thought it better thus." It must have been a pleasant sight, and would have rejoiced the spirit of Samuel Johnson, could he but have looked upon the Peer and the Poet walking, arm-in-arm, along Abbey-street for the gratification of a poor old grocer and his wife, through friendship for their son—he would regret the bitter taunt to Chesterfield—" Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help?"—and would have wished Moore to say of Lansdowne, as he himself said of poor, mad, open-hearted Tom Hervey—" he was very kind to me. If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him." Moore was received in Ireland as his merits and as his services deserved. He visited Kilkenny, and " recollected the days of my courtship, when I used to walk with Bessy on the banks of the river ; looked into Cavanagh's, where she and her mother and sister lived, and where we used to have so many snug dinners from the club-house. Happy times ! but

not more than these which I owe to the same dear girl still." Lismore, Cork, and Killarney were included in the tour, and of his meeting with O'Connell, and his impressions of the Lake scenery, Moore writes :—

" O'Connell and his brother came to dinner. Says the facilities given to landlords, since 1815, for enforcing their rents, have increased the misery of the people ; particularly the power of distraining upon the crop. Mentioned a case, which occurs often, of a man, or his wife, stealing a few potatoes from their own crop when it is under distress, being put in prison for the theft as being felony, when at the worst it is but *rescue*, and kept there till the judge arrives, who dismisses him as improperly committed, and he is then turned out upon society, hardened by his wrong, and demoralised by the society he has lived with in prison. The facility of ejection, too, increased since 1815. On my inquiring into the state of intellect and education among the lower orders, said they were full of intelligence. Mentioned, as an instance Hickey, who was hanged at a late Cork assizes, a common gardener. He had fired at a boy, who he thought knew and might betray him, and his gun burst, and carried away three of his fingers, which were found on the place. A man, in seeing them, said, ' I swear to those being Hickey's fingers,' on which Hickey was taken up, and his guilt discovered by the state of his hand. This fellow was a sort of Captain Rock, and always wore feathers to distinguish him. During his trial, he frequently wrote notes from the dock to O'Connell (who was his council), exhibiting great quickness and intelligence ; and when O'Connell was attempting to shake the credibility of the boy, who was witness against him, requested him not to persevere, as it was useless, and his mind was made up to suffer. Said that a system of organisation had spread some short time since through Leinster, which was now considerably checked, and never, he thought, had extended to the south. He knew of an offer made by the chiefs of this Leinster organisation, through some of the Bishops (I believe), to him (O'C.), and by him to the Government, that they would turn out for the Lord Lieutenant, against the Orangemen, if necessary. Says that Lord Wellesley forwarded the notification to the English Government, but no answer was of course returned. Thinks the population of Ireland underrated, and that it is near 8,000,000. Difference between the two archbishops that died lately ; him of Armagh, whose income was £20,000 a year, and who left £130,000 behind him, and Troy, the R. C. archbishop of Dublin, whose income was £800 a year, and who died worth about a tenpenny. Shows how cheap archbishops *may* be had. On my remarking the numbers of informers now coming in as inconsistent with that fidelity which he attributes to the lower order, says it is always the case when an organisation is breaking up, as the late one is ; never, while it is going on. Even now the *depôts* of useful arms are preserved, it is only the broken, used-up ones, that are informed on or delivered up (as it is with the old stills). The Church possesses 2,000,000 of green acres. His conversation with Judge Day : ' What remedy is there for Ireland's miseries ?'

O'C. 'I could tell you some, but you would not adopt them.'—J.D. 'Name them.'—O'C. 'A law that no one should possess an estate in Ireland who has one anywhere else.'—J.D. 'I agree to that.'—O'C. 'That tithes should be abolished.'—J.D. 'I agree to that.'—J.D. 'That the Catholics should be completely emancipated.'—O'C. 'I agree to that.'—O'C. 'That the Union should be repealed.'—J.D. 'I agree to that too.'—O'C. 'Very well, since that is the case, take a pike and turn out, for there is nothing else wanting to qualify you.' Mentioned a joke of Norbury's to Judge Baily lately, when they were comparing ages, 'You certainly have as little of the *Old Bailey* about you as any judge I know.' 12th. A beautiful day at last. Went with Lord Kenmare to see the Upper Lake. The whole scene exquisite. *Loveliness* is the word that suits it best. The grand is less grand than what may be found among the Alps, but the softness, the luxuriance, the variety of colouring, the little gardens that every small rock exhibits, the romantic disposition of the islands, and graceful sweep of the shores;—all this is unequalled anywhere else. The water-lilies in the river, both white and yellow, such worthy inhabitants of such a region! Pulled some heath on Ronan's Island to send to my dear Bessy."

With the booksellers, both as a poet and as a general writer, Moore ever stood high. Indeed *Captain Rock* and the *Life of Sheridan* proved that he possessed powers of argument, and a facility of rendering statistics "plain to the meanest capacity," and, at the same time, important to the highest intellects, most unusual in men of great ability, and most valuable to the publishers fortunate enough to secure the aid of one so gifted. Accordingly we find that Constable was, in the year 1823, most anxious that he should become editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and, in the year 1822, Barnes endeavoured to induce him to accept, for some months, the editorship of *The Times*. Of these offers he writes thus:—

"Called, by appointment, on Constable; long conversation with him; most anxious that I should come to Edinburgh; and promises that I shall prosper there. The 'Review' (he told me in confidence) is sinking; Jeffrey has not time enough to devote to it; would be most happy to have me in his place; but the resignation must come from himself, as the proprietors could not propose it to him. Jeffrey has £700 a year for being editor, and the power of drawing £2,800 for contributors. Told him that I could not think of undertaking the editorship under £1000 a year, as I should, if I undertook it, devote myself almost entirely to it, and less than £1000 would not pay me for this. He seemed to think that if Jeffrey was once out of the way, there would be no difficulty about terms; read me a letter he had just received from his partner on the subject, in which he says, 'Moore is out of all sight the best man we could have; his name would revive the reputation of the 'Review'; he would con-

tinue to us our connection with the old contributors, and the work would become more literary and more regular; but we must get him gradually into it; and the first step is to persuade him to come to Edinburgh.' All this (evidently not intended to be seen by me) is very flattering. Received to-day a letter from Brougham, inclosing one from Barnes (the editor of *The Times*), proposing that, as he is ill, I shall take his place for some time in writing the leading articles of that paper; the pay to be £100 a-month. This is flattering. To be thought capable of wielding so powerful a political machine as *The Times* newspaper is a tribute the more flattering (as is usually the case) from my feeling conscious that I do not deserve it. 18th. Wrote to decline the proposal of *The Times*."

In October, 1825, Moore visited Sir Walter, at Abbotsford; but to this portion of the *Diary* we consider it unnecessary to refer, as most of the facts contained in it were communicated by Moore to Lockhart, or were known to Lockhart himself, and have been inserted, from the latter, in our Memoir of the poet.*

We have now either touched upon, or extracted, the chief portions of the present issue, new to our readers, but there are hundreds of little incidents contained in the third and fourth volumes which can only be appreciated by those who read from cover to cover. We venture to assert, that there are few men of extended literary or political information, who will not feel satisfaction in the perusal of this portion of the *Diary*; to those who delight in the study of character it cannot fail to prove interesting, as the portions relating to Moore are open and outspoken as if the production of Montaigne's own pen, and those parts referring to other parties are quite as amusing as anything in Brantome, undisfigured by Brantome's indecency. The characters of men stand out, not boldly, but naturally. They are not the buckram men of society or of office, but the real flesh and blood beings of private life; and here, as in *Castlereagh's Correspondence*, most of the actors upon the stage of the world are better than the audience were willing to admit.

Of the burning of the Byron Memoirs we can as yet write but half advisedly. Moore's *Diary* ends on the 30th October, 1825, and the first volume of *Byron's Life* was published in the year 1830. Many circumstances may have occurred during these five years to justify Moore in the course pursued by him;

* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 6, Vol. II., pp. 431, 435.

we have inserted the portions of the *Diary* bearing upon the subject. In our Memoir* we defended him in the course adopted; but we have since heard many statements, and his own account confirms them, which induce us to believe that the Memoirs given by Byron should not have been destroyed, and we do not think that Lord John Russell has, at all, stated sufficient grounds for the burning. The fact was, that too many of Moore's own friends were named in Byron's Memoirs in a manner rendering it almost impossible that he could be the editor; and as to his having lost by the transaction, it is simply, and in Mr. Burchell's broadest sense—Fudge, Fudge, Fudge. The following extract will suggest the real causes of the destruction of the manuscript:—

“Lord H. expressed some scruples about my sale of Lord B.'s ‘Memoirs;’ said he wished I could have got the 2000 guineas in any other way; seemed to think it was in cold blood depositing a sort of quiver of poisoned arrows (this more the purport than the words of what he said) for a future warfare upon private character; could not, however, remember, when I pressed him, anything that came under this strong description, except the reported conversation with Madame de Stael, and the charge against Sir Samuel Romilly, which, if false, may be neutralised by furnishing me with the means of putting the refutation on record with the charge. Thrown into considerable anxiety and doubt by what Lord H. said this morning. Determined, if on consideration it appears to me that I could be fairly charged with anything wrong or unworthy in thus disposing of the ‘Memoirs,’ to throw myself on the mercy of Murray, and prevail on him to rescind the deed, having it in my power, between the 500*l.* I have left in his hands, Lord L.'s 740*l.* and Lord John's 200*l.*, to pay him back near three-fourths of his 2000*l.* Lay awake thinking of it. Wrote a letter to leave for Lord Lansdowne (whom I have been every day expecting from Paris), expressing, as well as I could, my warm gratitude, and inclosing him a draft for 740*l.*, referring him also to the two letters I had written to Lord Holland on the subject of the ‘Memoirs.’ In one of these, by the bye, were words to the following purport: after saying that it should be perfectly in Brougham's power to read, not only what was said about himself in these papers (which, however, I believe to be very trifling), but, what was of much more consequence, all that related to Lady Byron, in order that he might have an opportunity of correcting anything that was misrepresented or misstated, and so put the refutation on record with the charge, I added, ‘Whatever may be thought of the propriety of publishing private memoirs *at all*, it certainly appears much more fair thus to proclaim and lay them open to the eyes of the world, while all the persons interested or implicated are alive

* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 6, Vol. II. pp. 435, 440.

and capable of defending themselves, than (as is usually done) to keep them as a fire in reserve till those whom they attack have passed away, and possess no longer the power of either retorting or justifying.' Received a letter full of kindness from Lord Lansdowne, in which, however, he seems to agree with Lord Holland as to the sale of the 'Memoirs,' at least so far as to think that it *may* be a subject worthy my future consideration, whether I should not redeem them out of the hands of Murray, and saying that the 740*l.* is at my disposal towards that purpose if ever I should decide upon it. This is enough; I am now determined to redeem them."

Lady Holland, and several other ladies, would, it is most probable, have been very much annoyed by the publication of the Memoirs; but that any opinion of Lord Holland's was worthy of consideration, is negatived by the fact, stated twice by Moore himself, that Lord Holland induced him to write and publish *The Parody on the Regent's Letter*. He notes that Lord Holland showed him slips of what he, Moore, believed to be his Lordship's Memoirs of his Own Time, in which the following appeared:—" 'Another poet, Mr. Moore, with more of Irish humour than worldly prudence,' &c. &c. *This is too bad, Lord Holland himself having been the person who first put it into my head to write that parody.*" And all Moore's noble friends had seen the Manuscript Memoirs of Byron; we have already stated that they were so soiled from being handed about, that he found it necessary to get them copied by Williams; and who can deny that Maginn's statement, that copies had been made, and kept, by a lady in Florence is incorrect, when we read the following entry made in Florence:—"November 24th, 1819. Went to Lady Burghersh's for the purpose of seeing her put her extracts from Lord Byron's Memoirs into the fire;" and Lord John adds, in a foot note, "Mr. Moore had lent Lord Byron's Memoirs to Lady Burghersh." Of course he had, and to many others; but how many were honorable enough to tell Moore that they had taken copies of the whole, or of passages. Besides, Byron had, himself, lent the Memoirs to some of his friends, and amongst others, if we mistake not, to Lady Burghersh; so that if our view of this affair be correct, Moore lost nothing by burning the manuscript—he was neither legally nor morally bound to do so—he destroyed it to gratify his immediate noble friends, having no sufficient guarantee that in burning the original, he destroyed all traces of the manuscript. Had the manuscript been as offensive and unjust towards Lady Holland, even

as the *Diary Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth*, had it revived the story of the "buried kid," it could have done little harm, and Colonel Henry Webster would have refuted it quite as readily as when it appeared in the book just mentioned;* and as to regard for Lady Holland's feelings—she appears to have had none particularly fine. Moore himself writes, that she shocked Byron by calling her own lame, crippled, son, "hoppy-kicky." As we have already observed, nearly all the excuses offered to extenuate the destruction of the manuscript, are "Fudge." In this opinion not long formed, but formed upon substantial grounds, we are supported by the following letter, which appeared in the *Athenæum* for April 30th, 1853, written by the late John Murray, of Albemarle-street, to Robert Wilmot Horton. It bears date not quite two months after Byron's death, and it will be perceived that the manuscript was first offered to the Longmans and refused by them; then offered to Murray, and by him accepted; but at the period when the manuscript was destroyed, Moore was, in no respect, legally bound to repay the two thousand guineas. That he was bound, in honor, to restore it we do not deny, and it happened fortunately that, in this particular, honor, interest, and inclination, all ran parallel. We now present the letter, and next to that of Curll, describing his purchase of *Pope's Letters*, from the man "who wore the masquerade dress of a clergyman's gown with a lawyer's band," it is, perhaps, now the most interesting, and may be, hereafter, one of the most important in the literary correspondence of the kingdom:—

"Albemarle-street, May 19, 1824.

Dear Sir,—On my return home last night I found your letter, dated the 27th, calling on me for a specific answer, whether I acknowledged the accuracy of the statement of Mr. Moore, communicated in it: however unpleasant it is to me, your requisition of a specific answer obliges me to say that I cannot by any means admit the accuracy of that statement; and in order to explain to you more fully how Mr. Moore's misapprehension may have arisen, and the ground upon which my assertion rests, I feel it necessary to trouble you with a statement of all the circumstances of the case, which will enable you to judge for yourself. Lord Byron having made Mr. Moore a present of his *Memoirs*, Mr. Moore offered them for sale to Messrs. Longman and Co. who, however, declined to purchase them; Mr.

See "*Diary Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth*," Vol. I., p. 178 First Series. London: 1838, and the letter of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Webster (in "*The Literary Gazette*"), dated January 2nd, 1838.

Moore then made me a similar offer, which I accepted; and in November, 1821, a joint assignment of the Memoirs was made to me by Lord Byron and Mr. Moore, with all legal technicalities, in consideration of a sum of 2000 guineas, which, on the execution of the agreement by Mr. Moore, I paid to him; Mr. Moore also covenanted, in consideration of the said sum, to act as editor of the Memoirs, and to supply an account of the subsequent events of Lord Byron's life, &c. Some months after the execution of this assignment, Mr. Moore requested me, as a great personal favor to himself and to Lord Byron, to enter into a second agreement, by which I should resign the absolute property which I had in the Memoirs, and give Mr. Moore and Lord Byron, or any of their friends, a power of redemption *during the life of Lord Byron*. As the reason pressed upon me for this change was, that their friends thought that there were some things in the Memoirs that might be injurious to both, I did not hesitate to make this alteration at Mr. Moore's request; and, accordingly, on the 6th day of May, 1822, a second deed was executed, stating that, Whereas, Lord Byron and Mr. Moore are now inclined to wish the said work not to be published, it is agreed that, if either of them shall, *during the life of the said Lord Byron*, repay the 2000 guineas to Mr. Murray, the latter shall re-deliver the Memoirs; but that if the sum be not repaid, *during the lifetime of Lord Byron*, Mr. Murray shall be at full liberty to print and publish the said Memoirs within three months* after the death of the said Lord Byron. I need hardly call your particular attention to the words, carefully inserted twice over in this agreement, which limited its existence to the *lifetime of Lord Byron*; the reason of such limitation was obvious and natural, namely, that although I consented to restore the work *while Lord Byron should be alive*, to direct the ulterior disposal of it, I should by no means consent to place it, after his death, at the disposal of any other person. I must now observe, that I had never been able to obtain possession of the original assignment which was my sole lien on this property; although I had made repeated applications to Mr. Moore to put me in the possession of the deed, which was stated to be in the hands of Lord Byron's banker. Feeling, I confess, in some degree alarmed at the withholding of the deed, and dissatisfied at Mr. Moore's inattention to my interests in this particular, I wrote urgently to him in March, 1823, to procure me the deed, and at the same time expressed my wish that the second agreement should either be cancelled, or *at once executed*. Finding this application unavailing, and becoming by the greater lapse of time still more doubtful as to what the intentions of the parties might be, I, in March, 1824, repeated my demand to Mr. Moore in a more peremptory manner, and was in consequence at length put into possession of the original deed. But not being at

* To this passage the present Mr. Murray has added this note:—The words "within three months," were substituted for "immediately," at Mr. Moore's request—and they appear in pencil, in his own handwriting, upon the original draft of the Deed, which is still in existence.

all satisfied with the course that had been pursued towards me, I repeated to Mr. Moore my uneasiness at the terms at which I stood under the second agreement, and renewed my request to him, that he would either cancel it or execute its provisions by the immediate redemption of the work, in order that I might exactly know what my rights in the property were. He requested time to consider this proposition. In a day or two he called and told me that he would adopt the latter alternative, namely, the redemption of the Memoirs, as he had found persons who were ready to advance the money on *his insuring his life*, and he promised to conclude the business on the first day of his return to town, by paying the money and giving up the agreements. Mr. Moore did return to town, but did not, that I have heard of, take any proceedings for insuring his life; he positively neither wrote, nor called upon me, as he had promised to do (though he was generally accustomed to make mine one of his first houses of call), nor did he take any other step, that I am aware of, to show that he had any recollection of the conversation that had passed between us previous to his leaving town, until *the death of Lord Byron had, ipso facto*, cancelled the agreement in question, and completely restored my absolute rights over the property of the Memoirs. You will therefore perceive, that there was no verbal agreement in existence between Mr. Moore and me, at the time I made a verbal agreement with you to deliver the Memoirs to be destroyed. Mr. Moore might undoubtedly, *during Lord Byron's life*, have obtained possession of the Memoirs, if he had pleased to do so; he, however, neglected or delayed to give effect to our verbal agreement, which, as well as the written instrument to which it related, were cancelled by the death of Lord Byron, and there was no reason whatsoever why I was not at that instant perfectly at liberty to dispose of the MS. as I thought proper. Had I considered only my own interest as a tradesman, I would have announced the work for immediate publication, and I cannot doubt that, under all the circumstances, the public curiosity about these Memoirs would have given me a very considerable profit beyond the large sum I originally paid for them; but you yourself are, I think, able to do me the justice of bearing witness that I looked at the case with no such feelings, and that my regard for Lord Byron's memory, and my respect for his surviving family, made me more anxious that the Memoirs should be immediately destroyed, since it was surmised that the publication might be injurious to the former and painful to the latter. As I myself scrupulously refrained from looking into the Memoirs, I cannot from my own knowledge say whether such an opinion of the contents was correct or not; it was enough for me that the friends of Lord and Lady Byron united in wishing for their destruction. Why Mr. Moore should have wished to preserve them, I did not, nor will inquire; but having satisfied myself that he had no right whatever in them, I was happy in having an opportunity of making, by a pecuniary sacrifice on my part, some return for the honour, and I must add the profit, which I had derived from Lord Byron's patronage and friendship. You will also be able to bear witness that, although I could not presume to impose an obligation on the friends

of Lord Byron or Mr. Moore, by refusing to receive their payment of the 2000 guineas advanced by me, yet that I had determined on the destruction of the Memoirs, without any previous agreement for such repayment, and you know the Memoirs were actually destroyed without any stipulation on my part, but even with a declaration that I had destroyed my own private property, and I therefore had no claim upon any party for remuneration.—I remain, Dear Sir, your faithful servant,

(Signed)

JOHN MURRAY.

To Robert Wilmot Horton, Esq."

Moore's character appears, in these last volumes, in a light still more amiable than in the former issue, and all the facts are stated most accurately, as we learn from several of those whose names are mentioned in the *Diary*. He was a wonder to them, they were only of the crowd to him; they treasured up in memory all the little incidents of the interviews, he must have forgotten many circumstances, had he not noted them carefully within a few hours. Indeed the facts of one entry, made during his visit to Cork in the year 1823, were told to us six months ago, by a gentleman whose name is mentioned, and we find the whole conversation, and all the particulars most accurately entered in the fourth volume. He sometimes conceals little affairs telling against himself. For example, he states that he hated reading poems or plays before a "blue" party, and that on one occasion he refused to read at old Lady Cork's, and laughed a great deal at Mat Lewis, who consented to amuse the company. The fact, indeed, is, that the laugh, on this occasion, was against Moore. To excuse his refusal of reading, he said that he was very hoarse, and, to her Ladyship's great dissatisfaction, seemed about to take his departure. Lewis, however, induced him to stay, offering to read the poem for him. Previous to commencing his task Mat incited Lady Cork to procure a large warming plaster; and, in the middle of the reading, she approached Moore, insisted on applying the plaster herself to his chest, and followed him with it about the room amidst the laughter of the company, and he was only released from her importunities by escaping from the house.*

* Moore's suppression of this story is only surpassed, in its way, by Dr. Mac Hale's suppression of the late Duke of Wellington's name, in his translation, into Irish, of the Melody, "Whilst History's Muse." He writes, in a foot note:—"Notwithstanding one signal service, it would seem as if the subject of this beautiful melody had studied to render himself obnoxious to the Irish people. Still, from a selection in our

Upon the composition and publication of the *Loves of the Angels*, and *Memoirs of Captain Rock*, recorded in these volumes, we do not dwell, as we have, in our Memoir of Moore, entered at length into the subject; but almost every page of this *Diary* now before us proves how woful a thing it was in his case that, for literary men, of genius noble as his, these kingdoms have neither place nor reward. We believe that Mr. Thackeray, of whose ability we have, on many occasions, been the sincere and warm supporters, has done much to retard the advancement of this question amongst the people of England. In his *Lectures on the Humorists*, and in *Pendennis*, he has lowered the character of literature by his invectives and by his portraitures. He, and that portion of the newspaper press who follow him, assume that support implies patronage; whereas, if properly understood, it means that, whilst the nation marks its respect for the military, or diplomatic, or judicial service by titles, or rewards it in pensions, it also testifies its deep gratitude to those who have, by literary labor, charmed, or elevated, or instructed the people. If, indeed, genius went, like *Warrington*, with an old coat, and a frayed shirt-collar to the Coal Hole; if *Hoolan* and *Doolan* were the representatives of literary men, who all believed the greatest enjoyment of life to consist in eating broiled kidneys, and in drinking whiskey punch, whilst listening to *Sam Hall*, or *Lord Lovell*, at three o'clock in the morning, we could bow to Mr. Thackeray's opinions upon the subject of literary pensions; but we know, and Mr. Thackeray knows, few men better, that these are no more the representatives of literature, in these kingdoms, than poor *Costigan* is the type of an Irish gentleman or of an Irish soldier. *Hoolan* and *Doolan* are not the representatives of Tennyson, of Bulwer Lytton, of Talfourd, of Southey, of Wordsworth, of Mackintosh, of Macaulay, of Hallam, of Jeffrey, or of the many others who make, or who have made, our literature famous. When

native language of those truly popular lyrics, I could not exclude such an exquisite specimen of poetry and patriotism. I have, therefore, merely omitted the name in each stanza, filling up the chasm with a corresponding character in general terms, leaving to the taste of the reader, or the progress of time, to substitute to any popular name not unworthy of the distinction." This beautiful specimen of the Tuam "Index Expurgatory" is found at page 48, No. III., of "Moore's Melodies, Translated into Irish, by John, Archbishop of Tuam." Dublin: Milliken,—Cumming, 1843. Price 1s.

Horace wrote dedications to Augustus ; when Ariosto sang of a niggard, noble in birth, but a beggar in disposition ; when Dryden turned, "attentive to other things than the claps of a play-house" to write his two thousand verses of *Fables* for Jacob Tonson, at a sum less than three pence farthing per line ; when Steele reeled drunk to his gaol ; when Savage begged his bread ; when Johnson and Goldsmith lived on pennies, when all or any of these things occurred, it was pitiable for literature ; but, from these times we have advanced, the pen is now an instrument of defence or of livelihood, noble as ever was the sword, or powerful as statesmanship in the old times when the author was but the lackey of a great man's fame. But even now the literary man must live on for years, blessed only by his own bright heart ; he may have written a history luminous and noble as Hallam's ; or brilliant as Macaulay's, or learned as Sharon Turner's or Lingard's ; he may be a poet, or a dramatist, whose fancies have drawn tears and laughter from all ; he may be a painter, or a sculptor, before whose creations the gazers have stood amazed by beauty or by naturalness ; but it were better for him he had invented a patent plough, or improved the working of a steam engine. Moore's genius was cramped by his poverty and by his struggles for existence, just as Southey was forced to fritter away time, that he might procure bread by periodical reviews, and his *Common Place Books* prove how the beggarly system of the state, murdered, if we may so write, the hopes of his life of toil. "I would not," says Kant, in some of his *Lectures*, "exchange one of Kepler's discoveries for a principality." The thought is worthy of a German Philosopher, but seems, simply, nonsense, if spoken to an Englishman who remembers the lives of Southey, of Wordsworth, and of Moore. We have objected to Mr. Thackeray's views upon the subject of pensions, because he seems to think a pension must be either an alms or a bribe. We have no wish that authorship should expose its follower to the stigma of mendicancy, or to the temptation of scoundrelism ; neither do we wish to find a man of genius like Mr. Thackeray, misguiding public taste, and becoming the show of an hour upon the platform. The true theory of pensions, and their true use to literary men, was justly stated by Henry Taylor when he wrote :—

"Pensions to poets, then, in such cases—and, indeed, pensions to all writers, poetical or other, in the higher and graver and therefore

less popular and lucrative walks of literature—may be deemed, I think, though not appropriate as honours or rewards, yet desirable as providing a subsistence which may not be attainable in other ways without great injury to the interests of literature. The provision should be suited to the retired and homely way of life by which the true dignity of a poet will be best sustained and in which his genius will have its least-obstructed development; but it should be a provision calculated—if prudently managed—to make his life, in its pecuniary elements, easy and untroubled. I say ‘if prudently managed,’ because as to the wants of a spendthrift poet or of one who is incompetent to the management of his affairs, they are wants which it is hard to measure and impossible to supply. If the pensions now given to men of letters, to scientific men, and to artists, be of such amount as would enable them, living frugally, to give all or most of their time, with an easy mind, to those arts and pursuits by which they may best consult the great and perdurable interests committed by Providence to their charge, then the amount is sufficient, though it be but little; and the fact which is so often brought forward, that it is less than the ordinary emoluments of trades, professions, or the humbler walks of the public service, is not material to the case. If the pensions, on the other hand, be of less amount than will effect this purpose, then I think that the just ground on which the grant of such pensions is to be rested,—that is, the true interests of men of genius themselves, and, through them, the interests of literature and art,—require that they should be advanced in amount so far as may be sufficient for this purpose, and no further. It is not only to secure to him the undisturbed possession of his time and the undiverted direction of his endeavours, that it is expedient to make some sufficient pecuniary provision for a poet: such a provision is important also as a safeguard to his character and conduct; for few indeed are the men whose character and conduct are unimpaired by pecuniary difficulties; and though wise men will hardly be involved in such difficulties, let their need be what it may, and though none but a wise man can be a great poet, yet the wisdom of the wisest may be weak in action; it may be infirm of purpose; through emotions or abstractions it may be accessible to one inroad or another; and though I am far from claiming any peculiar indulgence for the infirmities of men of genius—on the contrary in my mind nothing can be more erroneous than to extend indulgence to moral aberrations precisely in those cases in which, operating to the corruption of the greatest gifts, they are the most malign and pernicious,—yet, for this very reason, whilst refusing them any indult or absolution, I would claim for men of genius all needful protection—more perhaps than ought to be needful—in order that no danger that can be avoided may attend the great national and universal interests involved in their life and character. For never let this truth depart from the minds of poets or of those who would cherish and protect them—that the poet and the man are one and indivisible; that as the life and character is, so is the poetry; that the poetry is the fruit of the whole moral, spiritual, intellectual and practical being; and howsoever in the imperfection of humanity, fulfilments may have fallen

short of aspirations, and the lives of some illustrious poets may have seemed to be at odds with greatness and purity, yet in so far as the life has faltered in wisdom and virtue, failing thereby to be the nurse of high and pure imaginations, the poet, we may be sure, has been shorn of his beams; and whatsoever splendour may remain to him, even though to our otherwise bedarked eyes wandering in a terrestrial dimness, it may seem to be consummate and the very 'offspring of Heaven, first-born,' yet it is a reduced splendour and a merely abortive offspring as compared with what it might have been, and with what it is in the bounty of God to create, by the conjunction of the like gifts of high reason, ardent imagination, efflorescence of fancy and intrepidity of impulse, with a heart subdued to Him and a pure and unspotted life. Out of the heart are the issues of life, and out of the life are the issues of poetry."*

Had our government thought thus Moore would have been a happier man, and his life-labor would have been, not more brilliant, but more sterling and enduring. But, harassed as he was, and distracted by fashion, and by the necessity of cultivating the friendship of the great, he never forgot his position as a gentleman and as an Irishman; and, closing these volumes, there are few readers who will not concur with the sentiment expressed by Doctor Parr in his Will, when he stated:—"I give a ring to Thomas Moore, of Sloperton, Wilts, who stands high in my estimation for original genius, for his exquisite sensibility, for his independent spirit, and incorruptible integrity."

That Doctor Parr, when writing this, recorded his real sentiments, his genuine appreciation of Moore, we cannot doubt. The whole course of the poet's life was but the exemplification of consistent honesty; existing in all but actual poverty; preserving his integrity in even the darkest hour of his affliction; and rising, smilingly, to laugh back the lowering sorrows of his life. The early years of this century were trying times for the honesty of literary men. The age of patrons, and of their pamphleteering assistants, had but just passed away, and clever men sold their pens to the highest bidder or most influential statesman, as, in the middle ages, the soldier of fortune hired his sword to the needy prince. Had Moore sold himself, his convictions, his honor, to the minister, he might have battered in office, or have flourished in snug colonial appointments. The vigor displayed in *Captain Rock*; the bitter, biting, scathing wit of the *Parody on the Regent's Letter*, and Lord

* Notes From Life, page 163.

Belzebub's Letter to the Brunswick Club, shows how able an auxiliary he would have proved ; and in the days when Dundas ruled, when to aid the minister with the pen, was to fill the writer's pockets with gold, the man who, like Moore, in a poor coat, and with ardent longings for worldly advancement, resisted the lures of the cabinet, was nobler than many a mouthing platform patriot, or roaring regenerator of his country.

The nation, during Moore's life, gave him little save its admiration, and since his death it has extended to his memory but a barren sympathy, and affected, worthless lip honor. Ireland, so famous through his genius, so world-known through his *Melodies*, so illustrated by his birth—Ireland, whose story he has told in poetry and in music that must be, to all time, the noblest history of a people,—the happiest placed by Nature, and rendered the most miserable in existence by Fate,—this Ireland, that boasts its gratitude, its love for old glories and old times of its grandeur and of its power, has no mark of honor to his memory, no statue to tell the world that he is, as he said he wished to be,—“THE POET OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.”

The men of all nations now thronging our city may wonder at our energy, and may applaud our glorious efforts to rear, amidst apathy, and despite poverty, the Exhibition Hall, towering so proudly to prove that we possess all the qualities necessary to form a people, and requisite to show the appliances of a Nation—but standing in the Hall, gazing round upon the effigies of the illustrious Irishmen which grace that place, doubtless, their thoughts must wander away to the green, quiet, churchyard at Bromham, where, in his lonely grave, the Poet rests—the summer sky his canopy—his only requiem, the whisper of the leaves as the gentle winds float by. We have the English Sailor in Sackville-street, and rightly ; we have, in College-green, the great King who was selected by a nation to save it from a false regal brood, and to teach the people of the Universe that princes rule, not by right, but for right ; we have, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, its own immortal Dean ; in our Royal Exchange we have placed the statues of Lucas, of GRATTAN, of O'Connell, and have attempted to make a Pantheon of the deserted edifice ; and where merchants, rich in gold, should congregate, we have for lack of them collected

the effigies of those who prove our riches in genius, in eloquence, and in political ability. But in the public streets we show ourselves to be the flunkies and slaves of fashion, to which we have been so often compared; and he who judges of Ireland and of its people by the street-names, and by the public statues of our metropolitan city, must assume that we possess no historic name to which we can point with pride.—No orator who roused the listeners by the thunder of his eloquence, or terrified a hostile Minister by the power of his fierce invectives.—No poet who, by the spell of his own bright fancies, has made earth around us fair as the visioned heaven that dawned upon the entranced sight of the Peri standing by the portal of the glowing Paradise.—No soldier that held at bay, that battled against, that beat, the conqueror of Europe, one omnipotent as man ever had been before.—No painter from whose canvas smiles a beauty to win the heart, till age glows again into youth; or till, in contemplating some pictured fight, we fancy that the swords are clashing, and wild cheers are rising amidst the combat.—No preacher who has been the teacher to exalt, to soothe, to terrify and to guide, till, in his eloquence he shows the sinner the eternal truth of gospel wisdom, and God omniscient, in the eternal immutability of his justice and of his goodness. Yet all those glories of mind Ireland possesses in her sons, but she buries all in the pages of her history, and never shows that she remembers them, by public record in her public places. The monument is erected, *perhaps*, but only after years of delay, and is then thrust to moulder in some nook, best known to the char-woman or the verger.

Moore, we are told, is to have a public monument, but one neither commensurate with his fame, nor worthy of the Irish people; it is to be erected after months of hesitation, and is the tribute paid to the National Poet by a few thousand subscribers, whilst his readers are numbered by millions. It will stand before the world a disgrace to Ireland; not a testimony of honor to the genius of the Poet, but the recording mark of Irish ingratitude, of Irish lip homage, and of Irish apathy, teaching the world to consider Moore, of the Irish people, as Byron calls Tasso, of the Italian—

— “their glory and their shame.”

In our Exhibition the foreigners show busts of Schiller, of

Dante, of Goethe, but Ireland has nothing to commemorate Moore save a single bust, and Mulrenin's most graceful cabinet picture. Thus we keep to the old custom of worshipping blindly our great men whilst living, and burying all memory of them in their tombs.

We do not blame the Moore Testimonial Committee; they have done all that zealous men could accomplish; but we ask them, we ask Lord Charlemont in particular, to remember how Scotland has commemorated Burns by the Festival of 1844, and Scott by his noble monument in Edinburgh, and then to say if a statue of bronze placed in College-street is not rather an insult to Moore's genius, and an object exposing Ireland to the ridicule of the world, than a fitting testimony from a Nation to its Poet. Irishmen from all quarters are now visiting our city, and surely it is not yet too late to make some effort by which the funds of the Committee can be increased. A Concert, the songs to be selected from Moore's works—we are sure Robinson and Geary could procure the singers, and we believe Harris would lend the Theatre,—a Bazaar—a Public Dinner—a representation at the Theatre-Royal of Sheil's *Evadne*, which is dedicated to Moore—any, or all, of these might be attempted, and could hardly fail to be successful in producing funds to save us from such statues as we devote to the Georges in the Lord Mayor's Garden, and in St. Stephen's Green. Unless the testimonial stands before the world worthy of Ireland and of Moore, it is better that he should rest in his green grave at Bromham, his poems his only monument, a monument which will ever lead "The pilgrims of his genius" from all lands to visit that

"village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride—
An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre."



